



1946 LUCKY BAL

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The Laws

by
Captain Hopwood, RN

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.

As naught may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service, the ship.

Take heed what ye say of your seniors,
Be your words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.

If ye labour from morn until even,
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well--- that the guns be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!

When the ship that is tired returneth,
With the signs of the sea showing plain,
Men place her in dock for a season,
And her speed she reneweth again.

So shall thou, lest perchance thou grow weary
In the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave, for the good of the Service,
As much and as oft as may be.

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire;
Though the sight-line end on the target,
There cometh, perchance, a miss-fire.

If ye win through an Arctic ice floe,
Unmentioned at home in the Press,
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.

Canst follow the track of the dolphin
Or tell where the sea swallows roam;
Where leviathan taketh his pastime;
What ocean he calleth his home?

Even so with the words of thy seniors,
And the orders those words shall convey.
Every law is as naught beside this one---
"Thou shall not criticise, but obey!"

Saith the wise, "How may I know their purpose?
Then acts without wherefore or why.
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.

Do they growl? It is well: be thou silent,
So that work goeth forward amain;
Lo, the gun throws her shot to a hair's breath
And shouteth, yet none shall complain.

of the Navy



Do they growl and the work be retarded?
It is ill, speak, whatever their rank;
The half-loaded gun also shouteth,
But can she pierce armor with blank?

Doth the funnels make war with the paintwork?
Do the decks to the cannon complain?
Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper
Unites them as brothers again.

So ye, being Heads of Departments,
Do your growl with a smile on your lip,
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted,
And lessen the might of your ship.

Dost think, in a moment of anger,
'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?
They prosper, who burn in the morning,
The letters they wrote over-night.

For some there be, shelved and forgotten,
With nothing to thank for their fate,
Save that (on a half-sheet of foolscap),
Which a fool "Had the honor to state---."

Dost deem that thy vessel needs gilding,
And the dockyard forbear to supply;
Place thy hand in thy pocket and gild her,
There be those who have risen thereby.

If the fairway be crowded with shipping,
Beating homeward the harbour to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
The steamers pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and thine actions,
Lest others be wearied thereby.

It is ill for the winners to worry,
Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
And when thou art safe in the harbour
They will envy, but may not revile.

Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,
Take heed that the channels thou learn,
Lest thy name serve to buoy for another
That shoal, the Courts-Martial Return.

Though Armour, the belt that protects her,
The ship bears the scar on her side;
It is well if the court acquit thee;
It were best hadst thou never been tried.

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.

As the wave rises clear to the hawse pipe,
Washes aft, and is lost in the wake,
So shall ye drop astern, all unheeded,
Such time as the law ye forsake.

Now these are the Laws of the Navy
And many and mighty are they.
But the hull and the deck and the keel
And the truck of the law is---OBEY.

Archives, U.S. Naval Academy

*A chronicle of the activities and achievements of the
Class of 1946*

DONALD GROTE ISELIN
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

ANSEL CLINTON BRASETH
BUSINESS MANAGER





LUCKY

BAG



YEARBOOK OF THE REGIMENT OF MIDSHIPMEN
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

Published in ANNAPOLIS • MARYLAND

The 1946

LUCKY BAG



▲ ▲ ▲ *for the strength of the Ship is*

THE SERVICE





▲ ▲ ▲ *and the strength of the Service*

THE SHIP



Franklin Delano Roosevelt

COMMANDER - IN - CHIEF



★
★
★



★
★
★

James Vincent Forrestal

SECRETARY OF THE NAVY





Rear Admiral John R. Beardall
SUPERINTENDENT





Captain Stuart S. Murray
COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN





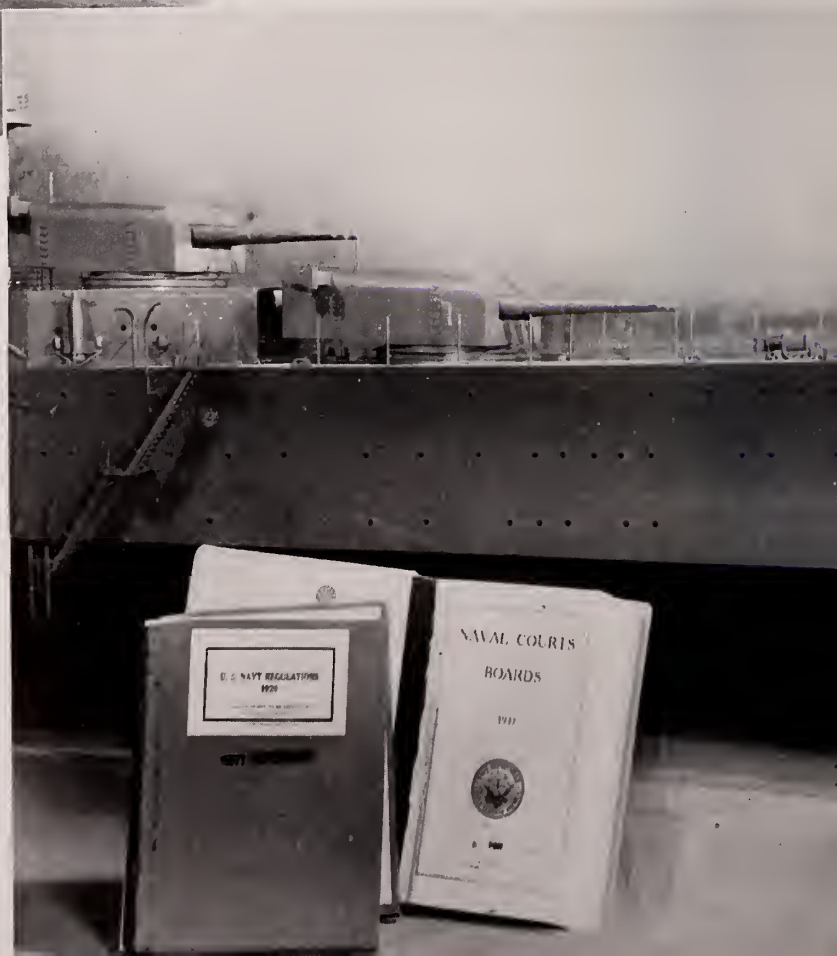
We steer our course ▲ ▲ ▲



From Civil Law . . .



. . . To Navy Regulations



. . . *By the Laws of the Navy*

Since the day we were born, we have been under the guardianship of the law. That it can punish became painfully evident when Dad first applied force of slipper to seat of trousers for our violation of a home rule. But our law also acts as a guide to civilized living and as a safeguard of our rights. It is the cornerstone of organized society, based on the Golden Rule, constructed by the desire of the majority of thinking men to guard the rights of all. Our law's purpose is simple—to ensure to everyone the rights of civilized living without the fear of their unjustified removal. Our Constitution was originally set forth, among other reasons, to establish justice in these United States. Similarly the Four Freedoms were promulgated to emancipate the world from oppression. There are times when a gang of criminals, local or international, threatens the common law of decency. We fight today to enforce that law for ourselves and the world at large.



One day we traded our civil rights and civilian clothes for the U. S. Naval Academy Regulations and the midshipman's uniform. From that day on we underwent the subtle transformation from civilians to Naval officers under the surveillance of the Academy Regulations. At times the Reg book was a hard taskmaster; it had to be. Its most difficult job was to harness us to the routine life of the Academy, to teach us to account for our actions, and to help us learn self-discipline. In the Navy, geared for war and spirited action, a slip can be fatal. The Reg book had to indoctrinate us with that fact often and with lasting impression. The hours of punishment awarded us for shortcomings and misdeeds remain one of our most poignant memories. But our Reg book, though hard, was fair. We perceived that clearly when we became its agents, administering its law as we stood junior officer watches with sword and white gloves.



"Attention to the Articles for the government of the United States Navy." Each Sunday morning, the Regimental Adjutant recited to us a portion of those articles, the basis of naval law. They are the origin of U. S. Navy Regulations, the comprehensive, inclusive legal code of the Navy, the backbone of Naval Courts and Boards, the source of court martial and board of inquiry procedure. Navy Regulations furnish instructions and advice on any subject that we may encounter in our Naval careers. There is another source of Naval law, or at least Naval horse sense. It is "The Laws of the Navy," by Captain Hopwood of the Royal Navy. That little poem contains the best possible counsel for sea-faring men—common sense. Because we believe that law, the cornerstone of all society, civil or Naval, is nothing more than common sense couched in legal phraseology, and because we maintain that the most vital need in the world today is common sense, we dedicate the 1946 Lucky Bag to the "LAWS OF THE NAVY."



THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT launched the 1946 LUCKY BAG boomed through the Mess Hall one evening in early February: "The Commandant has approved the election of the following officers for the 1946 LUCKY BAG: D. G. Iselin, Editor; A. C. Braseth, Business Manager." Immediately the two tackled their work in order to produce the best "Bag" in the history of the Regiment. They conferred on bids by printers, engravers, and photographers; they concurred on the happy selection of Jahn and Ollier to engrave the pictures, Thomsen-Ellis-Hutton to print the book, and Joseph Schiff to take the photographs. At the same time, Don chose his assistants. He selected Chan Beach, "Jig-Jig" Collins, and Ed Sheehy for his trio of right-hand men and assigned the various divisions of the book to his section editors.

As soon as the staff determined the contents of our book, Hartley Bancroft had the Academy scene popping with flash bulbs, furnishing pictorial records of our three years by the Severn. Bancroft and his photographers had a tedious task, demanding long hours in dark rooms and short notice for snapping shutters.

Meanwhile, "Bras" hibernated in order to plan our

budget. He too chose an able staff to help him jiggle income and outlay. Bill Slesnick contracted with advertisers in a drive to decorate the black ink side of our ledger; the circulation staff, under "Sandy" Sandeford and Jim Weirich, drummed up sales in Bancroft Hall. "Ace" Kloss was selected to coordinate our work with our engravers. "Bras" himself frequently warned the writers not to be so extravagant with our hardearned and not too plentiful funds.

By the end of our youngster year, Editor Iselin had the keel of the "Bag" laid and the hull well under construction. First of the staff to get under way was Dan Walker, whose headache consisted of a mere eleven hundred biographies, formal portraits, and informal snaps. With the assistance of Managing Editor Beach, he completed his section by Christmas. Iselin and Beach collaborated on the introductory pages to present a colorful beginning to our book. During the fall and winter terms our staff worked up a full head of steam. Plebe Summer section editor Toll supervised the yard pictures and recorded our first reactions to the Academy. The perils of plebe year were recounted by Associate Editor Sheehy; the carefree days we enjoyed as youngsters were related

1946 Lucky Bag Staff

Seated: Officer Representative Comdr. C. E. McCombs, J. J. Collins, C. L. Beach, Editor-in-Chief D. G. Iselin, Business Manager A. C. Braseth, D. Walker, S. Zipser, F. G. Babbitt. *Standing,* first row: H. S. Bancroft, E. J. Sheehy, A. P. Kulik, L. W. Dienst, W. H. Sandeford, W. E. Slesnick, J. E. Hart,

V. M. Oller, W. D. Blevins, R. E. Enright. *Standing,* second row: H. H. Held, D. T. Giles, C. L. French, A. E. Rose, K. T. Swanson, J. E. Weirich, W. M. Georgen, D. R. Toll, A. C. Lewis, G. Krekstein, C. L. von Schrader, R. W. Bates, E. W. Myers, J. E. Moore





Editor-in-Chief Iselin



Business Manager Brase



Flash bulb experts . . .



. . . editorial foremen . . .



. . . and financiers

by Associate Editor Collins with the assistance of Frank Babbitt. Stan Zipser concluded our history with his summary of first class life. Hard-working Adam Kulik and his task force covered the year's sports operations, a mammoth undertaking. Over them all was our ever-present editor, supervising, editing, aiding everyone to make those deadlines.

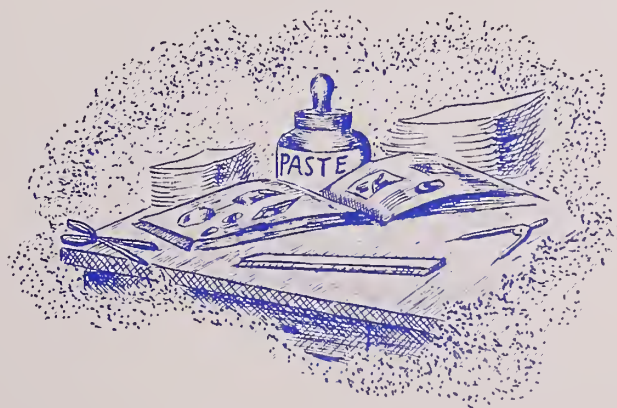
Great credit is due our Officer Representative, Commander McCombs, who guided us from the days when

the book was just a dream until our final deadline was in sight. He was always willing to give us a hand, always ready with timely advice when we needed it.

Composing the 1946 LUCKY BAG called for long hours of hard work with many headaches, searching for the right picture, seeking the best words for the narrative. But ours was not a thankless job, for we were striving to produce a lasting record of our years together in the Academy.



Bancroft took pictures



Comdr. McCombs was our advisor



Canst follow the track of the dolphin
Or tell where the sea swallows roam;
Where leviathan taketh his pastime;
What ocean he calleth his home?

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Take heed what ye say of your seniors,
Be your words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.

If ye labour from morn until even'
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well---that the guns be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.



PLEBE SUMMER

U.S. NAVY



First call for the pilgrimage to Bancroft

In reply address not the signature of this letter, but Bureau of Navigation, Navy Department, Washington, D. C. Refer to No. Nav4 380

NAVY DEPARTMENT
BUREAU OF NAVIGATION
WASHINGTON, D. C.

From: The Chief of the Bureau of Navigation.
To: [Name],
Via: Commanding Officer.
Subject: Regular physical examination as a candidate for midshipman from the regular enlisted personnel of the U.S. Navy or Marine Corps.

1. Having been successful in the competitive examination for Midshipmen from the enlisted personnel of the regular Navy, you will be transferred at a later date to Annapolis, Md., to undergo the regular physical examination for entrance to the Naval Academy.
2. Acknowledge without delay the receipt of this communication, and after filling out and signing the first part of the enclosed blank, it should be promptly forwarded to your parent or guardian in order that formal written permission may be obtained for your service in the U.S. Navy during the pleasure of the President of the United States, unless sooner discharged by competent authority.

Annapolis Bound

TO BEGIN PROPERLY the story of the Class of '46 we would have to thread together more than a thousand different origins. And yet we find one all-important incident that 1200 of us had in common—the arrival late in May or early in June, 1942, of a long, formal Navy Department envelope. Civilian and sailor alike read the long-awaited

news: "Having been appointed a midshipman in the United States Naval Academy, you will report . . ." With these words came the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition. When the anticipated day arrived, we packed our bags, kissed Mom goodbye, and began that long ride to Annapolis. Twelve hundred strong we descended upon our future home—from Oregon and Vermont, from New York and Colorado, from Chicago, Illinois and San Diego, California. For most of us it was our first view of the Academy. But the prize, though close at hand, was not yet won—our first few days were spent not in Bancroft, but in town. Physical exams were the order of the day, and we stepped forth to carry out our first order.



Our last days in civvies

Destination Bancroft





Step across the hall, please



Throat O.K.

PHYSI-QUIZ

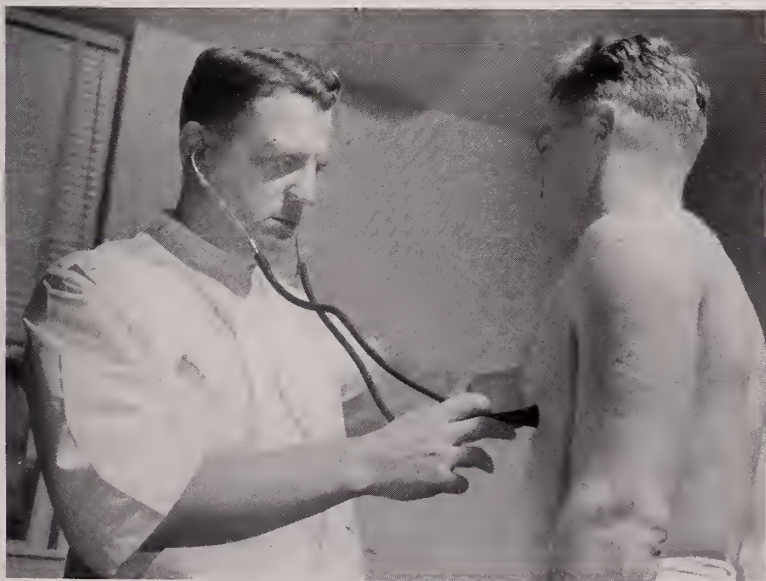
THERE STILL REMAINED before us one last obstacle—the physical exam. Our last three days as civilians—would we get the green light from the doctors? Each morning we reported to sick bay; more tests, more questions; but would we pass—no answer. Room five, room nine, room two, an eyechart, a stethoscope, a dentist's probe—the doctors checked everything from flat feet to an irregular ticker, from tuberculosis to hay fever. It's a wonder we weren't underweight from sweating out these days. Now this one, now that one came from the dentist or eye doctor, shaking his head. The medicos had a field day washing out a lot of hopefuls. At last a man with flashy stripes said from across a desk, "You're all right, son, but take care of those eyes." We were in—mentally and physically.



I'm not a xylophone, doc.

31 amalgam, 32 missing, occlusion fine

Qualified!!!



Testing: one, two, three, four





I DO PROMISE...

WE SEEMED SMALL, talked in whispers, and were humbly awed by the impressiveness of the Hall made Memorial through the glorious deeds of past heroes—heroes of the Service of which we were soon to become a living part. With the oath, we became Midshipmen of the United States Navy. We walked into Memorial Hall as students, workers, sailors; we marched out as members of the class of 1946.



Past heroes lend inspiration for the future

BANCROFT, *here we come...*

1076 days to go

The new wife

THE ACTUALITY OF MIDSHIPMENTOM crashed upon us immediately. First it was the numbers racket: room and rifle, cutter crew and chow table, company and laundry. Then it was stencilling: white works on the outside, collars on the inside, skivvies on the front, belts on the back, everywhere on the hands. Next came the bell system: formation bell, late bell, absent bell, fire bell, taps bell, and many more to make the bewildered plebe wonder just what was going on. If you did one thing, you should have done the other. No wonder we became fatalists; we couldn't win!





... and now **WHAT** ...

AND SO BEGAN the great adventure — the huge question mark. For our first month at the Academy, King Confusion reigned supreme. Stencilling had to be done, but where? A drill the next period, but what? Always a formation, but when? Gear had to be stowed neatly in lockers, but how? We seem to have lived through it, but how?



Take heed what ye say of your Seniors



Comdr. J. E. Smith
Assistant to the Commandant



Comdr. A. J. Miller
Executive Officer



Comdr. H. M. Heming
First Lieutenant

THE EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT



Comdr. D. E. Pugh
1st and 2nd companies

Comdr. J. D. Babb
3rd, 4th, 5th companies



Comdr. E. A. Barham
8th, 9th, 10th companies

Comdr. F. L. Sheffield
6th and 7th companies



Comdr. E. K. McLaren
13th, 14th, 15th companies



Comdr. E. F. Jackson
18th, 19th, 20th companies



Comdr. C. W. Consalvo
11th and 12th companies



Ens. H. A. Montillon
Officer Inspector of Uniforms



Comdr. C. E. McCombs
1st Battalion Officer



Comdr. C. T. Straub
2nd Battalion Officer



Comdr. H. H. Marable
3rd Battalion Officer



Comdr. G. D. Hoffman
4th Battalion Officer

BATTALION OFFICERS

THERE WERE THE couriers of justice, the custodians of discipline, the officers who applied in a most vivid manner the full meaning of the "Laws of the Navy." These were our company officers, our battalion officers, our Executive Officer. These were the men delegated to mold twelve hundred of us into officer material. A tremendous task was theirs, meeting new and different situations daily. To measure their success in terms of extra duty or Forms 2 is hardly fair. The criterion of their handiwork lay in the Class of 1946, eleven hundred and seventy strong, now a motley aggregation of untrained boys soon to emerge as a coordinated team, ready in all respects to meet the tremendous requirements of a wartime Navy.



Comdr. H. E. Seidel
*Relieved Comdr. G. D. Hoffman
as 4th Battalion Officer*

MIDSHIPMEN'S STORE OFFICER . . . HEAD OF DEPARTMENT OF HYGIENE

THE MIDSHIPMEN'S STORE lay just across No Man's Land. From our sheltered third wing retreat we made suicide dashes across the youngster-inhibited first wing. Amid varying commands of "Sound off," "Where you from, Mister?" and "Detail halt," beaten but not deterred, we squared our corners to the basement. Efficiently as our midshipmen's store was operated under the tutelage of Captain Randolph, the fourth class patronage hit its lowest ebb.

But Captain Pollard's Department of Hygiene was another story. Sick bay presented no perilous routes or secret ambushes. As plebes we learned to regard a gash on the arm as far less dangerous than a tortuous trip to the midshipmen's store.

Capt. J. B. Pollard
Medical Officer

Capt. A. P. Randolph
*Midshipmen's Store and
Naval Academy Dairy*





Cutters

BATTLESHIPS EVENTUALLY, but we had to begin somewhere. We soon learned deep respect for the lowly cutter, that 35-foot wooden structure that harnessed ten men to its medieval methods of propulsion. Coxswain's billet was always desirable, but the chiefs had that spot well in hand. Who will ever forget Shorty's last minute instructions as we lowered away together or R.M.B.'s faithful megaphone bellowing orders from the control launch. We learned the hard way, but we learned.



Break, break, break



Phase A-1; we don't have to march like the infantry

Don't forget the boat plug

Infantry

THE TEDIOUS HOURS that came most frequently were those fatiguing infantry drills. Our first period was a training movie, but every other day found us escorting the plebes favorite, if only, drag—Miss Springfield. At first we seemed a ragged group of recruits, but by midsummer we were marching with true precision under the leadership of our own stripers. What do we do in the Navy? We march, we march, we march.

A sailor's life for me



Sailing

EVENTUALLY WE LEARNED that all Seamo drills did not end up at the cutter shed. Before the summer was over, we were able to get in many happy hours of sailing. It was the first venture on water for many a landlubber, and despite the tangled rigging and upside-down sails, the arguments over the right of way and "buoy room," they were still our most enjoyable drills during the summer.

Gunnery

SOME OF US GAINED the coveted experts' ribbon—others were content to spend the major part of their time on the third day. But all of us gained experience and confidence in handling small arms. The hot, sweaty days spent at the rifle range were our basic ordnance training—the part we had to get before we could proceed to a consideration of the bigger guns and more complicated equipment. The basic principles were the same—proper aim meant a bullseye, proper safety would allow us to shoot again.



One of the finer arts



Pull and paste

Sports

THE PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT they called it, and very apropos was the title. We quickly learned the origin of the 46 pushup routine, and in Natatorium drills not a few of us qualified as potential Sub Squad aspirants. Inter-company sports provided the enigma of competition. Softball championships were in the offing on Worden Field, and MacDonough Hall soon vibrated with the cheers of loyal supporters at Tuesday night battalion boxing matches.



It seemed simple . . . till we got in the water

At least somebody knew where we were going

Formations

SEVEN TIMES A DAY, seven days a week the late bell threw its three minute challenge at us. Many there were who faltered in the first round, but with plenty of daily practice we managed to gauge the length of the hundred and eighty seconds from formation to late bell. As we became proficient, we found that only the last thirty seconds were the vital ones.



No liberty, so . . .

NAVY TRADITION has it that liberty is a privilege, not a right. As plebes, we soon learned that it was neither a privilege nor a right. The little blue book, entitled "Special Instructions, Fourth Class Summer" made it quite clear that midshipmen of the fourth class were not al-

lowed to leave the Academic limits. At first, overwhelmed with the work and routine, we were content to relax on the weekends. We soon learned of the many recreational possibilities within the walls, and the term Yard and Recreational Liberty took on new meaning.

LUCE HALL





MACDONOUGH HALL

. . . we looked the Yard over

THUS, WHILE THE FIRST and third class sauntered out the gate to sample the pleasures of Crabtown, we of the fourth class began to know and appreciate the yard itself. We spent many leisure hours wandering over the Academy grounds, admiring the buildings, the landscapings, and, of course, the upperclassmen's drags. MacDonough

Hall attracted us first, and we soon learned of its many recreational facilities. That massive structure provided us with many pleasant hours of relaxation during the long summer, when basketball games and one-minute boxing rounds supplied our off-duty enjoyment.



MAHAN HALL

We'd soon be here . . .

WHEN WE LEFT BANCROFT and proceeded straight ahead, we found the most imposing of the Academic group. Mahan Hall, complete with the tower and clock, seemed to be the center of the yard. In our plebeian ignorance, we even looked forward to the day when we would start

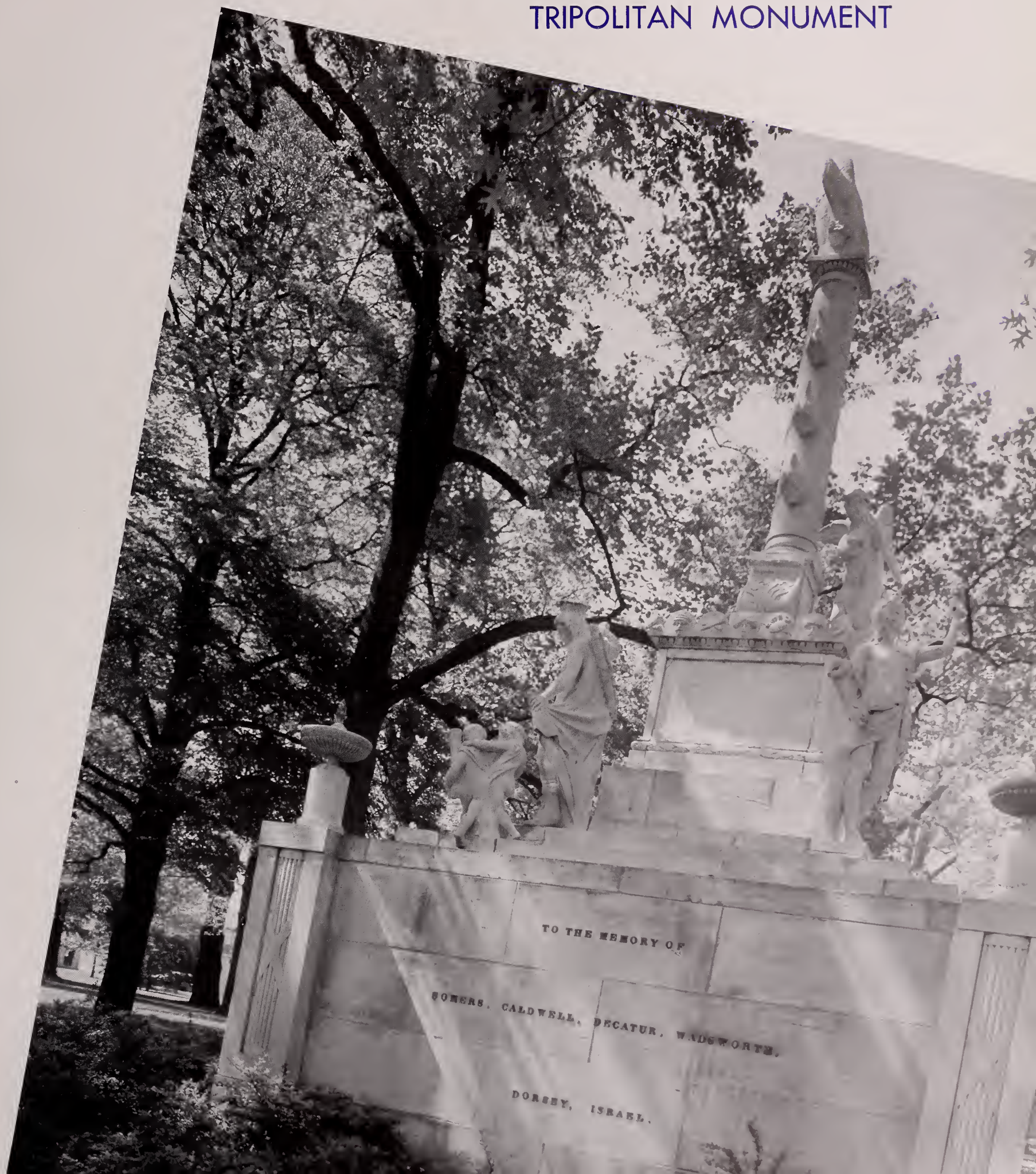
our academics within its confines. It didn't take us long to appreciate the complete library that was the main part of Mahan, the scientific classics housed in its right-wing, Sampson Hall, and the mathematical derivations hidden in the crevices of Maury Hall.

. . . and we learned the lore

OUR TOURS THROUGH the yard provided some well-earned relaxation and also gave us something to think about. Every building commemorates the name of one of our Navy's great men, and every monument pays tribute to some famous part of the Navy's past. Our interest was partly natural, and partly artificial, for many of the

upperclass inspired us to learn the date on the Herndon Monument and the number of icicles on the Jeanette Monument. One of the most imposing memorials was the Tripolitan Monument—a fitting memorial to the six valiant naval officers to whom it is dedicated.

TRIPOLITAN MONUMENT



Ordnance beckoned . . .

OUR PLEBE SUMMER acquaintance with the subject of Ordnance and Gunnery came in terms of the rifle range and the simple but effective Springfield. We came to regard Ward Hall as representing the up-to-date versions of gunnery, the complicated mechanisms and guns in which the first class were involved. This newest building

of the Academic group stood out in contrast to the ancient historical guns that were mounted about the Yard. The weapons that it housed intrigued us, but we were forced to turn our minds to forthcoming trips to *our* ordnance classes—the rifle range.

WARD HALL





DAHLGREN HALL

. . . but so did the Hops

WE WERE ACQUAINTED early with the spacious dimensions of Dahlgren Hall, for here it was that we took up our first phases of infantry instruction. We could not help but let our mind wander to the future years when we would be able to escort to the hops that are a traditional part of Dahlgren. On Saturday nights we lined the bal-

conies to see the armory transformed from a grim array of three thousand rifles into a panorama of colorful dresses and beautiful girls. The contrast of music and dancing with infantry drills was an inevitable part of every Midshipman's memories of Dahlgren Hall.



The **CHAPEL** *inspired us . . .*

THE CHAPEL WAS more than just another building in the Yard. We came to know it as the spiritual shrine of the Naval Academy. Below the great dome still rests the crypt of John Paul Jones, the father of our Navy. The copper dome, surmounting the Chapel itself, has long

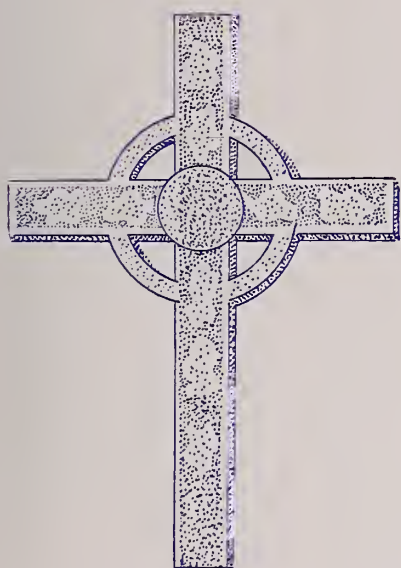
served as the landmark of the Academy to midshipmen returning from cruise, and to us plebes, it was the landmark of serenity and peacefulness in our busy lives. The Chapel was, to us, a beautiful and inspiring monument to the religious faith of our Navy.

. . . and we found **SERENITY** there

AS SOON AS WE WERE considered able to march correctly, the weekly Chapel service became an integral part of our lives. As we worshipped, we were inspired by the beautiful stained glass windows, dedicated to three great Naval heroes—Parker, Farragut, and Sampson. It was here that we came to know Chaplain Thomas, and to appreciate his constant endeavors to help all of us. None of us will ever forget the first Chapel services we attended, and the hymn, “For Those in Peril on the Sea,” a beautiful and inspiring prayer for the men of our fighting Navy.



Chaplain Thomas



As we returned . . .

THE END OF EVERY TRIP through the Yard was the same. Other buildings housed the elements of education but Bancroft was our home. Inside this building we found all the necessities, if not quite all the comforts of life. It took us days to find the store and weeks to locate the tailor shop, but soon we learned the shortcuts to sick bay

and the route to the Canteen. The three miles of corridors were no longer rumors, but very real passageways, filled with cruise boxes and youngsters, with plebes and square corners. As quickly as we became a part of Bancroft did Bancroft become a part of us.

PORTALS OF BANCROFT





BANCROFT HALL

. . . we looked ahead

HERE WE STOOD just a few months before as we started our life as midshipmen. Already we had begun to look ahead to the day when we would leave Bancroft to take up our place in the Navy. We could not help but think of the classes that had gone before us as we remembered

that the first part of Bancroft Hall was erected in 1898. It had served as the home of thousands of Navy men before us, and Bancroft Hall will always remain to us the most outstanding building of the Academy, because it symbolized our three years of apprenticeship to the Navy.



And placed our trust . . .

EVEN A PLEBE could catch the spirit embodied in such symbols as Tecumseh, and in such moments it was not difficult to remind ourselves of the "traditions of the Service of which we are a part." Tecumseh symbolized the struggle to survive, and served often to renew that

spirit of self-confidence when we needed it most. We were new, but we were already a part of the Navy as we learned the prominent role that tradition and custom play in the Service we had recently joined.

Even so with the words of thy seniors,
And the orders those words shall convey.
Every law is as naught beside this one---
"Thou shall not criticise, but obey!"

Saith the wise, "How may I know their purpose?"
Then acts without wherefore or why.
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.



P L E D G E Y E A R



Stand by, '44; look out, '45; here comes '46

Moving day

MOVING INTO THE REGIMENT meant more than executive consolidation. Move we did—all the uniforms we had accumulated, the boxes that weren't heavy until we walked halfway, and every inch was now upperclass territory. A gamut of admonishment added to our load—and then our new room, and maybe a new roommate. We quickly realized that the Regiment into which we had moved was two-thirds upperclass, anxious to see our rooms and our lockers shaped into something a little cleaner and a little neater than we thought possible.

Do you call that a locker, mister?



Where did all this gear come from?



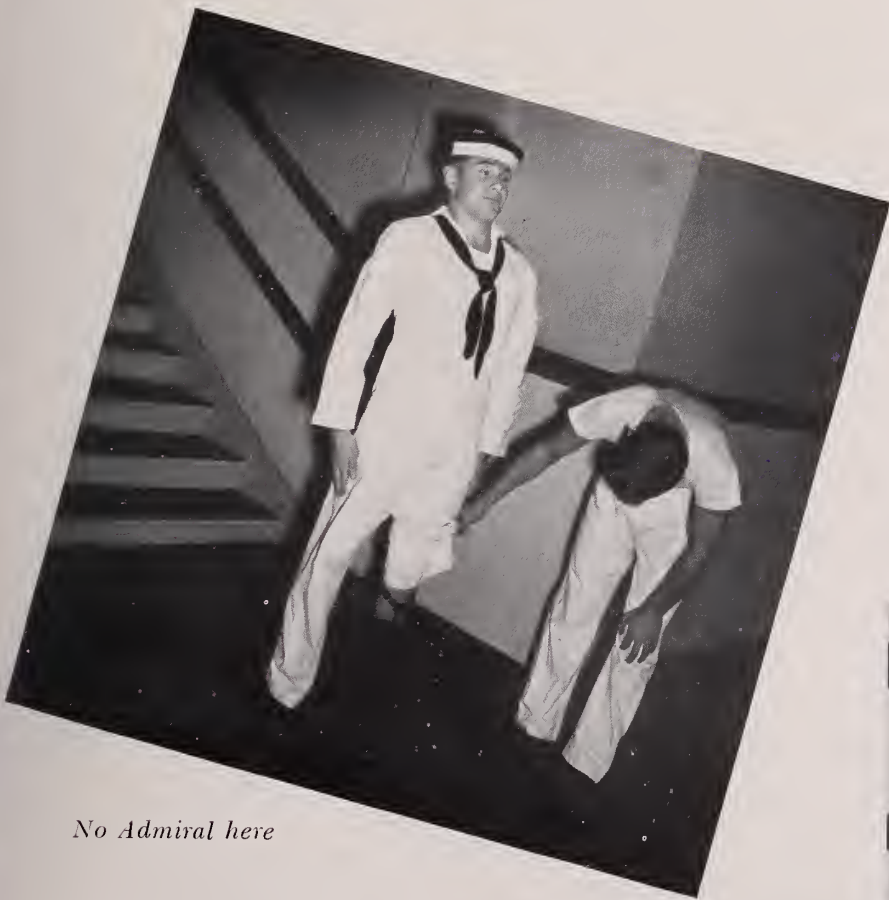


Sound off!!

The wages of PLEBEDOM

FOR A PLEBE the most intriguing word in the Academy is "rate". Does it mean compulsion or authorization? It wasn't long before we noticed the distinction between the two. We rated dragging to the Army game, but we also rated squaring corners, chop-chopping to formations, enjoying Saturday liberty or Sunday afternoons at some athletic event, and other sundry privileges and duties. Then, too, it was inconvenient to be always in uniform, but like all plebes, we stuck to our rates, both restrictions and privileges. When youngster year arrived, we remembered our plebe year and said, "We had to do it, so . . . !

Traffic laws à la Bancroft



No Admiral here



*We thought we came to the
MESS HALL to eat . . .*

Stand by your chairs



Turn about for Happy Hour

But . . .

THERE'S NOTHING WE PLEBES enjoyed more than our three daily trips to the Mess Hall. We never saw more chow which we didn't eat in all our lives. "Rotating" made it possible for us to become acquainted with each individual upper classman, who always kept the conversation flowing. Sunday evening happy hours always were a mystery; who's playing the joke on whom? And the climax came in the chairs, or lack of same, which could be used for a variety of purposes.

Can you figure this one out?



I was riding through the park one day

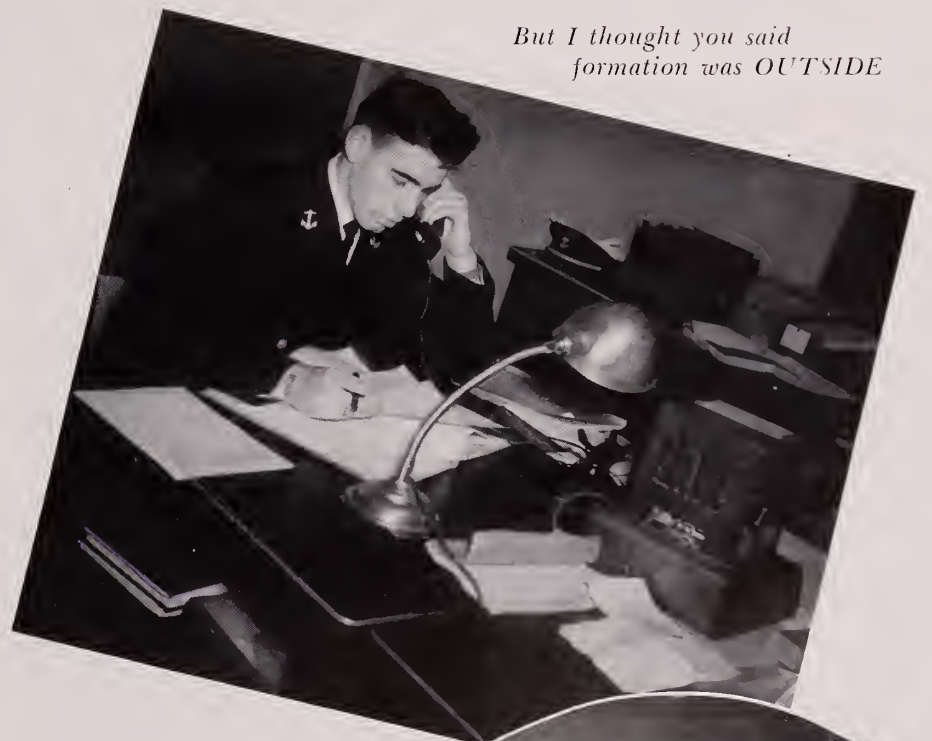




College board placement exams . . . the only ones we ever took without getting a mark

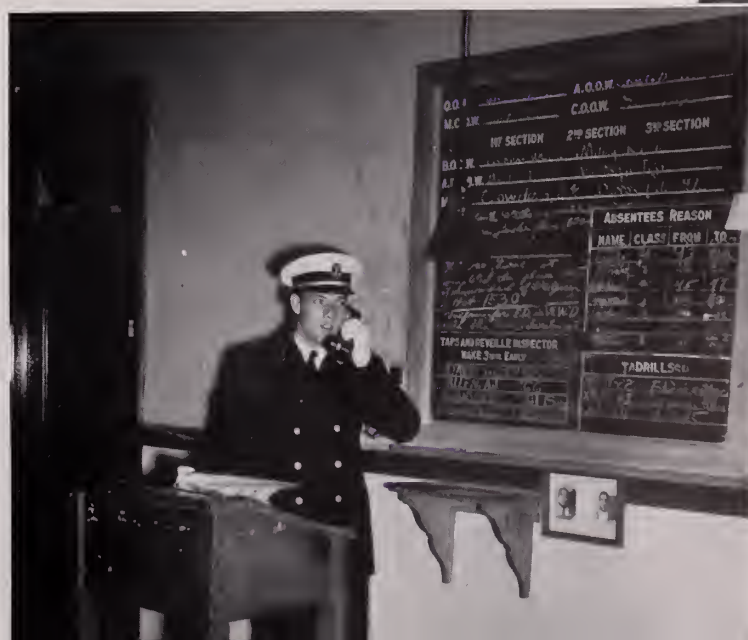
Then came **THE ROUTINE**

WE WERE ONLY slightly acquainted with the ins and outs of Bancroft procedure when we were confronted with our first watch, and what a nerve-wracking, confusing ordeal it was! Then there was the Reg book, two inches of "what if you do, or don't do, they fry you for it." We could have mastered the Koran more easily. Gradually, however, as the ways of the service became ingrained in our habits and our deeds, civilian manners slipped away and were replaced by discipline and devotion to duty. The curriculum of academics, athletics, and extra-curricular activities set a hard pace for us, and as winter approached we nervously anticipated our first exams. After some worried cramming, we marched over to cross our initial river. Only forty-six more to go.

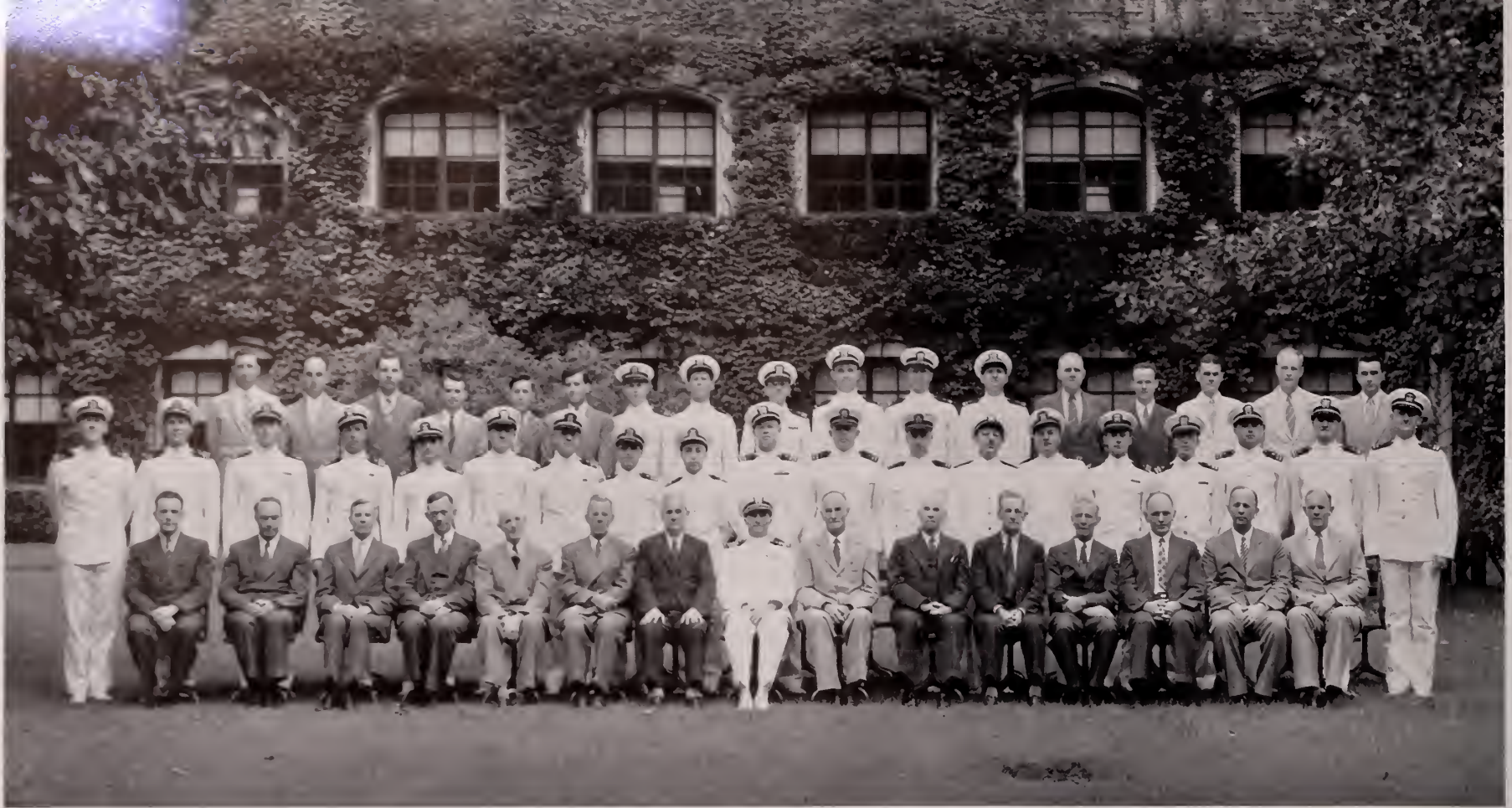


But I thought you said formation was OUTSIDE

Notify who?



Fourth class day bed



DEPARTMENT OF MATHEMATICS. *Front row, seated:* W. F. Kern, L. M. Kells, G. R. Clements, J. Tyler, E. S. Mayer, J. N. Galloway, L. T. Wilson, Capt. A. C. Thorington, USN, J. B. Eppes, J. B. Scarborough, R. C. Lamb, A. Dillingham, W. A. Conrad, G. A. Lyle, E. Hawkins. *Second row:* R. H. Wilson, J. M. Milos, R. C. Morrow, J. M. Holme, J. A. Ward, J. P. Hoyt, C. W. Hook, C. P. Brady, J. Giarratana, J. A. Quense, H. J. Arnold, E. E. Betz,

S. S. Saslaw, T. L. Downs, R. W. Wagner, W. R. Hydeman, C. R. Phelps, S. F. Barber, L. H. Chambers. *Third row:* H. C. Stotz, W. H. Sears, O. M. Thomas, T. W. Moore, J. C. Abbott, A. W. McGaughey, C. B. Lindquist, C. W. Seekins, J. F. Locke, W. R. Eikelberger, W. F. Swanton, W. W. Graham, H. T. Muhly, B. Cosby, J. R. Hammond, A. E. Currier, T. J. Benac

A Year brought us MATH . . . and

OUR FREQUENT TRIPS to Maury Hall to delve into the realms of Mathematics started with the placement examinations plebe summer. A quiet enough beginning, but once in the toils of algebra and trigonometry, plebe year loomed as an insurmountable obstacle. Although we felt that we had reached the millennium, we were rudely awakened youngster year when we hit calculus and finally mechanics. While the professors labored long and patiently to make the midshipmen understand that the "sum of the forces equals zero", many of us wished that Newton had never seen the light of day. However, when the last classes were over we were all ready to pass the time-honored refrain on to wondering plebes—"math, sheer fruit."

What's funny about Math?



Miss-ter Bowdey!



Who was this character Mannheim?





Always a line—even on liberty

SATURDAY LIBERTIES

ONE WEEK OF "AC" year was enough to seal our doom. Saturday noon we harnessed our books to the second shelf of the desk and invaded Annapolis, the town—after, of course, we had lent our verbal support to the varsity and plebe sports events of the afternoon. What to do when once outside the oh-so-confining walls was a problem in itself, but the solution was always the same: a movie, a tea fight at Carvel, and a visit to one of the city's chow palaces. To a civilian it was just another afternoon, but to us, our actions were enlivened with the spice of freedom.

Just like college days

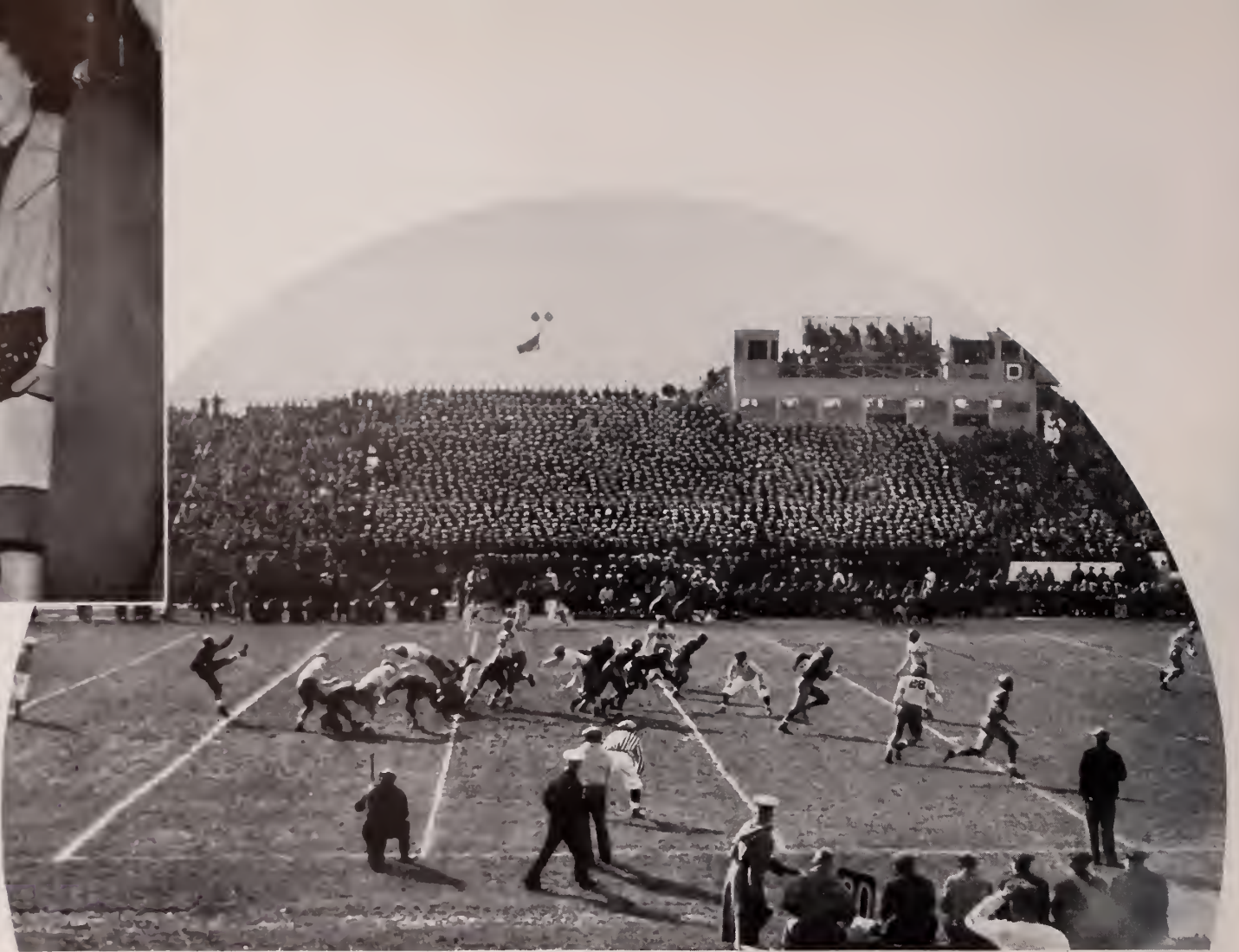


Fall out the diners





Here at last



A Navy day

Football Fever

NEXT TO GETTING OUT TO Annapolis on Saturdays, the other beacon light of plebe year freedom was a football trip to Baltimore. On these excursions we enjoyed a boat ride up the Chesapeake, mass singing, cold box lunches, and the long trek to the stadium. After the game came liberty in Baltimore. All restraint was thrown off and midshipmen returned tired and happy for the cruise back.

Our other social highlight was the Army-Navy game. This year we were the hosts to the Kaydets. As plebes it was the first chance that we had to drag. Although we did not rate the hop, '46 took this opportunity to trot out its queens, making lowly plebes kings for a day.



Hurricane deck captains

Bay Belle kibitzers



We did



DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES. *Front row:* W. S. Shields, A. Cabrillo Vasquez, H. B. Winchell, O. E. Hagberg, Capt. W. G. Michelet, USN, J. M. Purdie, G. E. Starnes, R. E. Muller, C. P. Lemieux. *Second row:* D. L. Hamilton, W. H. Sewell, H. D. Blanchard, W. H. Berry, H. W. Drexel, W. X. Walsh, H. H. Pottle, E. T. Heise, G. E. McSpadden, J. H. Elsdon,

J. H. Hartsook. *Third row:* G. B. Ray, C. G. Taylor, C. R. Michaud, J. D. Yarbrow, A. R. Lopes, J. Canter, P. M. Beadle. *Fourth row:* R. E. Chandler, F. R. Thompson, R. W. Ross, I. Spiegel, J. H. D. Allen, W. H. Buffum, J. H. Hammond, F. J. Crowley, W. W. Sewell, W. E. Meiden, W. J. Bruner

Parlez vous Espagnol?

OURS WAS THE FIRST CLASS to take Japanese and Russian, and a chosen few were selected for these difficult languages while the majority of us took French, Spanish, or German. Plebe year we juggled the intricacies of the grammar and vocabulary of a new language. While the Savvy section read stories, the Buckets toiled on elementary sentences. Youngster year we took up the conversational aspect of the language with the Naval Phraseology course offering us a chance to reproduce situations which we were liable to meet in foreign countries.

Somebody must be wrong here



Wakarimas ka?

But Señor . . .



Siberian subtleties



Scene the watch



... and all points West

CHRISTMAS LEAVE

AND THEN CAME Christmas leave! For us, a welcome shot of adrenalin to pick up our spirits and carry us through till June. Kings were we for a few short fleeting days—not to mention those oh-so-wonderful nights. For as we sped through the gates, we cast off the robes of plebedom's insignificance and once again assumed the self-confident, easy-going manner we had so reluctantly relinquished upon entering the Naval Academy. Once at home, we realized we were "it". We crammed fun and laughter into every minute, storing wonderful memories to relive when we again resumed our roles as plebes.



The eager departure...



... the weary return

Post the watch



THE DARK AGES

Winter Term

IT DRAGGED. IT CREPT. The days seemed so long and the nights so short. Winter term was the nadir of our fourth class existence. The colorful football atmosphere of Fall term was missing. In its stead we had the bleak, wintry days of P-works and room inspections, academics and executive lectures. In retrospect, the Wednesday afternoon formal room inspections stand out in our minds. It was not so long ago that we stood at parade rest for thirty or forty minutes waiting for the inspector to put in his appearance. As the minutes ticked away, we could see the dust, so recently stirred up, gradually settle down to mar our glistening desks and polished lockers. We can remember our repeated and stealthy sallies to the corners of the room, to the closet, and to our lockers when we discovered some dust or dirt we had not seen before. Then too, there were those Saturday morning Steam P-works, nightmares to those of us who couldn't handle the



Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking . . .

T-square, triangles, and pencils like knives and forks. Some of us could, and we must have incurred the envy of our classmates as we calmly closed our steam kits while they were yet tangling with the problem. Nor did a rainy Wednesday drill period carry with it any hope of an extra happy hour—not so long as our company officers felt inclined to teach us theory of leadership. And they were usually so inclined. Yes, those were the days when men were men, and plebes were plebes!

• I just wanted to look



Whose handkerchief is this?





I'm a little on the lonely side . . .



. . . but not for very long



No slide rules today

THE RENAISSANCE... *We drag*

To THOSE OF US who sorely missed the rustle of the evening gown and the aroma of perfume, the granting of escorting privileges to the fourth class came as a welcome strain. Immediately the telegraph offices, mail chutes, and telephone lines out of Annapolis were choked with fourth class "chits" for the dragging occasions, our never-to-be-forgotten Navy Relief show and Masqueraders' play. Soon the exciting days arrived, and with them came the usual percentage of "CIS's". But those of us whom fortune favored managed to find our way back into the social world whence we had been ostracized as plebes. We crowded the movies on Saturday afternoon, and showed our drags the grandeur of our magnificent yard. On Sunday, we sat around at the house, trying to slow the inevitable hands of time. It was a bitter pill to return to our fourth class rates. Our Red Mike classmates gloated as they watched us in our newest plight. But, we countered with feeble hearts, it was well worth it!



Pleasure . . .

. . . before . . .



. . . business

Our first JUNE WEEK

THE HUMILIATIONS AND INDIGNITIES of plebe year were almost forgotten when "No More Rivers" echoed through the Mess Hall. June Week and the Farewell Ball were sufficient to let us forget all of our woes. Though we looked forward eagerly to the coming of youngster stripes, we watched our first classmen leave with regret as our first June Week faded into memory.

Awards for some . . . fun for all



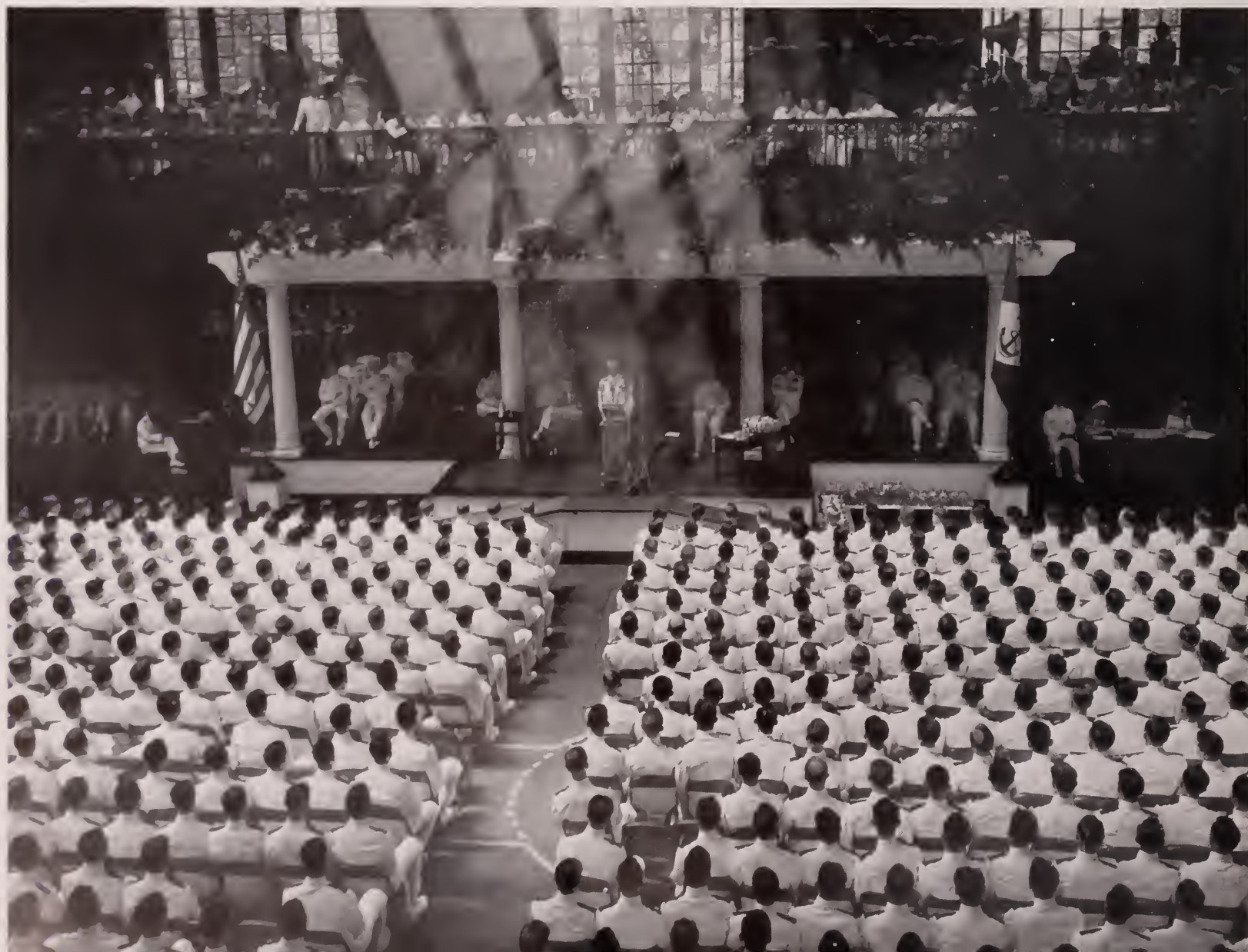


Farewell to '44; welcome to '46

Our last days as Plebes

THE LONG DAYS OF winter passed slowly. Even our more spirited and earnest classmates succumbed to a stoic frame of mind. The Academic Departments cleaned house again after Winter term examinations, returning more of our friends and roommates to civilian life or a career for the duration in the Army. Those of us left to stagger on were now weary but relieved that the scholastic sword had struck its blow leaving us afoot, though perhaps somewhat scarred. One hundred nights before the Class of 1944's graduation, a short-lived but furious and despotic regime came to power. In the limited time allowed, this traditional plebeian revolt descended upon the first class and exacted an appalling price in return for the many days of indoctrination and teaching. The riotous encounter passed, leaving with us a greater respect and admiration for '44. But now Spring was well on the way toward Summer. With the end in sight, we began to appreciate how constructive plebe year had been and to understand why it is of such significance in a Navy career.

This time we watched



A crest is born

PROBABLY THE FIRST real indication that we were now recognized as a class and not as individual "boots" came when we voted for the selection of our class crest. Many of us realized for the first time that we were being accepted into that far-flung yet closely-knit fraternity of men who follow the sea. Our crest carries with it simplicity, grandeur, and a feeling of power. The picture conjured up in our minds—naval might steaming across the far reaches of the blue Pacific to the islands of Japan, on a globe surmounted by the proud eagle of the United States—is one which will remain with us until the day we die.

This was our first bit of class jewelry, and as such came in for careful consideration when we were deciding how best to use it. It stood for the many traditions of the Academy and the Service; it meant closer ties between us and our chosen career, the Navy; more than that, it brought with it that feeling of unity and camaraderie which will keep its wearers' classmates in mind in the years beyond.



CREST COMMITTEE: Acuff, Hansen, Cummings, Adams, Scott, Bailey, Aroyan, Buchanan, Rathbun, Porter, Abernathy, Bonham, Heesacker, Babbitt



'Tain't NO MORE PLEBES

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire;
Though the sight-line end on the target,
There cometh, perchance, a miss-fire.

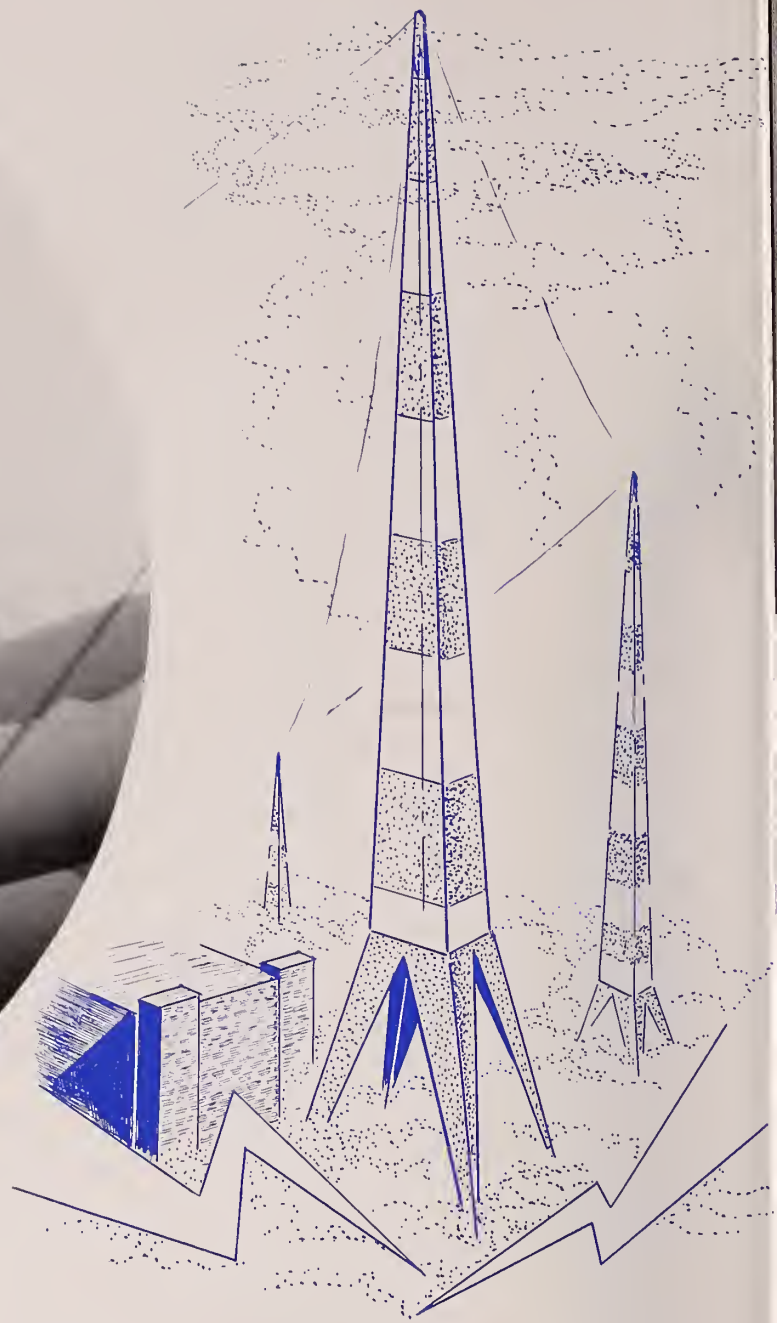
If ye win through an Arctic ice floe,
Unmentioned at home in the Press,
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.



YOUNGESTER YEARD
YOUNGESTER YEARD



We learned some things the easy way . . .



. . . some the hard way . . .

Happy Summer Days

. . . and the rest with no trouble at all





Hand laundries did a thriving business



Boxing for entertainment

Aboard the mighty Arky

SPECULATION ABOUT CRUISE had run rampant during the last few months of youngster year, and we didn't know whether to be glad or sorry when the word came out that we were due for a three weeks' Chesapeake pleasure cruise aboard one of the oldest battlewagons in the Navy. We didn't quite know what to expect, and we didn't get much of what we did expect. A confusing routine of watches, drills, lectures, and ship's work greeted us during our first week. Our "free time" we spent alternately scrubbing the deck and scrubbing our clothes. Space was limited on the Arkansas, as we soon learned while trying to find a free spot topside for our mattresses. Standing in line, dodging boatswains mates, and the perpetual seeking for a secluded spot in which to rest, soon became a natural part of our existence. No one doubted the word of the officers that this was to be a cruise for gunnery practice. When we weren't firing we were practicing, and when we weren't practicing we were taking the guns apart. It was a tired and happy group of midshipmen that clustered topside to catch a first glimpse of the Chapel dome as the Arky came to anchor at the end of our cruise.

Exercise for health



The hard deck for relaxation

NEW RATES



Deckhand de luxe . . .

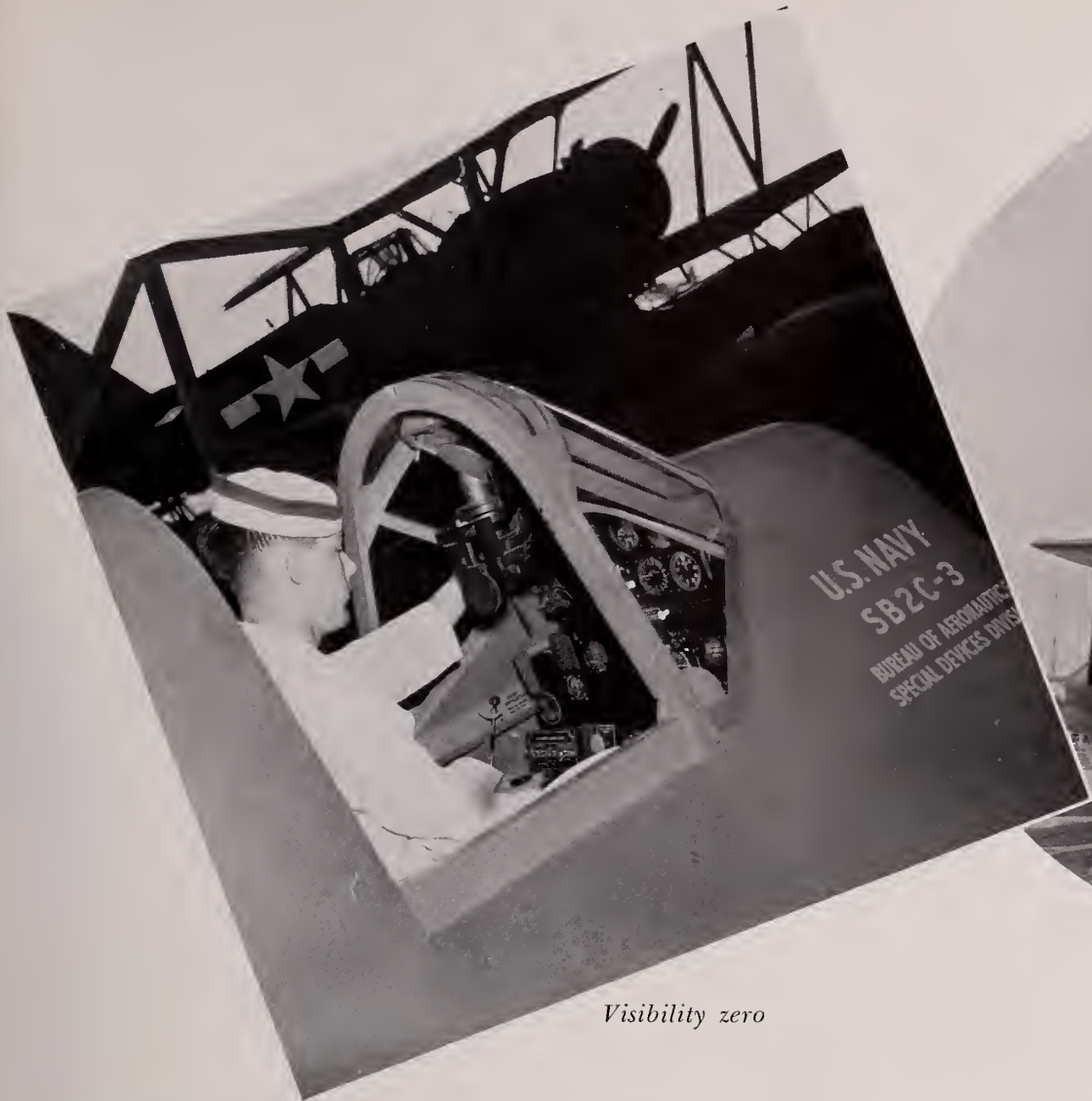


. . . and dancing divine

NEW PRIVILEGES

MADLY WE DASHED to Herndon Monument, well aware that a transition was taking place, but too frenzied to think of it. As we returned to Bancroft Hall we became more composed. We chuckled as we realized that the middle of the corridor no longer was reserved for us. Happily we unbuttoned white service blouses, shoved caps to upward angles, put hands in hip pockets, and sauntered up youngster ladder. "Chop, chop, mister!" we jokingly barked to one another as we entered the mess hall. But the chop-chop days had been handed down to '47. Youngsters were dragging to hops, to informals, on yawl trips, on hikes—in fact, everywhere. It was no wonder that '45 paternally observed, "The youngsters really get this stuff." Amid new privileges our class had

not forsaken its responsibilities. All summer long Bancroft bulkheads reverberated with youngster voices as silent plebes were introduced to corridor drills, ranging from reciprocating engine demonstrations to garter inspections. Further into academic year we began fully to appreciate Smoke Hall, late movies, and Sunday liberty—three forbidden fruits during plebedom. The first class claimed that its new privileges were more abundant and more important than ours. The first class, however, was too removed from plebe year; it had practically forgotten what that year was like—perhaps it was as well that it had.



Visibility zero



Down the ramp

Sky

Anchors

Aweigh!

THE POTENTIAL "FLY-BOYS" were intent upon learning as much as they could during our course in aerodynamics, and even the rest of us became interested in the physics of aviation. The drills were long, but most of us felt that we were gaining valuable knowledge, and did our best to grasp the fundamentals of aviation, despite the welcome fact that the course did not count on our academic record.

VN-8—Aviation hopefuls invaded the wide blue yonder



Men overboard



Fox, cast, dog



Signal in the air



Steady as she goes

YP Cruises

THE HAPPY DAYS of youngster summer brought, with day-long YP cruises, the opportunity to learn the fundamentals of ship handling, maneuvers, and tactical drills. Casualties were relatively light, and the chance to swim and sunbathe made our practical seamanship a life of Riley.



Ground formation

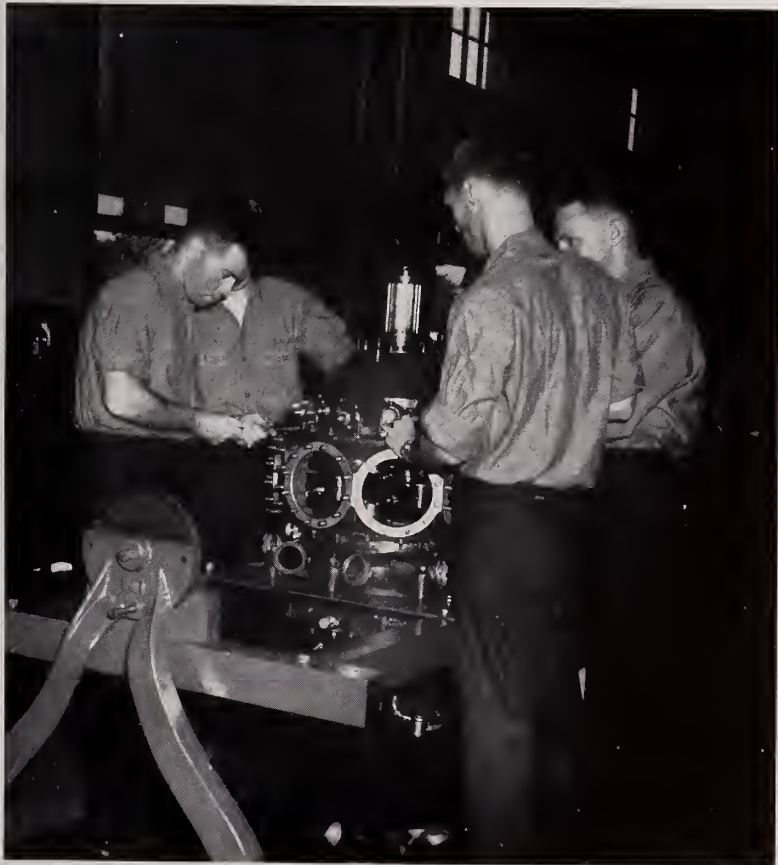
What makes 'em fly?

"NOW TAKE THIS AT A hundredth of a second - - - Ready - - - Now" - - - Click—and a plane flashed momentarily on the screen. Aircraft recognition proved relatively easy to most and soon we had built up a small repertoire of familiar planes. From lecture to movie to Link Trainers

we moved, learning something new at each place. Most interesting of all were the lectures on carrier tactics and strategy, where the many elements incidental to a successful air attack were explained. But we also learned what made 'em fly—mostly by tearing down and assembling the parts of a plane. With the store of theory we had digested, we took the final step by actually handling a "Kingfisher" in flight. This was an exciting climax to our brief introduction to Naval Aviation, stirring up a strong desire for more.



Ready . . . now . . .



Amateur grease monkeys



*Windy tunnel . . .
Bernoulli started it*

Strictly Academic

ANYONE WITH A LACK of foresight would have been tempted to remark during youngster summer that "youngster year is fruit." Three months composed of leave, cruise, and a smattering of academics almost made us enjoy the Severn. Even the peaceful summer days were bearable when days of studies alternated with YP drills or interesting aviation instruction. Bull, Dago, and Math were our only academic worries, and even the Buckets could stay sat with a minimum of work. Each Monday was filled with a jumble of vaguely remembered lessons of the previous week and clear recollections of the weekend of dragging just past.

Study hours were spent without too much ambition. The many themes required by the Bull course kept our literary abilities to the front, as we tried to prove to our profs that we really could write masterfully. Math got more complicated as we delved into the mysteries of differential calculus, but no one could get very worried about it. With no exams staring us in the face at the end of the term, we were all content to get by with a minimum of work and enjoy as much as possible the chance to take life easy.



Saturday, no doubt



Dynamometer in action

Still integrating





*Commando
calisthenics*



Natatorial navigation

Saturday Schedule

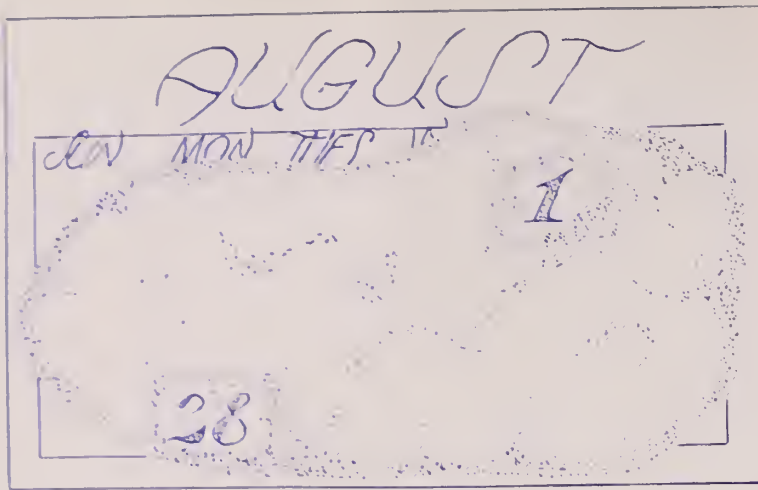
YOUNGSTER SUMMER LIFE consisted of easy academics, lazy days flying or on YP cruises, and pleasant weekends with our OAO's, but the Physical Training Department kept us fit with time tests on the commando course and in the pool.



Dancing for the socialites . . .



. . . bridge for the non-dvagers



LEAVE . . . as oft and as much as may be

FROM THE FIRST "yea, furlough" to the time when we straggled back into the confines of Bancroft, we were in the spirit of leave. This was to be our first summer leave, all thirty days of it. We were "the spoiled and pampered pets of Uncle Sam" as we stepped off that home-town train, and from then on we crowded the days with long anticipated pleasure. We slept late and ate whenever we desired. We danced until the wee small hours, and still had what seemed like an infinity of time for those long talks under a summer moon. And when we had nothing left but memories to show for it, our leave was still a beautiful dream.



No trouble tying this one



Annapolis was never like this

Tourists, or just waiting?



Fall Term Struck

FALL TERM OF OUR youngster year began with a jolting return to the realities of Naval Academy life after a glorious summer. Once again we turned to academics—basic mechanisms, calculus, Naval history, dago, and a multitude of other worries. For the savours, Fall term was just another to be endured, but for the rest it was a weekly dash to see the size of the steam tree. However, all was not academics. Life had a much brighter outlook when viewed by a youngster. Weekends we were busy dragging to hops and football games, and Sunday afternoons we “hit the beach” on liberty. We were beginning to enjoy the better things of life. Running the new plebes was our primary objective, and along any deck of Bancroft could be heard the shout, “Brace up, Mister, square that corner.” Pie races, garter inspections, questions, and



I'm a wild man

Quick change artists

Land ho!

That beautiful stripe



mass singing lent new horizons to what could be done. With first class year to look forward to, and plebdom nothing but a memory, we were on top of the world. The new watches were slightly confusing—especially the first time we were confronted with the maze of red tape and boat slips that went with a main office watch. Fall term was always the most pleasant of Academic year, and as youngsters we were ready to get the most in the way of pleasure that it offered.

Gouges galore



Fagan under!

Permission to come aboard, sir?





We stepped out

FALL TERM WAS A natural for youngster dragging; it was our first chance to show off the football team to our OAO's who had waited patiently during plebe year for the opportunity. True, we had to listen to the Army game on the radio, but we proclaimed the victory in traditional style, none the less—with a 24 hour ringing of the Japanese bell! Our drags thought it was so cute to watch, but those who slept in rooming houses anywhere near Bancroft Hall found the noise a little too much to take at two in the morning. Football was the big attraction, naturally, but cross country hiking was a close second. Maryland's fall weather was ideal for packing a Read's ready-

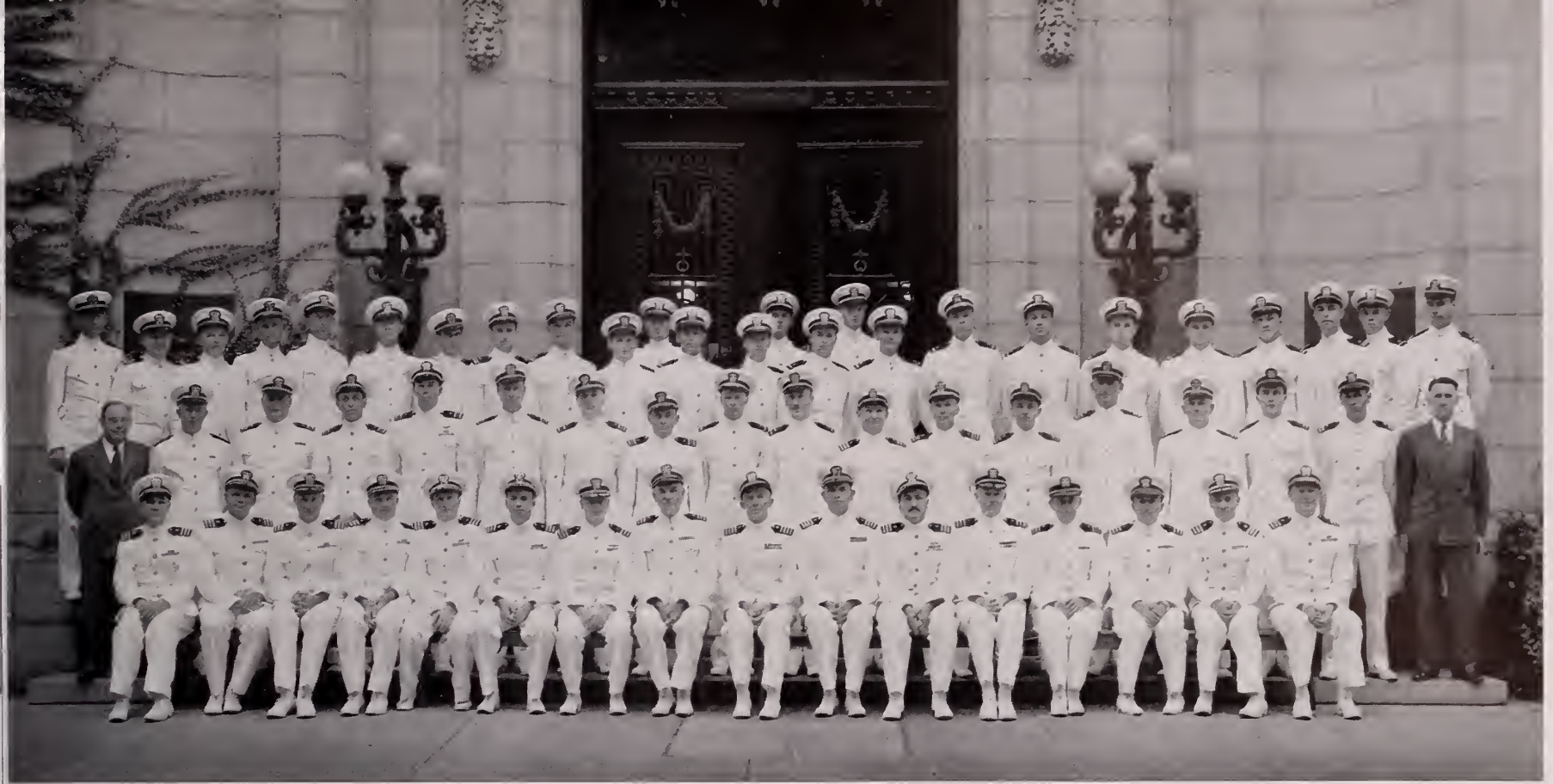


Five straight

made lunch and a portable radio and heading for parts across the Severn to spend a quiet afternoon, away from bells and boredom.

Hops were a newly-found privilege which we exploited to the fullest. We had missed the night life of our civilian existence, and plebe restrictions served to make the Regimental dance and the forty minute liberty thereafter as coveted as an evening at the Trocadero—with the advantage of no cover charge.





DEPARTMENT OF MARINE ENGINEERING. *Front row:* G. L. Ketchum, A. A. Ovrom, R. E. Magoffin, H. P. McIntire, T. H. Brittan, T. H. DuBois, W. J. Lorenz, C. C. Davis, Capt. T. M. Stokes, USN, Capt. D. Logan, USN, D. L. Mattie, C. E. Lewis, H. G. Eldredge, G. M. Dusingberre, J. W. Howard, C. R. Tellefsen. *Second row:* G. Beneze, H. E. Ayres, R. T. Kain, T. C. Gillmer, H. P. Ady, R. B. Leavitt, R. W. Fox, H. W. Greene, L. T. Fallon, E. F.

Hebrank, J. C. Eakens, L. W. Day, G. W. Welch, H. J. Ward, G. A. Hendrickson, J. R. Sheneman, R. M. Johnston, W. E. Farrell. *Third row:* R. A. Bacon, J. L. Bruns, B. F. Brown, R. J. Ostrander, C. A. Morrow, R. Payne, C. O. Bartley, W. G. Wheeler, H. R. Hamel, C. M. Fowler, S. E. Joseph, J. J. Brenza, R. C. Shaw, A. H. Snyder, W. Smedley, T. A. Finch, R. J. Muehlhausen, J. H. Zink, R. G. Bullock, F. C. Wendorf, J. K. Richter, R. E. Peck. *Fourth row:* R. C. Wittlinger, R. F. Birdsall, W. H. Richters

MARINE ENGINEERING . . . a study of sweat, oil and gears

EARLY IN PLEBE SUMMER we met our first academic department, Marine Engineering, and from descriptive geometry to the final class in warship construction, Steam was an integral part of our lives. Not only did we take more courses from Steam Profs than any other set of instructors, but probably worried more over the grades they gave us, too. It was through this long association that we came to appreciate the vital importance of engineering to the Navy, and through it, too, we learned how to handle the potent substance that drives our fleets through the ocean today—steam.

Housed in three great halls, the department spared little to make our instruction as complete and up-to-date as possible. Through the many models and laboratories we learned by actual practice and experience the intricacies of Naval machinery, thermodynamics, and damage control. The vast drawing rooms atop the halls also

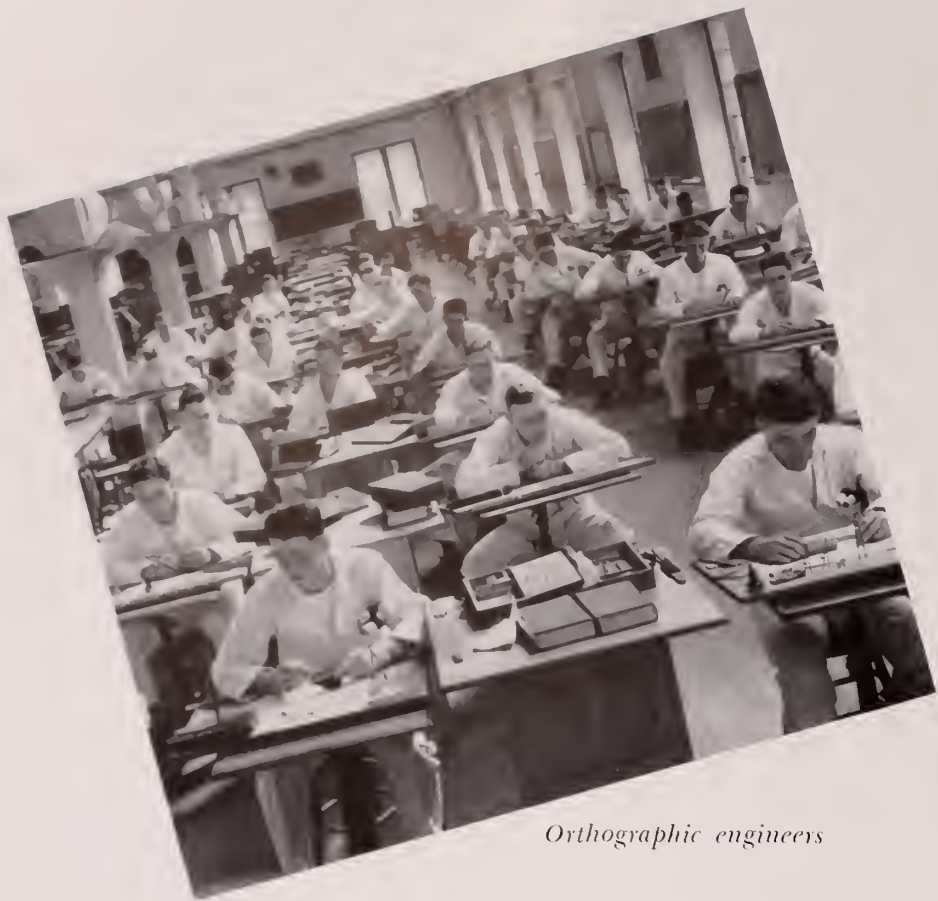
. . . and Chitty expounds on the turbine

The prof explains the boilers . . .



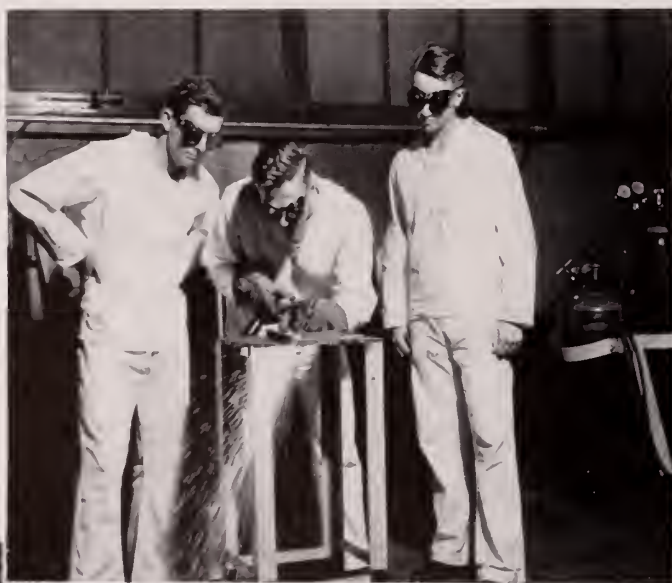
Capt. T. M. Stokes
Head of Department





Orthographic engineers

Like a knife through butter



Potential foundrymen



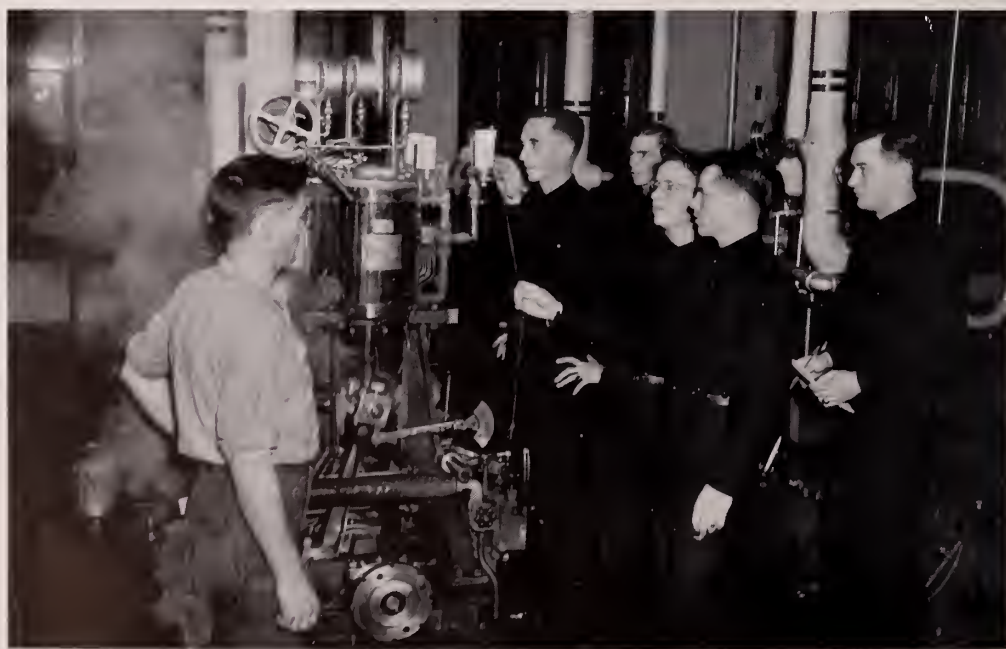
This little valve controls everything

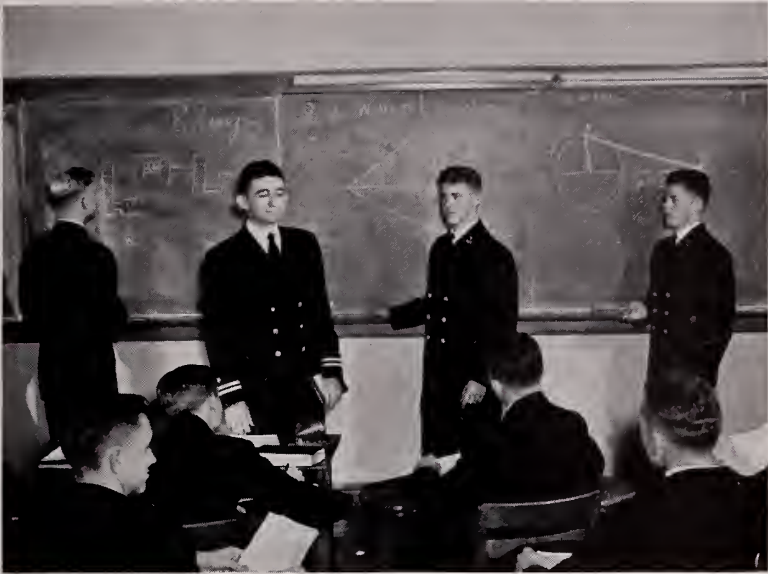
were the scenes of many of our classes and practical works, from plebe drafting to first class damage control.

The Department's class rooms, however, saw our major efforts. In these we were taught by a staff of able instructors. Some of them were veterans of many years at sea, with knowledge born of personal experience to offer us. Some were thermodynamic experts who called on years of study to help us understand their subject. All, under the guiding hand of Captain T. M. Stokes, were men who knew their steam and how to teach it.

We began plebe year with descrip, then inked our way through to machine drawing where we assembled valves and cylinder blocks—all but that left-over bolt—and ended up with a whirlwind tour of metallurgy that left us lost searching for the eutectic point in the iron-iron carbide diagram. Youngster year started with Rube Goldbergian basic mechanisms. It was then that we first observed at close hand that intrepid band, famous for their half-masted ties, the Steam Profs. With them we meshed and rotated through the wonders of the epicycle

But who could operate the planimeter?





We linked differentials to epicyclic trains . . .

and the linkage and then went on to the Naval machinery course. There "Bisch" and "Tombface" and all the lads helped us to differentiate between the three Leslie valves, and the end- and side-fired boilers. They also helped most of us by letting us know what our term averages were every Saturday morning.

During first class summer we covered internal combustion engines, learning about fuel mixtures and compression ratios. Fall and winter were spent with thermo. We tried for two terms to get the "Deacon" to define enthalpy, but though he showed us how it affected both energy drops and grade drops, he never revealed what it was. Our final course was ship construction and damage control, in which we were taught the theories of building a ship and, when once afloat, keeping her that way.

Steam was far from an easy subject, but it was an indispensable one. And few, if any of us begrudged the hours spent on it, for if any of our studies was practical, useful, and well taught, that subject was Steam.

. . . juggled the entropies



. . . calculated compression ratios



. . . measured rates of flow

. . . and computed the B.T.U.'s





The LOG sees all, tells all

IT WAS FRIDAY AFTERNOON and the Regiment's bi-weekly publication was off the presses, soon to grace each midshipman's desk and perhaps steal an hour or so of his evening study period.

Unlike most college magazines, the Log claimed more readers outside than within the Academy's limits, for its pages follow each midshipman's OAO and his family throughout the nation—and even find their way to the wardrooms of our ships at sea. With such a diversity of readers the task of turning out consistently good issues was a job for a competent staff—and such a staff we had.

With the help of Officer Representative Commander Straub, Editor-in-Chief Ted Hartley and his capable complement found the formula necessary to please the

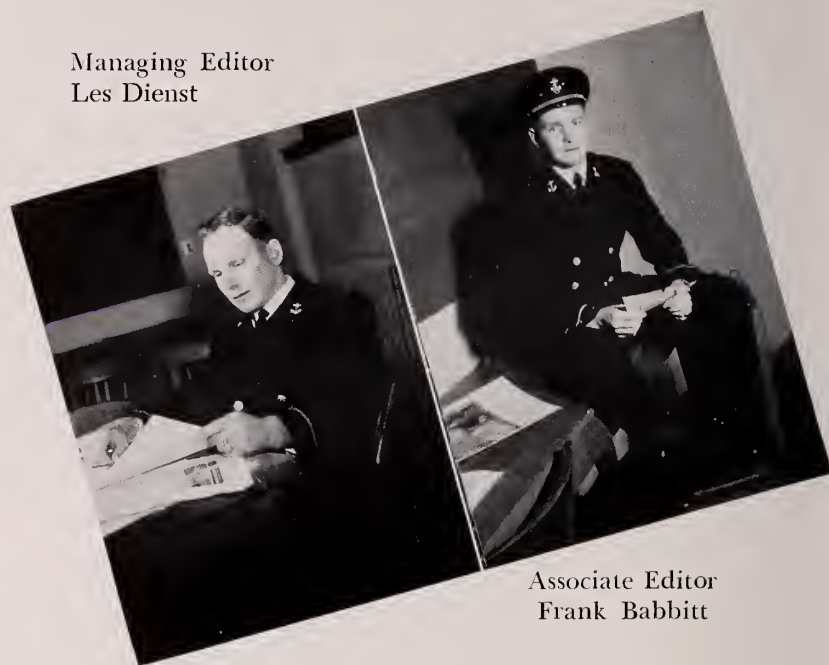


Comdr. C. I. Straub
Officer Representative



Editor-in-Chief Ted Hartley

Managing Editor
Les Dienst



Associate Editor
Frank Babbitt

The policy makers called a governing board meeting





*Sector editors consulted
The music editor talked shop*



*Coulter made up sports
The staff puts it together*



*The artists thought up ideas
Salty Sams collaborated*



8000 discerning readers. But writing the stuff was only half the job. To balance the books meant hours spent in soliciting advertisers, more hours in augmenting circulation, and still more time in making the figures in black equal the ones in red. Editor Hartley and Business Manager John Popa had their headaches all right, but just so long as their staff was willing to lose an occasional happy hour or to forsake a few recreation periods—even miss a weekend drag or three—the work was done on time. And they were always willing.

A versatile staff it was: Navy's frequent sports victories (and infrequent defeats) were always handled by Jack Coulter's writers, Jack himself giving the department a boost with "In the Locker Room." Always good for a laugh were the novelty columns "Shades of Bancroft", "Salty Sam", and "Back Talk"—and, of course, those unforgettable Migool cartoons. After hours spent in sifting Navy communiques, Harry Watson's staff gave us Professional Notes, presenting the current highlights of Navy topics at home and afloat. Time for make-up, and Dienst, Babbitt, Beach, and Jordan went into action, while Lane was already busy shooting pictures for the next issue. And thus the cycle. Work? Sure, but the results were worth it.



Business Manager Popa



*Circulation Manager
George Sawyer*



*Advertising Manager
Bob Yerbury*



The Trident staff published our professional magazine

THE TRIDENT



GRADUATION ISSUE 1944

TRIDENT SOCIETY

THE TRIDENT SOCIETY embodied all the subsidiary clubs which have as their purpose the furthering of arts and letters. Artists, writers, photographers, and speakers all found an outlet for their abilities in this organization.

One of the main publications was the quarterly issued Trident magazine. It combined the artistic talents of all classes to give the outside a literary, artistic, and professional view of the Naval Academy and the Navy. The regular folios of photographs reproduced in the magazine were proof of the midshipmen's camera abilities. Its many features and well-written articles have made it one of the finest college periodicals of its type in the country.



Gomer and Collins collected ads



Editor Bob Bacchus

They selected the good from the bad



Comdr. H. H. Marable
Officer Representative



The Trident's shutter men



*J. L. Skoog, President
Trident Society*

TRIDENT CALENDAR

THIS OFTEN-USED CALENDAR was one of the most popular publications of the Academy. Bound in artistic morocco, its memo-filled pages did constant duty for every owner. These calendars were an integral part of every midshipman's desk, and served to remind him of everything from a forthcoming watch to the date of the next hop. The days went pretty fast when you took them by weeks. Photographs and historical cartoons of the Academy made it popular with anyone interested in the Academy. This year's calendar, dedicated to the Academy centennial, was a worthy tribute to the midshipmen who spent many hours in its preparation.



The department heads conferred with the boss

Artists, designers, writers . . . they produced the 365 day clock





Camera clients of the Photo Club



The Art Club . . . they were always in demand

The Shutter Clickers

WHETHER THEY WANTED a picture of Jenkins smashing through Army's line, or a photograph of the Herndon Monument, all Academy publications turned to the Photographers' Club. These men, for pure enjoyment and to improve their photographic ability, were always ready with camera and flash bulb to provide the pictorial record of our everyday life.

The Aesthetes

CARTOONS, PAINTINGS, posters, cover designs, and illustrations. Just give them paper and the drawing materials, and these inspired artists could provide anything you asked. They filled all requests by the *Log*, *Trident*, and *Reef Points*, and still had plenty of opportunity to develop their own individual talents with brush and pen.

Reef Points

THERE IS LITTLE doubt that Reef Points was our most popular literature when we first entered the Naval Academy. The "Plebe's Bible" was an ever-useful and interesting handbook designed to provide everyone with pertinent facts concerning the Academy and the Navy.



Scribes of the Plebe Bible

Season's Greetings

"YULETIDE GREETINGS from the Regiment of Midshipmen." '46's Christmas Card Committee labored hard and long to bring forth their distinctive creation. The paper shortage slowed them down, but they still managed to provide plenty of cards, and also turn out the much looked forward to graduation announcements.



The card-a-year men

ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING . . . a nightmare of formulas

THE DEPARTMENT OF Electrical Engineering bequeathed us our first prob sheets which we thought would be the death of us. The first battle with the beloved Skinny Department was a course in cook-book style chemical experiments and rapid slipstick operation, called general



Lights, action, and short circuits



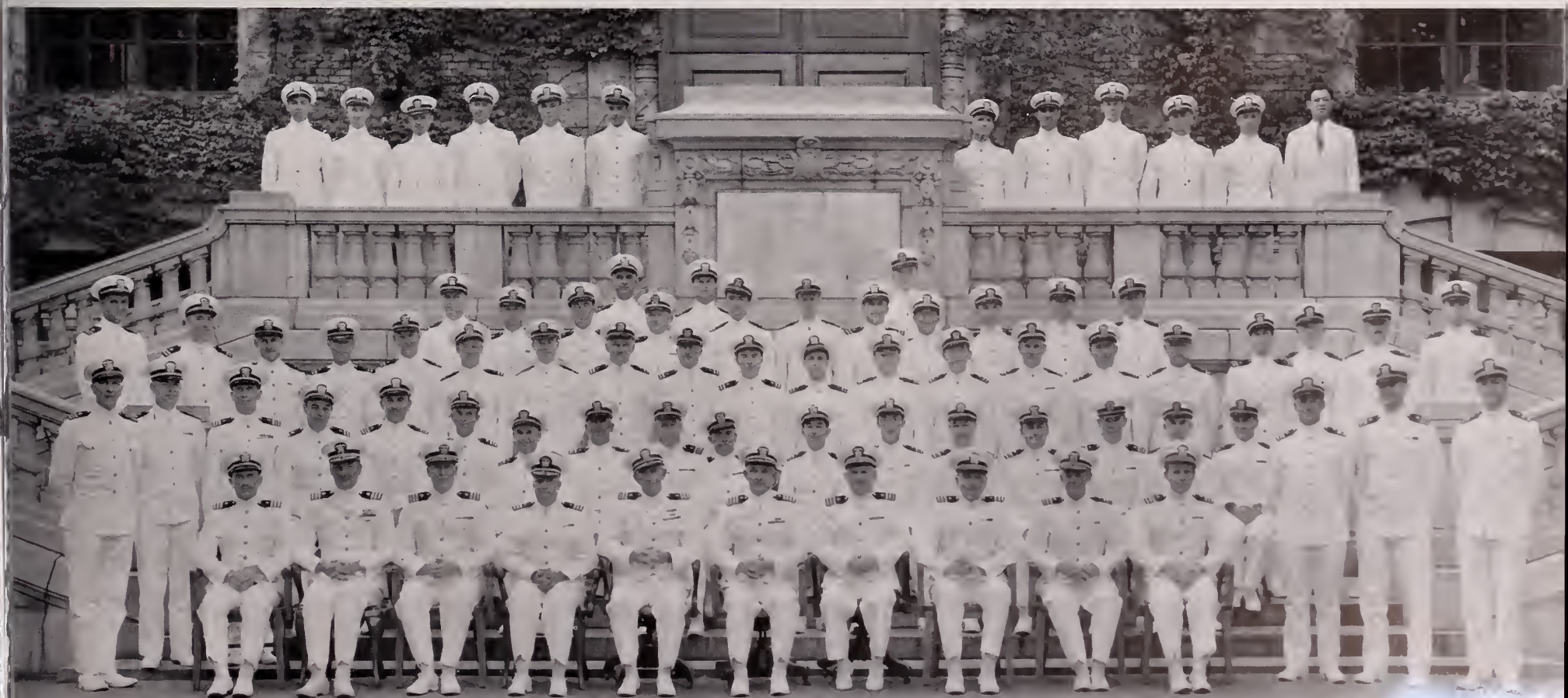
Capt. W. Nyquist
Head of Department

college chemistry. Two terms of Richardson and Scarlet, as interpreted by "Ion" and "Kayo", enabled us to produce something, anyhow, usually a stench and a mess, in the weekly lab sessions. First term was general, and many of us were generally confused. Qualitative analysis, second term, brought us unknowns, which ordinarily remained unknown, unless we found something even the master gouge didn't recognize.

By spring term we grasped hopefully at physics, and then gasped desperately at F equals MA. Here in this

DEPARTMENT OF ELECTRICAL ENGINEERING. *Front row:* J. M. Alexander, H. M. Lindsay, A. F. Morash, L. M. Cockaday, H. B. McLean, Capt. W. Nyquist, H. E. Redeker, T. F. Ball, L. K. Taylor. *Second row:* R. B. Kleinhans, R. C. Turner, J. L. Ellis, A. W. Wilson, V. F. Robnett, J. B. Heinicke, J. B. McCurley, R. P. Bowles, D. W. Davis, B. A. Fisher, J. D. Riggan, J. L. Daley, H. Torgerson, W. B. Hall, W. E. Sellman, L. J. Kulot, J. F. Dibrell, L. E. Kinsler, A. B. Chace, J. A. Tiedeman. *Third row:* E. J. Cook, A. A. Purcell, A. S. Jensen, T. J. Hanwick, G. H. McFarlin, L. D. Tabler, R. G. Paquette, E. M. Brabender, C. A. McHose, J. A. Fitzgerald, W. M. Smedley,

C. S. Sherwood, E. R. Pinkston, C. E. Singley, C. D. Thomas, H. H. Baker, E. N. McWhite, M. D. Earle, R. D. Hatcher, R. M. Osborn. *Fourth row:* R. C. Hitchcock, A. W. Coven, D. D. Kiley, P. H. Burkhart, C. O. Riggs, I. B. Baccus, R. P. Foote, E. J. Nafe, F. C. VonderLage, J. A. Lee, W. F. Koehler, M. A. Pittman, C. S. Woodward, C. J. Oberist. *Balcony:* J. D. Smith, R. E. Booher, R. A. Lejonhud, C. E. Sunderlin, R. A. Goodwin, K. H. Langlois, C. P. Tebeau, K. O. Stevenson, T. J. Schultz, C. W. Loeseke, G. M. Widell, O. L. I. Brown



course was a five foot shelf all in one erudite book. Ensign Jensen said it was all a matter of units, and we found even a rifle number useful for conversion. This was spring term, when a young man's fancy lightly turns, and in the department it began to rotate, gyroscope fashion. By the end of the term there wasn't a man who hadn't tied himself into a pretzel solving a gyroscope problem. Precession, like prosperity, was always just around some corner, but which finger pointed the way? We finally precessed right into summer Electrical Engineering.

During youngster summer, fresh from YP cruising and between weekends replete with drags, we studied the physics of flight. Aerodynamics, or "How they keep 'em flying" convinced us Bernoulli was a wizard and it was all supernatural. Therefore we left it alone. Besides, in the stifling heat of the Severn summer, the only possible purpose of a Skinny prof's lecture was to provide the proper atmosphere for a little daytime siesta—far more restful than the customary evening slumber. Across the river, VNS proved it did work, so we flew, no questions asked. We knew equations for lift and drag, but depended more on the pilot and joy-stick than a slipstiek. Though the embryonic fly-boys became more convinced, many of us became more fond of terra firma, and less sure of our appetites before climbing into a coekpit.

Fall term, Bernoulli was still with us, but far in the lead when we re-cracked Hausman and Slaek to study the mechanics of gases. There were qualities of hot air that could be expressed by formulae, apparently. We met isotherms and adiabats, which Pinkston swore we'd meet again, disguised in a Mollier chart first class year in Steam. We decided to wait.

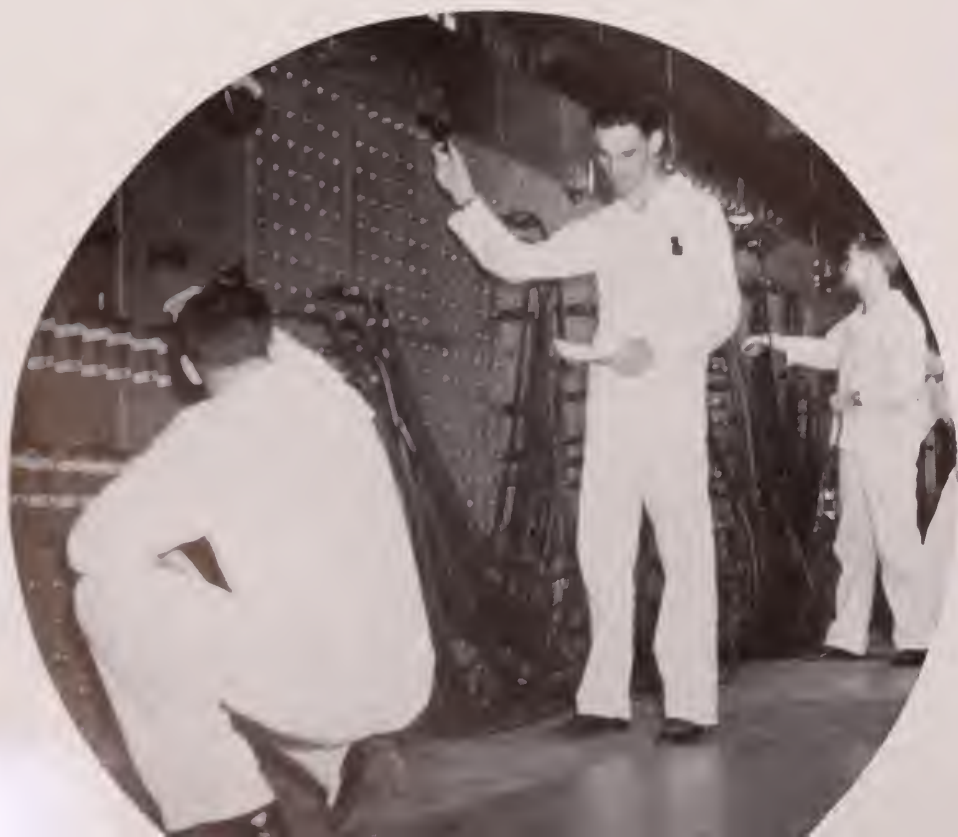
Then a lot of water flowed under the bridge, as we crossed the mechanics of fluids. Regarding that, we weren't very dry behind the ears. The department tried



P-works proved the theory . . . sometimes



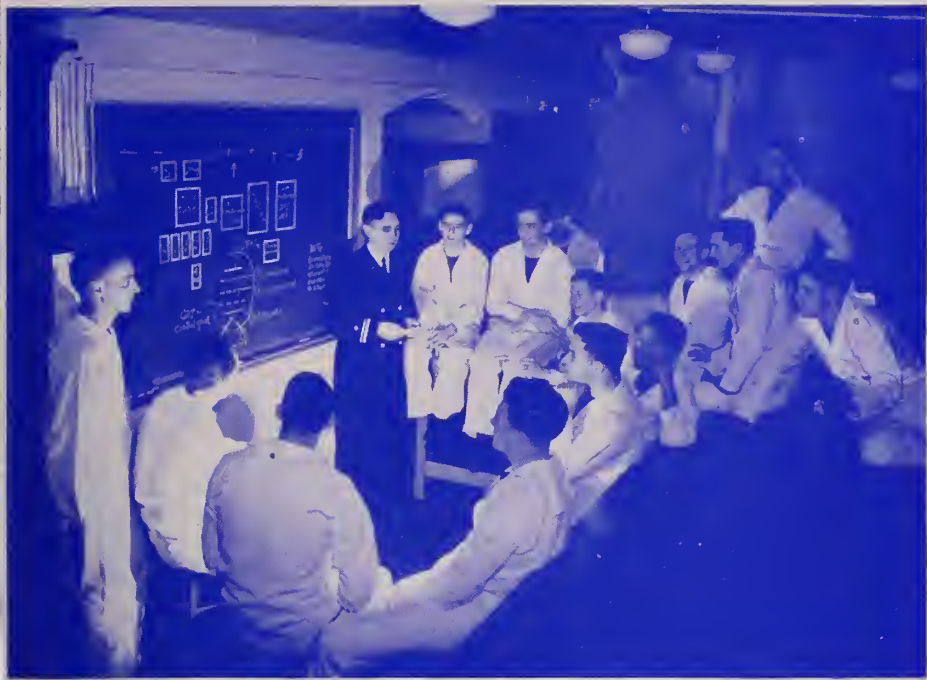
Now watch this closely, gentlemen



220 volts coming up



At home with the gouges



Superheterodyne circuits made simple



Who'll volunteer to close the switch?



It looks interesting, but what does it do?



We figured out what we did after we did it

to shed some light on the subject and threw in lenses and color. But light left us in the dark; even the technicolor remained a blur. The eye, we found, was a camera, but the quizzes showed it didn't always record. Perhaps it was our inability to focus attention on such trivial details as the Stefan-Boltzmann theory of color perception and the Bohr lines of the spectrum, which was boring enough to us.

Finally the E. E. Department came into its own; we really studied electricity, D. C., A. C., and Radio, a quick triple play that almost retired our side without a score.

Then came radio, a lifelong comfort and companion transformed into a baffling mystery. Tuned circuits, wave traps, oscillators, screen-grid tubes, and shunt feeds left us with a reverent respect for Marconi and Hertz. At times radio labs were downright enjoyable, though, because by plugging this resistor into that tube, hooking a jump lead into condenser and inductance coil, and weaving a running ground through the whole mess, we were able to listen to the lab's local transmitter play blues by Basie—and over a radio we made ourselves.

With the study of electricity—its manifold uses and services, we were working on the course in which our degree was to be given. Our application to Ordnance, Marine Engineering, Seamanship and Navigation was not slighted—this course shared the academic spotlight of first class year and many of us felt that we were truly being treated to an A-1 course.



Contract details with Harry Lavelle

Walker and Iselin lay the keel



The man with the camera . . . Jo Schiff

The **LUCKY BAG** *is started*

THE FIRST MOVE toward compiling and publishing the LUCKY BAG of the Class of 1946 came early in the Spring term of youngster year. After a torrid two week's political campaign, Don Iselin as Editor-in-Chief and Ansel Braseth as Business Manager were elected by class vote to organize and head the production of our BAG. Our aim was threefold—to present to all friends of the Navy an intimate picture of life at the Academy; to give our class an accurate record of three years together in and out of Bancroft; and to preserve for the Regiment the memories of another year.

First item on the long lists of urgent work was the scheduling of first class photographs. Dan Walker, as Biography Editor, swung into immediate action, haunting the halls of Bancroft with his nightly excursions in quest of subjects, willing and unwilling, for the peering lenses of Josef Schiff's camera.

But the wheels of progress were also turning in other directions. Stan Zipser returned from a Cook's tour of the grey matter and emerged with the theme of the 1946 LUCKY BAG, the "Laws of the Navy". It wasn't long before the Editorial triumvirate of Beach, Collins, and Zipser turned up with a working outline for the story of '46, complete from polkadot ties to Ensign's shoulder boards. By the end of May the infamous informal photographers were plaguing our classmates. The pace was set, and the staff never slackened until the "okay—D.G.I." was stamped on the final proof.



One down, 1091 to go

Winter Dragging . . .

THE LEAVES HAD turned from green to brown and red, and were falling to the earth—Tecumseh blossomed with full war paint only to return to copper hue—and one clear morning we knew it was winter. But, come ice or snow, the ancient art of dragging remained a pleasant pastime. Nature lovers that heretofore had gone for cross-country hikes now submitted their drags to the wintry pleasure of ice-skating. The Masquerader performances, hops, and concerts were the highlights of our winter social season. Each weekend was over all too soon, but happily the frigid days of winter also rolled by rapidly, making way for the coming spring.

. . . and Second Class Rates

THE LEAVES SHOWED their brightest green, the sky its deepest blue. Spring rushed upon us and showered the landscape with a verdant energy. Our spirits soared as Nature flowered, for we knew that spring would also bring us second class rates. The privilege of dragging in the knockabouts and half-raters was granted, and our liberty was increased to include Wednesday afternoons and Saturday evenings. Second class doorways and ladders also became an added convenience. Most important to us was the long-awaited opportunity of possessing radios. We exercised our new rates contentedly and enjoyed spring's warm days and cool evenings knowing that we were in the home stretch—first class year was not far ahead.

Lucky lasses of the salty Seven



Winter hath its charm



Formation fans



One in every company



9:30 lineup

This is the life

ENGLISH, *History, and Government*

A FORMER COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF of the Fleet once said, "Speaking from forty years of active service in the Navy, I can say without hesitation that the one course at the Naval Academy which is most important of all, and which you will find you must use continually from your first day as Ensign to your last day on retirement, is English."

We spent plebe year writing themes, reading Shakespeare, and following the romantic movement in English literature. We struggled many a study period to express ourselves "clearly and forcibly" in compositions on familiar subjects, such as "A Plebe in the Mess Hall," or the controversial topic, "Why English Is Important to Me as a Naval Officer." A naval officer should be able to express his ideas clearly and easily in oral English, we were told,

so we spent the major part of the Winter term delivering speeches to our mildly interested classmates. Anecdotes from old Readers' Digests were used freely. Not a few of the jokes we told were greeted with blank expressions. Most of us lost our nervousness and gained valuable self-confidence as we gave speech after speech, simulating after-dinner talks and occasional speeches.

In the Spring our fancy was turned to thoughts of Shakespeare and the romantic period of English literature. Some of us could not understand why the poets did not express themselves more clearly with the pen, as we were being taught to do. Nevertheless we added to our cultural background. During the summer of youngster year we were given the opportunity to show what we had learned in a year's time—themes, themes, themes. For nearly every recitation we had to write a theme on a selected topic. More ink and paper were used in the Hall then than at any other time. By the end of the term our ideas were flowing from brain to pen without apparent effort.

The Fall term of youngster year brought us to a semi-professional course in Naval History. The study of sea power's influence on the history of nations, the progress of ships, weapons, and naval tactics, and the study of the qualities of naval leadership all form a very important basis for later professional application. In the classroom we studied naval campaigns, complete with diagrams, and Saturday morning we supplemented it with lectures. At the end of the term we turned in a paper re-fighting the Battle of Jutland in modern times. Many indeed were the classroom admirals.



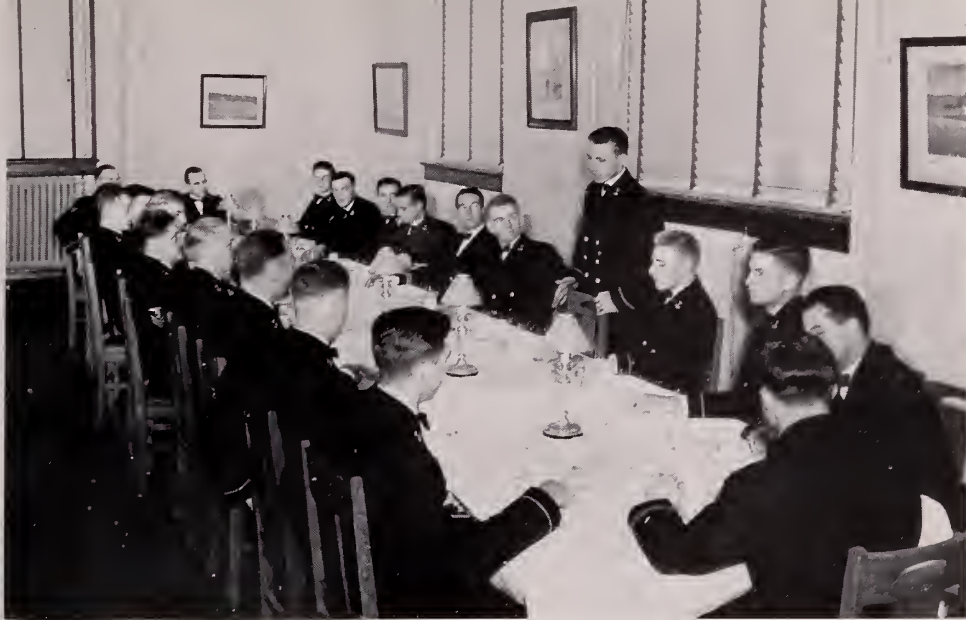
Mr. Purdy did the honors



Now, if you were Dewey . . .



*Capt. S. R. Clark
Head of Department*



All hands turn in outlines by Taps, Friday

Social and political philosophies became the themes of our Bull classes as we embarked on the Winter term course in modern European history. The purposes of the course were to show how the Europe of 1815 has become the Europe of today and to present a critical analysis of the various political and social ideologies of the period. The remainder of the courses in Bull were devoted to the United States. In the Spring term we studied the history of American foreign policy and the close connection between diplomacy and our country's actions, including involvement in war. We perceived that a Naval officer must also be a diplomat. During the summer of first class year we finished our formal studies in Bull with an intensive study of the development of American government and the theory of its operation, based on constitutional law.

Classes gave us the theory . . .



. . . letters made us proficient



DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH, HISTORY, AND GOVERNMENT. *Front row:* H. F. Sturdy, R. S. Merrick, C. B. Judge, W. B. Norris, P. R. Osborn, Capt. S. R. Clark, A. F. Westcott, J. F. Meigs, H. McCormick, F. M. Gardiner, C. L. Lewis, R. de S. Horn. *Second row:* C. T. Haupt, E. M. Hall, W. E.

Wilson, B. G. Rauch, R. S. Pease, F. Gary, W. K. Doty, N. T. Kirk, W. A. Darden, R. D. Bass, G. R. Stephens, B. M. Keene, E. J. Mahoney, W. W. Jeffries. *Third row:* R. H. James, A. S. Curtis, J. C. Reed, R. S. West, P. H. Ropp, A. S. Pitt, G. B. Rodman, E. A. Sibley, T. F. McManus, H. H. Bell, R. L. Lowe, G. G. Connelly, C. J. McGaw, D. W. Lee





Informal by day



Formal by night

Do you think he'll like it?



Once again JUNE WEEK

FOR ONE LONG YEAR we existed as youngsters—"plebes carrying on," according to the old saying. But the end was in sight as we swung into our second June Week. The athletes surged ahead of the crowds Friday evening, when Hubbard Hall was again the scene of the exclusive "N" Dance. Here the wearers of the blue and gold on the field of sports danced the evening away under a brilliant June Week moon.

As the weekend came to a close, we began to worry about those tiring functions on Worden Field—the P-rades. But somehow, as we marched onto the field, which was jammed with parents, drags, and cameramen, we were pretty proud to be a part of the show. Admiral Beardall presented awards to the more distinguished members of the Regiment, while the rest of us stood motionless beneath a blazing sun. Tuesday afternoon the sun was still hot enough for a parade, so again we proceeded in unusually military manner to Worden Field. While cameras ground away, the color girl, escorted by the Admiral, went through the time-honored ceremony of presenting the colors. Then, another trek past the reviewing stand made our youngster parades nothing but a memory. That night, Dahlgren Hall was host to the largest Farewell Ball the Academy has ever seen. A sea of brilliant colors swayed to the barely audible strains of Lt. Sima's music-makers. June Week was all over but the cheering, and there was a crescendo of that the next day, as 1945 received commissions, 1947 became upperclass, and 1946 took over the reins of the Regiment.



Luxurious leisure



The originators admire . . .



The Ring of Rings

Ring Committee

THAT GILDED EMBLEM of our class, the most expensive blackjack we ever bought, our ring, has a story behind it, the story of '46's ring committee. Plebe year scuttlebutt had it that rings were out for the duration, but no sooner had we cast off the shackles of plebedom than we were given delusions of grandeur by electing a ring committee! The first move of the able octet we selected was the drawing up of some general ideas for an Academy crest, making rough sketches and sending them to Bailey,

Banks, and Biddle, the manufacturers. The committee then selected from the company's designs the three best crests, and from these we chose our favorite, and production began. Forty-six's rings were on the way! The committee also distributed the rings in June, gave priorities on the few miniatures available, and, regretfully, collected the class emblems of those who were with us in June of '44 but, in June of '45, were far away.

Hop Committees



Pleasant fulfillment . . .



. . . of the Ring Dance Committee's plans



Sponsors for '45's farewell



When **ROMANCE** was our dancing partner

TO THE YOUNGSTERS, June Week means but one thing—the Ring Dance. That short ceremony under the huge replica of the ring seemed a very important event in our Naval careers. As is customary, we had dinner in the Mess Hall. There were orchids and earring miniatures of the class crest for the OAO's, and the sight of a thousand beautiful women definitely added something to the usually commonplace surroundings. After dinner we strolled over to MacDonough Hall, where the gym was transformed by its marine style decorations, and the orchestra played from the deck of a beached sailing ship of old. At the opposite end of the room was the ring, brilliant in the dimly lit atmosphere. Here shadowy couples paused and blended into one, as the class of 1946 became wed to the sea.



A tasty prelude . . .



A long line . . . but well worth waiting for

A pause before the entry







THE TRANSITION

THE LONG AWAITED MOMENT had arrived. After two years of work and anticipation, we took off our diagonal stripes and substituted the horizontal mark of the first class. The

white service of June Week were laid aside, and the khakis of first class leave were donned.

If the fairway be crowded with shipping,
Beating homeward the harbour to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
The steamers pass cautiously in;

So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and thine actions,
Lest others be wearied thereby.



FIRST CLASS YEAR



On top of the hill at last

KINGS FOR A YEAR! We emerged from the serfdom of plebe year and the yearnings of youngsters to the exalted position of a Bancroft plutocrat. Didn't the first class run the Regiment; wasn't our final year sheer "fruit"; with just enough academic taxation to prevent letter-writer's cramp, but not enough to preclude afternoon excursions to fair Annapolis?

To these questions, and many more, we found the answer in June of 1944. We soon discovered that our responsibilities were great, for not only were we called upon to instill discipline in the two thousand men under us, but also ours was the task of estimating another's qualifications as officer material for future Regiments.

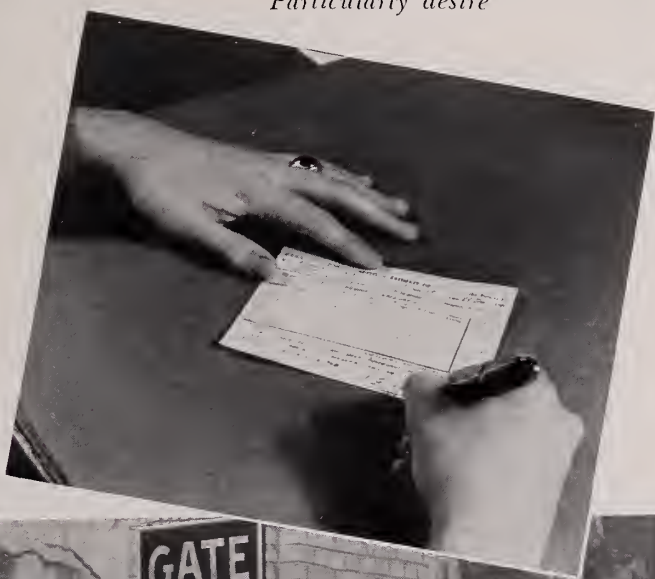
And academics! The Ordnance trees grew into tangled jungles and the sun was never in the right place while we were grinding out the weekly Nav P-works.

Our new rates didn't quite encompass the Four Freedoms, but they were a long step from the memories of plebe year, and we accepted them with gracious approval.



CLASS OFFICERS: Ben Martin, *President*, Harry Watson, *Secretary*, Monty Johnson, *Treasurer*; Hal Hamberg, *Vice-President*

Particularly desire



Main office maelstrom



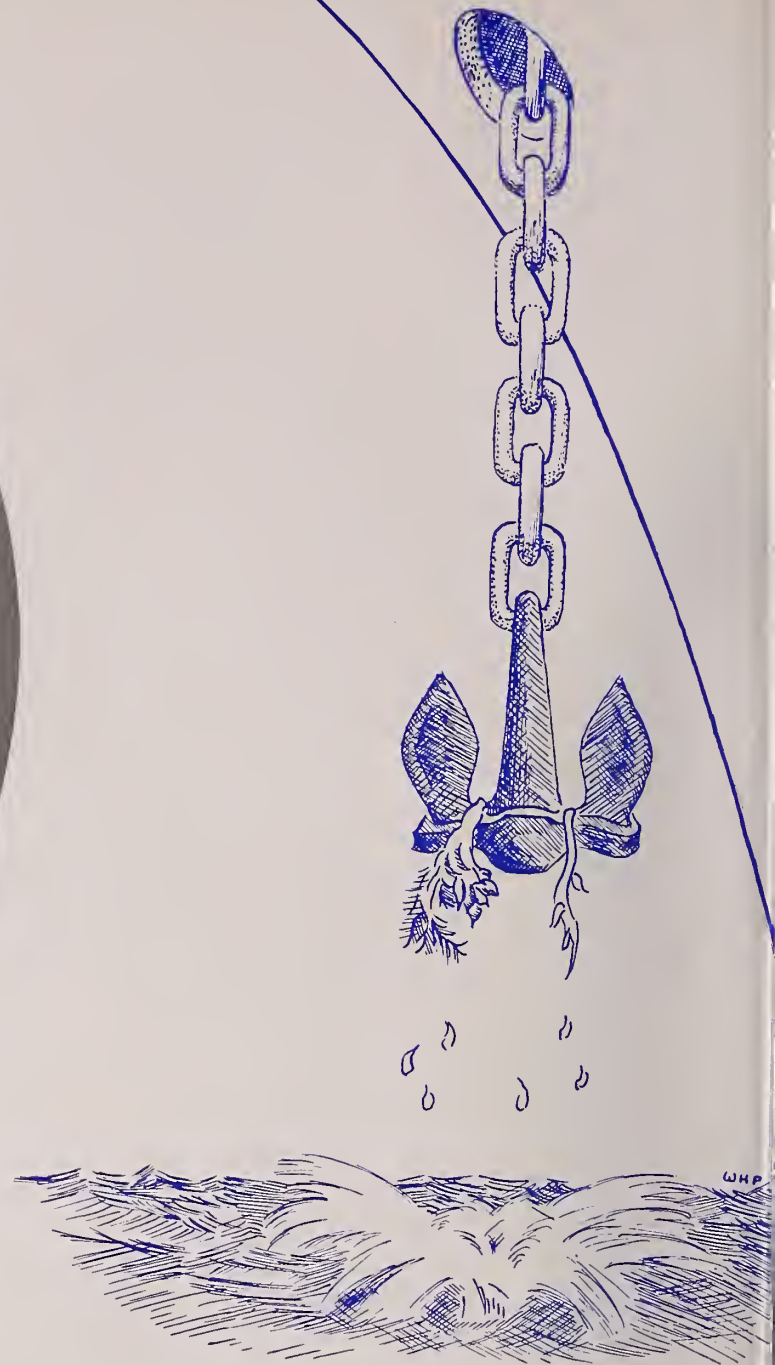
2200 happy hour



First Class short cut



Captain J. F. Goodwin, U.S.N.



TAKE CHARGE!



Follow instructions, Mate



It takes work, Mister

A MAN OF ACTION, a leader who called not for followers, but found them abundantly. That was our Captain Goodwin. He believed firmly in the privileges of rank, and strived unceasingly to improve the lot of the first class. In his capacity as Executive Officer he dispensed with red tape, inaugurated the publication of Regimental bulletins, opened the gates for the repeal of "110-40," and reduced our service charges. Often, so often, did he impress upon us the fact that we must "Take Charge."

And we did! Our initial task came with first class cruise. '46 manifested its authority on all stations, from topside cleaning to number three main battery turret. On the blue waters of the Atlantic we carried into action the words of Captain Goodwin.



QUEEN OF THE CARIBBEAN

Before we stood out to sea -



we loaded food, stores,
and ammunition



while our Queen of
the Seas stood high & dry.



And we learned to beat
the elements at Norfolk's
Fire Fighting School.

Those last minute pre-
parations for the cruise
couldn't be overlooked...
especially loading stores
and provisions! For a few
hours we experienced a new
kind of warfare, warfare
against a ship's greatest
enemy - fire.



South America No -

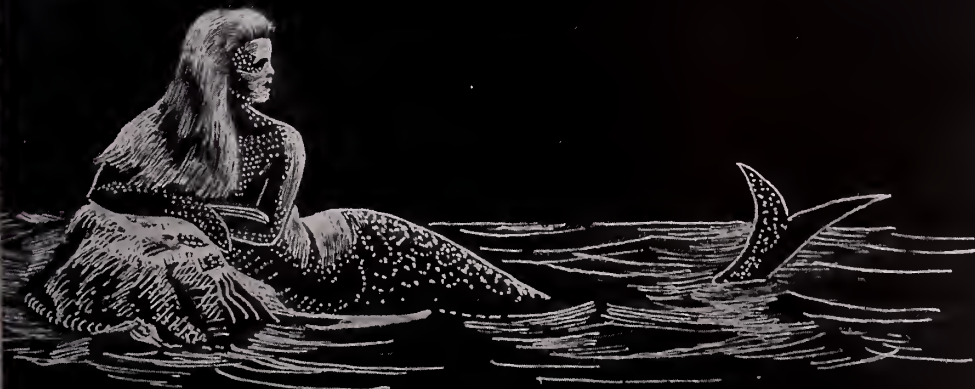


Where's Fox East Dog?

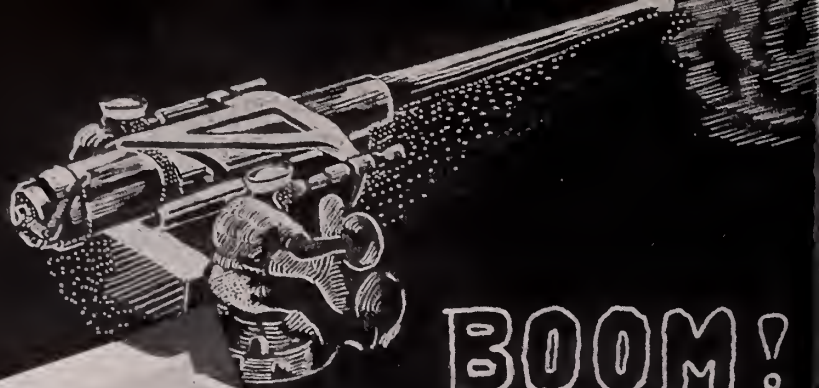
No Chesapeake excursion, this! For many it was the first time we had ever seen the ocean stretch to each horizon. He acted as lookouts, stood condition watches, tended the boilers, and scrubbed the deck; we inhaled our first whiff of salt air and cast our first look upon the blue waters of the Caribbean.



Now this valve operates -



Life at Sea



BOOM!
-and I'm
not kidding.



The long condition
watches with the dummy
runs and night alerts.



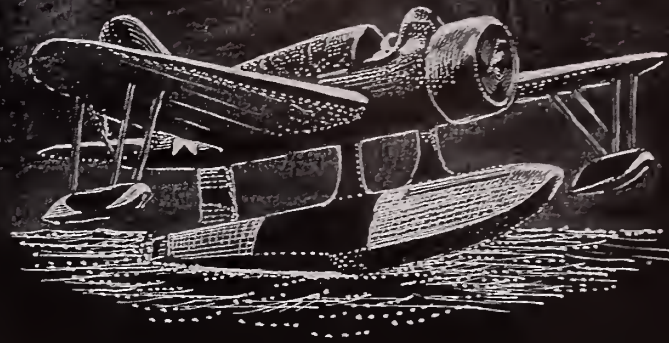
On the first count...
twist the body



I never knew water
could be that blue.



*Catapult -
Some sling shot!!*



Salt Spray

*~ from the mighty Atlantic.
There were also days when we had
to clean up what the seas didn't.
(See below, or do you remember?)*



A harmless shot



What's holy about a stone?

First we loaded
 From handling rooms to
 gun crews, from chow lines
 to Captain's inspection ---
 that old Navy routine we
 learned so well. The lack
 of chairs --- oh give me a
 pointer's seat.



I was hot shell man
 When we fired



Stand from under



always a chow line



Judgment Day



Plenty of coconuts
and lots of sun.

Ah! our luxurious
liberties at Scotland Bay.

"There will be liberty for all hands"



Remember those
happy hours?

A last look at Trinidad



Our last field day

Homeward Bound

With memories of blue seas and distant lands, and seabags full of dirty skivvies, we went over the side to the launches, gave a "4-N" for the New York and shoted off for the best duty in the Navy... LEAVE



Anchor Man!



Stand by America... here we come



The Leave Supreme

OFF CAME THE DIAGONAL-STRIPED shoulder boards. Out came the tropical greys, from beneath rain capes, from behind top-shelf laundry, and from between the folds of blankets. Gold chin straps a-glistening, we passed grinning jimmy legs. As fast as bulging suitcases would permit, we left the green gates behind. Out, out we radiated; past the limits of the Queen Anne metropolis and past the last outposts of the Calvert domain.

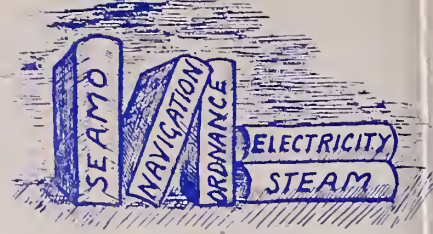
The all-fish menu of the dining cars was a disappointment, but rapidly we adjusted ourselves to the crescendo of inconveniences of the Home Front at War. Ration Boards, abbreviated bills-of-fare, and alcohol curfews had been ameliorated by adjustments during the previous leaves. But this was to be the leave supreme. Some of us gave exclusive attention to the girls who walked through the Ring with us. Others dedicated themselves to entertaining America's manless femininity. But all of us were steeped in the best of Khayyam and Epicurus. As the sands of 28 days seemed to hurtle faster and faster through the neck of the glass, our sense of freedom became less and less intense. Then one pleasant summer morning we awoke to the realization that we must return to the retreat in the Orient, there to assume new roles as leaders of the Regiment.



Yea Furlough



OF COURSE *we had not yet
mastered all the theoretical laws*



It was hard to study . . .

FIRST CLASS SUMMER found us trying on our new rings, reveling in our new rates, and attempting to relax. But there was, in addition to the other new and interesting subjects, a final effort on the part of the Bull Department, in the form of a course in American Government; the 5"-38 kept us off the horizontal the rest of the time. Still, the summer sun had its attraction for all hands. We spent many hours stretched out on Farragut Field or the seawall, browning up for leave, keeping that Trinidad tan, or just lazing in the heat. Summer hops, weekend sailing trips with the girls or on races, and thoughts of leave combined to fill all spare time during the summer. Academics kept us busy but still left plenty of spare hours to enjoy the freedom and privilege of the summer term.

. . . with weekends so close



. . . but there came the reckoning



*But we did learn
that old 1/c game*

THE LURE OF THE CHASE still pervaded Bancroft. Our hunters substituted swords and messengers for red coats and hounds, but for us and the foxes, the results were just the same! No matter how elaborate the warning net, the D.O.'s crashed through, despite whispers of "sail- ho," and snapping fingers. There were those among us who boasted, but there were also those who could navigate the walk-run course, blindfolded.

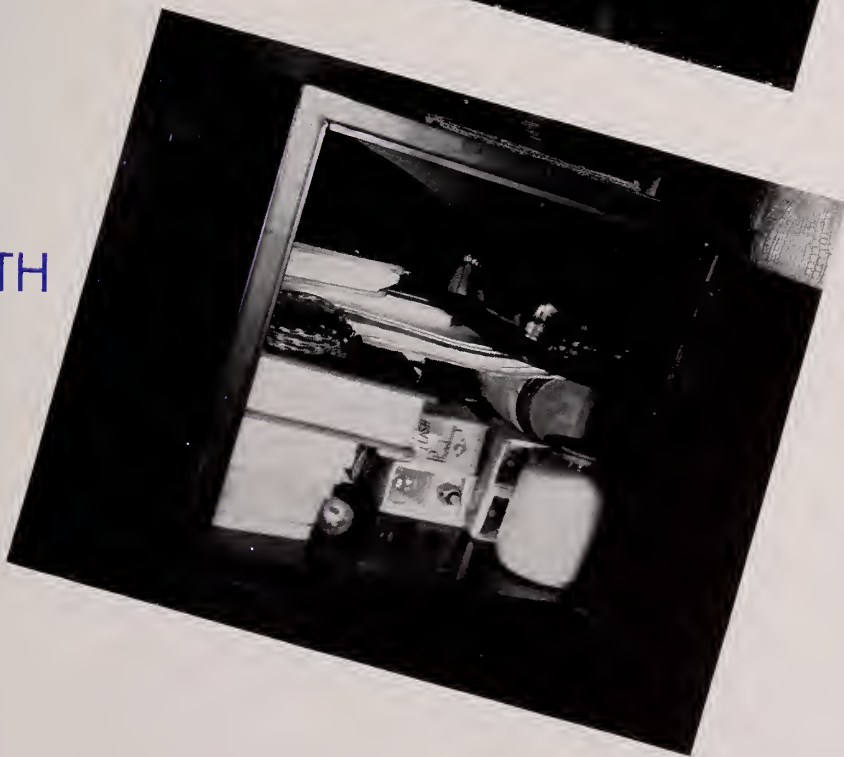
HIDE



AND SEEK



WITH



THE D. O.



WE USUALLY LOST



DEPARTMENT OF ORDNANCE AND GUNNERY. *First row:* F. M. Price, B. C. Fulghum, R. J. Ostrom, G. D. Gregor, H. C. Rowe, J. J. Laffan, Capt. T. J. Ryan, J. L. Chew, G. T. Ferguson, I. L. Powell, W. H. Baumberger. *Second row:* E. W. Foster, R. B. Kail, C. B. Farwell, A. W. Dinwiddie, D. M.

Laizure, J. I. Glendinning, J. P. Bernard, F. C. Billing, E. W. Shellworth, W. Lewis, G. B. McCoy, R. A. Swanson. Third row: J. E. Chisholm, L. R. Wright, E. K. Barber

Our professional forte . . . **ORDNANCE** *. . . where we learned*



Match pointer



Capt. T. J. Ryan
Head of Department



*Range find
oh double oh*

THE ONE GREAT PURPOSE for which the Navy works and trains is success in battle. Toward that end are directed all the countless hours of training men, and the construction of all modern complex instruments of war. And when the crucial hour of battle comes, the success we work for depends largely upon the power and efficiency of our gunnery, and its ability to destroy the enemy. With this in mind, it was easy to understand the need for the many hours we spent with the Ordnance Department.

The first summer we learned to use small arms, and spent a great deal of time on the rifle range and in the pistol gallery. Experience with larger guns came on cruise, when we practiced anti-aircraft firing and night bombardment. The use of these guns and the many instruments connected with them served to materialize the hours spent in the lecture and model rooms. The

Finish up in thirty seconds, gentlemen





Squeeze 'em off . . .



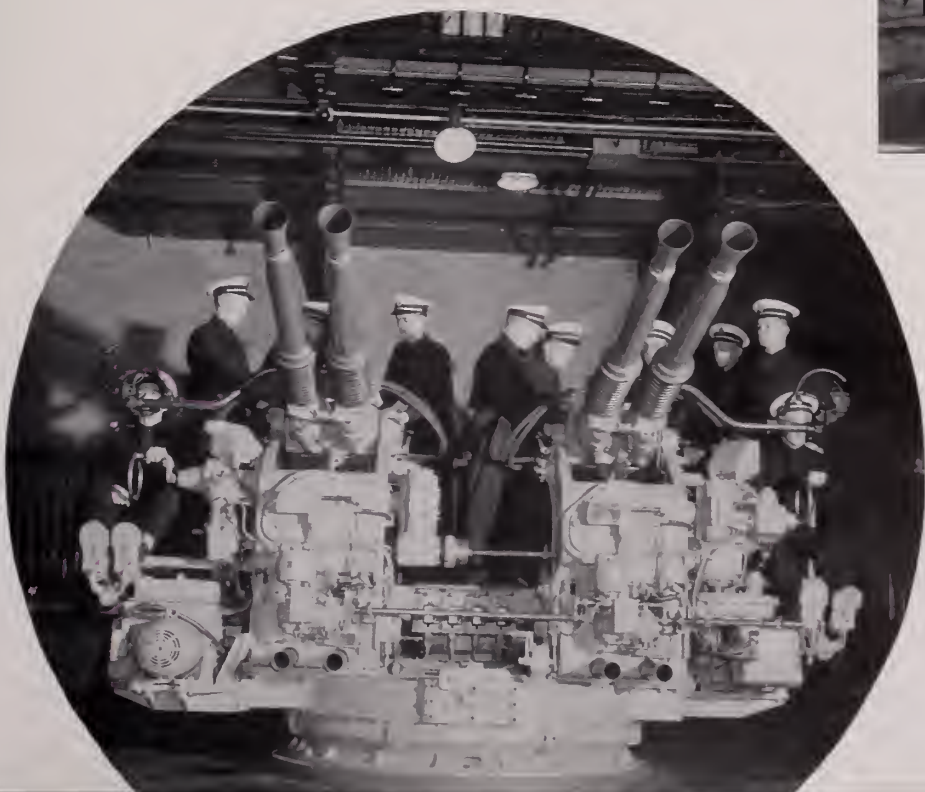
. . . and hit the bullseye

*to shoot the little ones . . .
 . . . and work the big ones*

trigger mechanism of the twenty millimeter was essential to shooting down enemy planes, the efficient operation of the mark eight rangekeeper laid our sixteen inch guns on the target, and from the orderly confusion of CIC emerged the answers to the complex gunnery problems of modern warfare. Equipped with a working knowledge of ordnance material we join the fleet, confident of our ability to keep pace with the valiant deeds of our contemporaries.



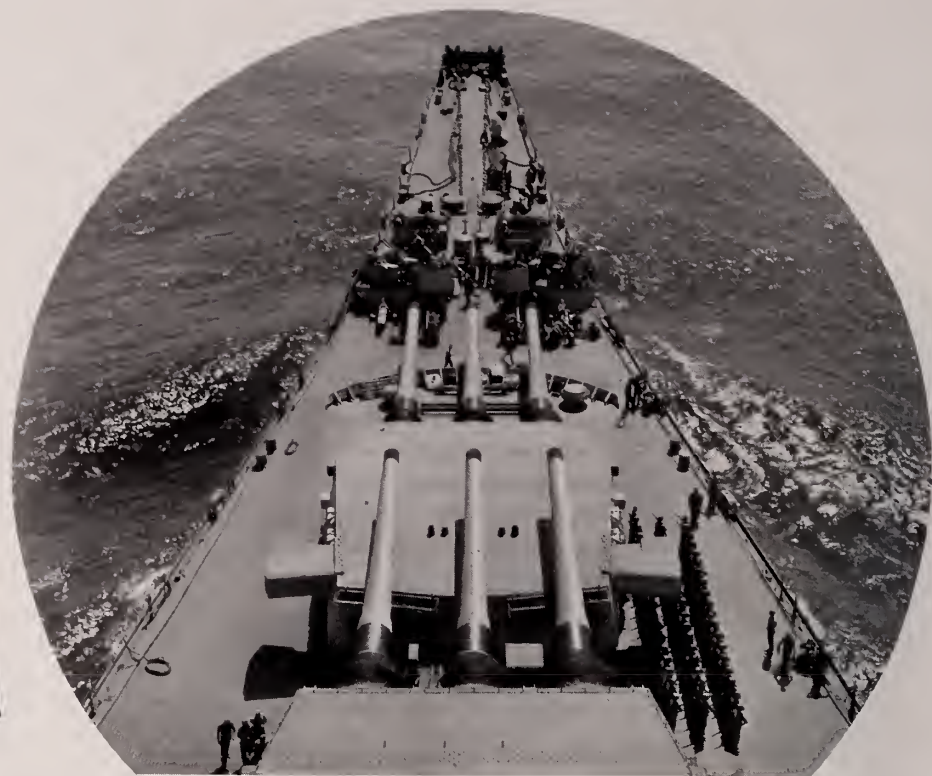
On target



Shift to local



From coxswain of a whaleboat . . .



. . . we advance



From YP fundamentals . . .

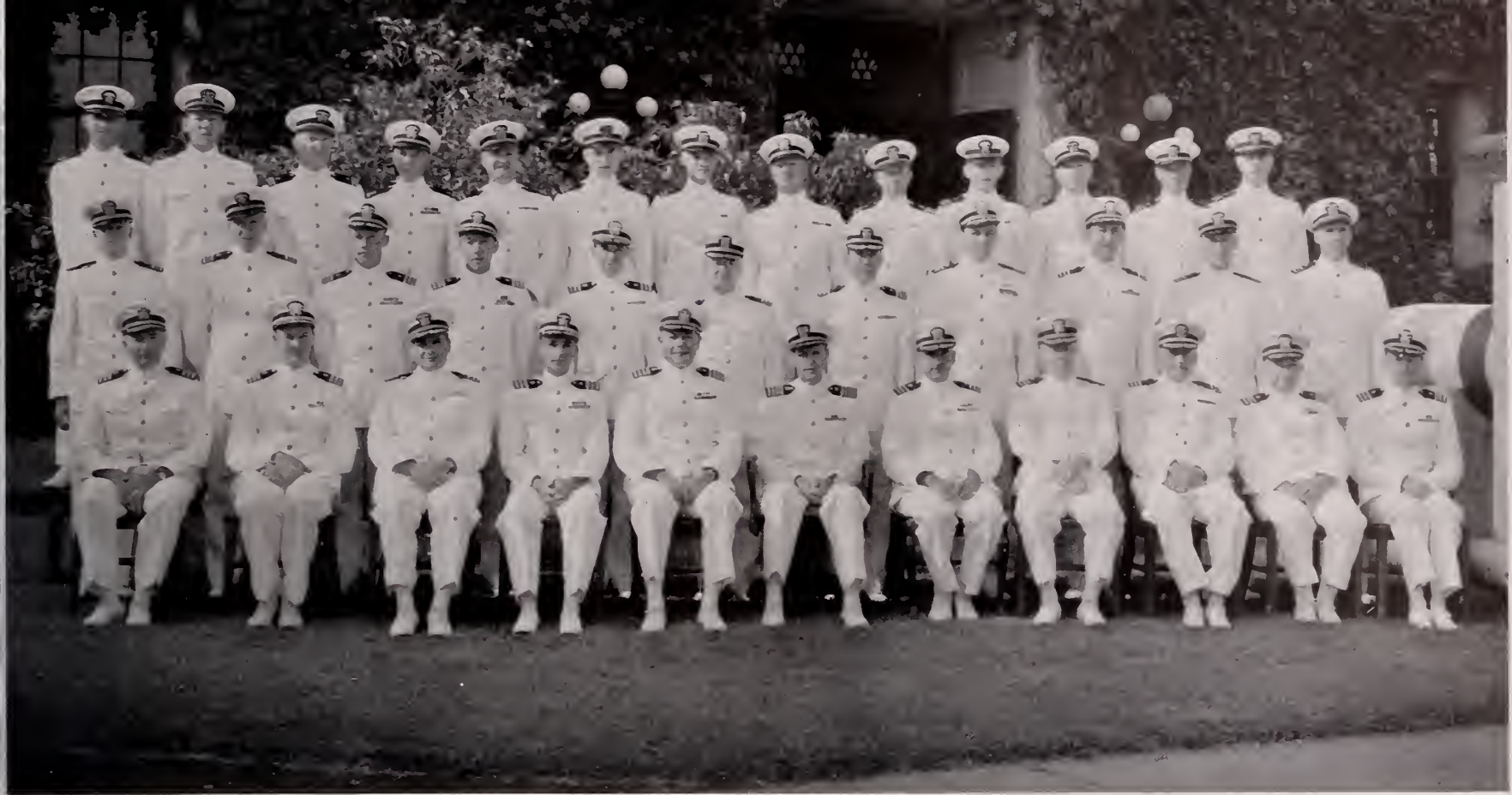
To make us sailors of the World's Greatest Fleet

IT WAS LONG BEFORE '46 came face to face with that first mimeographed question slip 1-NT-1-A that we became acquainted with the Seamanship Department. No sooner had our stencil ink dried than we found ourselves catching a crab or two in the Severn in an attempt to master the strenuous art of pulling a cutter. Then, with the blisters on our hands still burning, the Department lined us up on the seawall, assigned us boats and instructors and sent us to sea for the first time—in a frail little sail-boat! Luce Hall jackstay drills completed the plebe summer Seamo course.

Yes, we had met the Seamo Department—and we were theirs. For the first two years, weekly drill periods found us alternating flag hoists and blinker in Room N with wig-wag and semaphore on Farragut Field. Two

. . . to battle-line tactics





DEPARTMENT OF SEAMANSHIP AND NAVIGATION. *First row:* W. E. Tarbutton, C. F. Bailey, R. D. McGinnis, J. T. Bowers, W. S. Mayer, Capt. F. L. Riddle, C. Withers, L. H. McDonald, R. H. Maury, J. A. Lee, E. W. Abbott. *Second row:* W. D. Waller, A. B. Harmon, C. C. Mann, H. C. Yost,

H. E. Day, P. Miller, J. L. Hill, P. F. Bedell, R. M. Lee, B. Walsh, B. J. Gault, *Third row:* A. B. Moody, K. W. Doering, G. L. G. Kemp, C. C. LoveLady, F. L. Caudle, J. Cuffey, H. M. Horne, F. W. Filbry, R. McMurray, L. A. Masselink, R. M. B. Adams, C. L. McGhee, R. Hartford

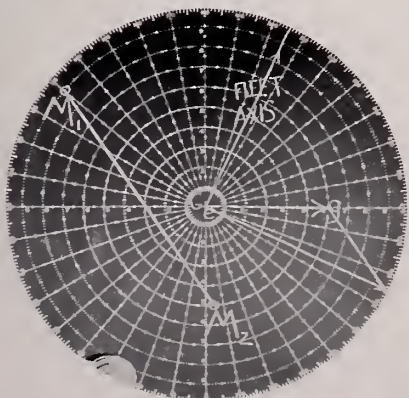
... they taught us **SEAMANSHIP** *in all of its aspects*

Saturday mornings a term we offered our services to the I/c skippers, OOD's, and signal officers in order to learn the various duties of watch standers aboard ships at sea.

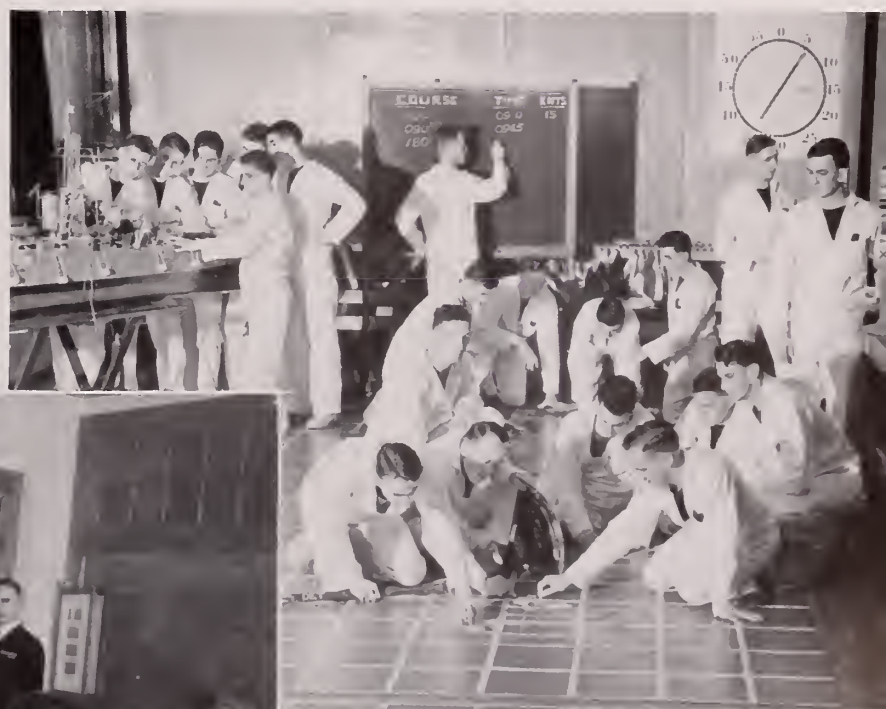
Thus in September, 1944, we marched to our first recitation, assured that with two years of experience we were well fortified to cope with the mere theory of seamanship. We were wrong. There was little that seemed familiar to us in Naval Tactics, less in Communications, and by the time we completed Naval Courts and Boards, we were certain that the course had been changed into a foreign language study.

The number of subjects we studied during the nine

month period was amazing, but even more astounding to us was our feeling, at the close of the year, that we had learned almost as much as we had studied; we were qualified to serve as officers in the world's greatest fleet.



Course and speed



Checkerboard strategy . . .

. . . and arm-chair tactics



0952 Fix—aground



Capt. F. L. Riddle
Head of Department

NAVIGATION

required vigilance

"TIME IS EVERYTHING; five minutes may mean the difference between victory and defeat." So saying, Lord Nelson unknowingly equipped our Navigation Department with a slogan which it has passed on to each successive first class every Saturday morning of the academic year. It was fascinating to learn that the stars and moon were more useful than they appeared on a night of summer leave—they were actually a means of orienting ourselves



Add East correcting

Chesapeake patrol





. . . with the wind aft



Morning sun sight

on the earth's surface; and that a wrist watch was not the only means of determining the time of day, for the sun and vernal equinox told a far more accurate story—after we finally learned to punch the correct tabulated columns in the Nautical Almanac and the H.O. volumes.



Ketch command



Supercargo





"There will be a first class informal..."

More responsibilities, more rates

THE OLD SLOGAN ABOUT RANK having its privilege became something more than a group of words during our last year, especially when we dragged. We leisurely dined on Saturday nights as we watched worried youngsters and their drags dash off from untouched desserts to make the nine-thirty deadline at the hop. Then as the evening wore on, if the young lady seemed interested, or if a long walk was ahead, at eleven fifteen we would stroll out of Dahlgren with plenty of time to go, pausing only long enough on the steps above the dance floor to say "Them? Oh, *they* have to stay till it's over." Still later, when she asked what the clatter on the pavement outside was, we'd murmur, "Just youngsters; they're probably late now," and then change the subject.

There were many little conveniences too, that dulled the sharp edge of Academy life, things such as having the first five rows of seats at entertainments, afternoon liberty to do those small errands in town, corridor boys—if you paid them—to clean the room, and the undeniable fact that the few officers of the Executive Department were easier to dodge than an entire senior class.



Must, maestro

The proverbial pause



*Abnmi of the
fling squadron*





Hold that bus!

So long, 5-mile limit!

AMONG THE FOND MEMORIES of first class year, our precious weekends rank high. The once-a-term Saturday night spent by some in the livelier districts of Washington, Baltimore, or New York was a long-anticipated privilege. An extra weekend—for some the only—was provided by the trip to Philly for the Penn game. Football, several hours of liberty, and the night clubs of Philadelphia combined to make this a gala occasion, despite the rigors of the overnight boat ride.



Bay Belle Pullman



Cafe Society

Our spare moments were given to . . .



GUIDANCE

PURPOSE: To aid Catholic young men in the everyday execution of their religious philosophy. A tribute to that great scholar, Cardinal Newman, the club presented bi-weekly lectures on topics ranging from world politics to successful marriage. Assisted by their chaplain, Father Murphy, the Newman club obtained many distinguished clergy and laymen to interest its more than six hundred members.



NEWMAN CLUB

President L. F. Quigley, Father Murphy,
W. C. Stack, J. B. Quigley

CULTURE

BALTIMORE'S PERENNIAL Mayor McKelton, Physical Training's hypnotic Sazama, and the University of Maryland's enticing female chorus—only a few of the stars in a galaxy of entertainment that packed Smoke Hall for each bi-weekly NACA night. These programs were always all-hands evolutions, and provided much pleasure for everyone.



NAVAL ACADEMY CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION

A. H. Kinneberg, Chaplain Thomas,
President R. D. Maxson, O. C. Carr,
H. B. Wadsworth, R. C. Duncan, T. R. Johnson

THE SEA

NOT UNTIL WE HAD experienced the thrill of holding a tiller, of trimming a sheet, or of crossing a finish line in front did we realize the excitement awaiting us in the Academy's "fleet" of yachts and yawls. Many of us qualified as handlers and commanders, becoming at the same time members of the Boat Club, an organization whose pleasure was sailing.



BOAT CLUB

B. Sanchez, E. A. Shaw, H. P. Rice,
W. K. Doran, Commodore J. R. Stickle,
Comdr. E. K. McLaren



Resolved, "That the United States . . ."



The Quarterdeck Society

Ever among us . . . THE GLIB

EVERYONE LIKES TO VOICE his opinion and the Quarterdeck Society was an organization dedicated just to that purpose. Its weekly informal discussions touched on topics ranging from Academy "gripes" to international

politics. In more formal expression, the club participated in Intercollegiate debates, with Memorial Hall serving as the forum for the battle of "constructions and rebuttals." Within the Regiment, the Society sponsored its annual oratory competition, awarding prizes to those who displayed outstanding ability in thought content and persuasive delivery.

Knights, bishops, and Midshipmen



THE STRATEGISTS

CHESS, THE HOBBY OF KINGS, the brain-teasing sport of the mentally adept has more than its share of Academy enthusiasts. We tried our hand at the Sicilian defense and the Queen's gambit by competing with club members and displaying our talents at rapid transit games in the steerage. Highlight of the chess season was the annual Army match, conducted by mail. We're still trying to find out who won!

Just colored bits of paper

THE HOBBYISTS

FOR MOST OF US, stamps went out with the franking privilege. A few, however, found the philatelic hobby quite fascinating. The Stamp club, a newcomer to the Society of Philatelic Americans, enables Midshipmen to carry on their personal collections.





... to the delight of the class

The Hop committee planned the dances . . .

They made our weekends gay

"NO DARLING, THAT'S NOT his belt hanging out!" Another midshipman's drag is enlightened. Not really the additional bit of sartorial negligence that it appears to be, the sword belt is the badge of authority used at the Naval Academy hops to replace the rosette, badge, or colors worn at college dances. According to U.S.N.A. Regulation 3062, regimental and class hops are given by and for midshipmen. The "by" can be accredited to the nine first classmen and two youngsters who carried on the social battle with the executive department and displayed the wares of Lieutenant Sima's talented musicians. Their job was to satisfy everyone with hops at the right time, and try to balance the jive seekers against those who wanted romantic waltzes.



They made our services musical

WITH THE CLOSING STRAINS OF "For those in Peril on the Sea," each Sunday the choir concluded another Chapel service; seventy-five choristers filed out the back passageway, another week's performance well done. The entire service, procession, chants, and anthem resulted from one afternoon's practice during the week and a short rehearsal Sunday morning, under the direction of Mr. Gilley, the Chapel organist.



... made beautiful music

Long hours of practice . . .





Expert linguists



... in a dozen tongues

Trying out our Foreign Tongues . . . and our Math

THE NEMESIS OF THE mechanically-minded—meat of the intellectuals, Dago is basis for both worry and hobby at the Naval Academy. To the graduate, knowledge of foreign languages is a definite asset, readily apparent to the Naval officer in a foreign port.

At regular intervals, members of the French, Portuguese, Spanish, German, Russian, and Japanese clubs meet, and, with the help of officers and instructors of the Department, improve their linguistic talents. The air of academic drudgery is missing; for the meetings feature original skits and song fests—in a foreign tongue, of course!

THE PRICE OF MEMBERSHIP in the Math club was interest. We weren't all Einsteins or Granvilles, in fact not a few of us had a hard time turning out 30's, but we found real fascination in the intricacies of pure mathematics, in the explanation of the gamma function, and in the derivation of Taylor's series. Twice a month we gathered in the general extracurricular room for short meetings and lectures by assorted math wizards and ordinary profs. The civilized treatment of a daily scourge was justification enough for many of us to devote two evenings a month to our Math club.

The marvels of mathematics were interesting to many





Leaders of the builders

Model Men

THE MODEL CLUB, one of the newest hobby centers quickly promised to become the largest. The spirit of "Sperry did it, why can't I?" spurred on the activities of its two completely equipped workshops. Creative hands built useful articles in all shapes and sizes, ranging from radio cabinets to miniature warships.

Listening to wave bands

TRANSMITTERS, RECEIVERS, amplifiers, condensers, coils, with hardly enough room to squeeze in a lecturer on Tuesday evenings; that was our Radio club room. Some of our members had been radio "hams" in their own right, the rest of us picked up the fine points by the time-worn trial and error methods. Our station wasn't powerful but for what we lacked in quality we made up in quantity.

Current Topics

WHEN THE JUICE GANG got together in its backstage workshop, you could expect sparks to fly and circuit breakers to pop. What its members failed to learn from the Juice Department, they picked up the hard way from 110-volt leads. Stage lighting, spotlighting, and special effects were the gang's routine jobs, but its special glory was the magnificent electric signs lent to all our stage productions.



Just name it—and they'll build it

We're listening to "Tokyo Rose" tonight



They harnessed the juice for fun





What do you suppose they're looking at?

The transformation



The cast assembled

And so, much proud beauty . . .

NOT EVEN THE THEATER was safe from the aspirations of midshipmen. Each year the Masqueraders, our dramatic club, treated the Regiment and Annapolitans to an almost professional production of some current play. Climaxing months of rehearsal by the cast and ceaseless hours of work by the crews who built the scenery, set the stage, arranged the lighting, and handled the tickets and programs, came the play—a bright spot in grey winter months.

Ably coached by Professor Royal S. Pease, whose long experience and deft direction could make actors out of wooden Indians, the club turned out a stellar production of Thurber's *The Male Animal* this year. A change of pace from last year's mystery, this difficult Broadway comedy was a real test of the club's talents.



Last minute details



Play house construction engineers





Music for fun

The acoustic experts

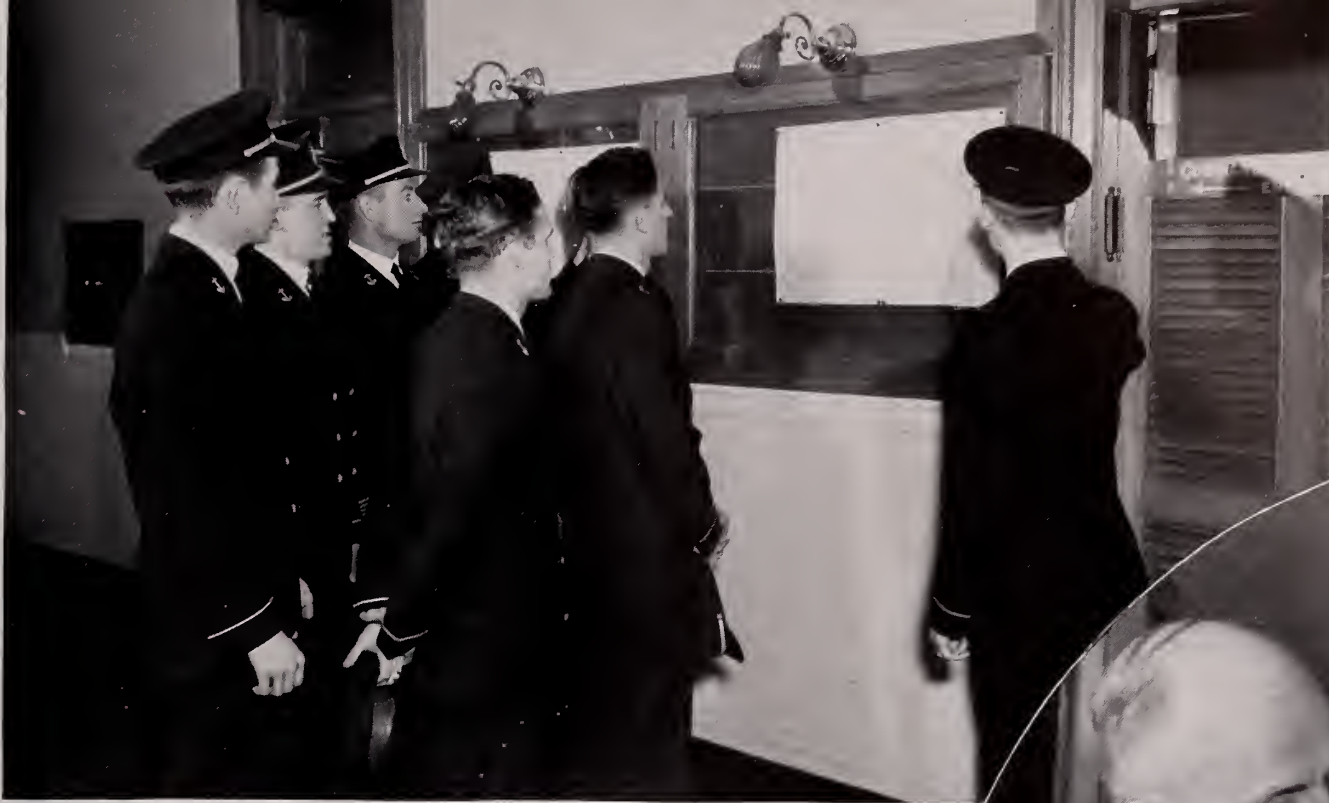


We combined Muse with Music

THREE BELLS AT WEDNESDAY EVENINGS MEALS was the starting signal for the rush to Smoke Hall's front seats. The sessions of the NA-10, mellow, tepid, or hot, were worth the scramble. And at the week-end informals many a drag reluctantly watched the boys pack up their instruments. In moments more sedate we listened to the occasional Mem Hall programs of the concert orchestra. From the strong-throated Glee Club we received memorable entertainment climaxed by the Christmas Carol program the evening before we left for our last leave. Perhaps the most genuinely collegiate group was the Mandolin Club. Its evening sessions with heterogeneous instruments brought forth a well-received performance in the annual Combined Musical Clubs show, "The Bitter End," co-starring the Glee Club, NA-10, orchestra, and the cream of the Academy's entertainment crop.

Swingsters . . . and the symphony





Well whaddya know—the Arky for me

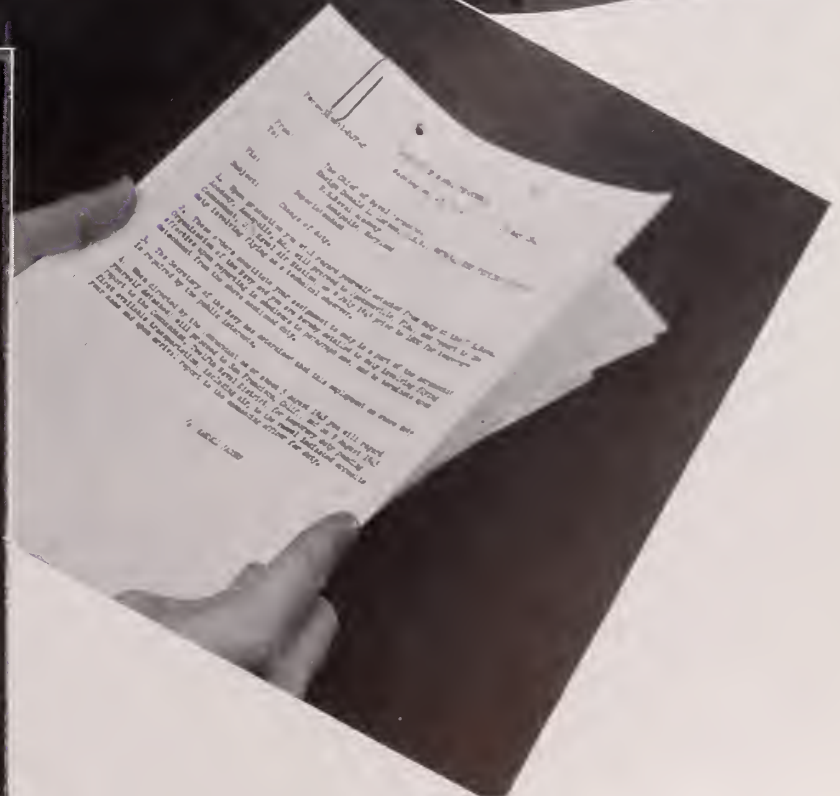
'Twas the term before graduation

AS THE NUMBER OF DAYS dwindled into the two digit column, concentration on academics became impossible, whereas a month or so before, it had been only mildly difficult. There were just too many distractions! Before we had finished growling about the “raw deal” in preference numbers, we were busy deciding our choice of duty—just in case. And all the while we were finding it only too easy to spend our afternoons and modest savings browsing in and out of Robber’s Row—buying a cap and raincoat at one shop, sea boots and insignia at the place next door. Soon, assignments were being posted, our hopes, fears, prayers, and anxieties for particular duty were at an end. We soon had our orders in our hand and were ready for our new duty as ensigns.

Books, books, and more books



Cheap at twice the price





NO MORE RIVERS



JUNE WEEK



Presentation of Awards

"To Midshipman Benjamin Stillwell Martin, for serving as Regimental Commander. . . ." Amid gasps of delight and applause from the spectators, the Superintendent presented the well-earned awards and prizes to the outstanding graduates. Don Iselin won the lion's share of the honors by standing at the head of his class, and taking first place in Ordnance, English, Mathematics, History, Navigation, and Marine Engineering. Altogether, he was the recipient of nine prizes. Five-striper Ben Martin scored heavily for his leadership and athletic ability; Harry Upthegrove stood first in Rules of the Road; Ed Sheehy in Seamanship, Jack Fagan in Electrical Engineering, Frank Johnston in Military Law, Al Jiminez in Foreign Languages, and Dick West in Mechanical Drawing. Don Jameson placed first in the oratorical contest and Fritz Wiedeman took top honors for his patriotic essay. Dave Barksdale received the award for promotion of athletics. These and many others were the men that earned through hard work and constant effort the prizes in different fields of endeavor. Watches, war bonds, binoculars, cups, and swords constituted their tangible reward for a job well done. The Superintendent expressed his congratulations with a handshake to the winner of each award; the Regiment expressed it with a hearty three cheers for the award winners. Then, as each man took his place in his company again, and the Regiment began to pass in review, each member of '46 became conscious that here was the next to last P-rade and it was "look proud, boys, we're going home."

Don Iselin stood at the head of the class

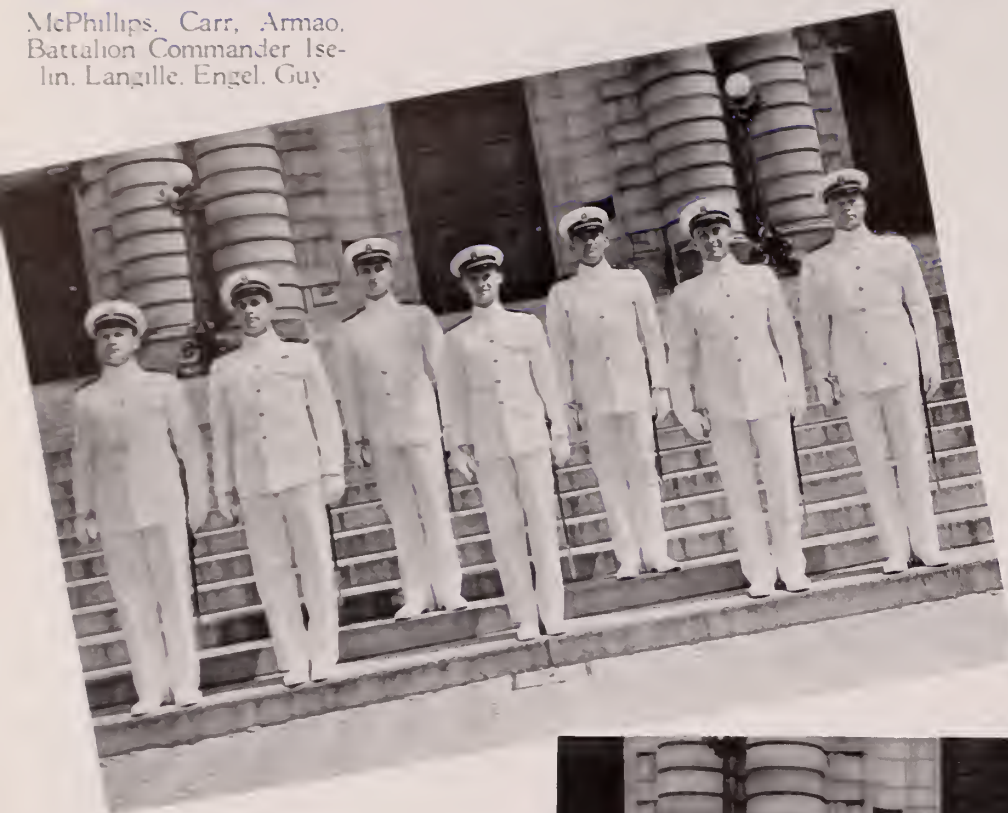


*Ben Martin
for officer-like qualities*

Spring Stripers . . . '46's smartest

FIRST BATTALION

McPhillips, Carr, Armao,
Battalion Commander Ise-
lin, Langille, Engel, Guy



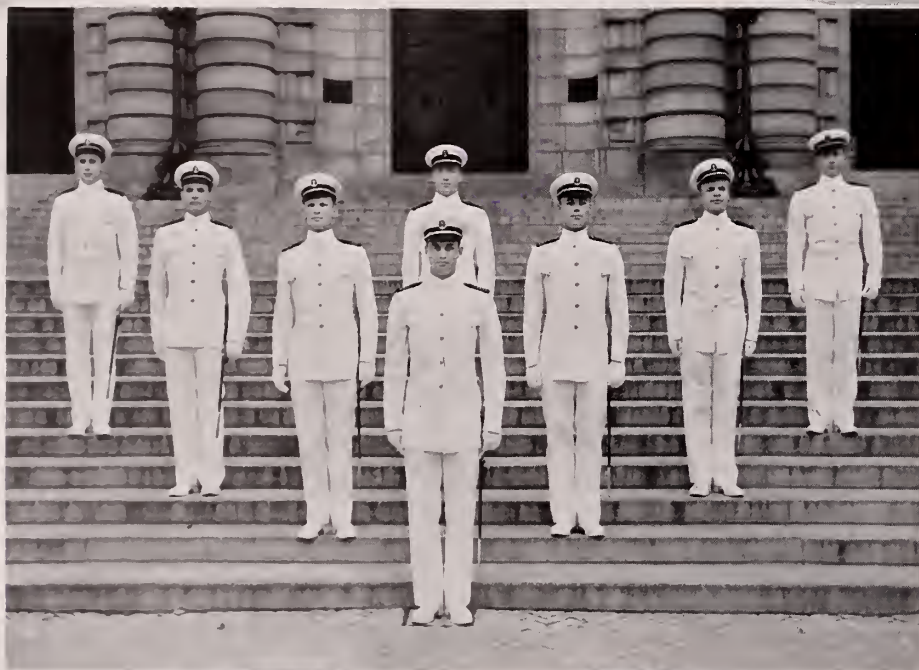
SECOND BATTALION

Turk, Haak, Taylor, Bat-
talion Commander Watson,
Bard, Spangler, Stiles.



REGIMENTAL STAFF

Masich, Welander, Culp,
Regimental Commander
Martin, Mayes, Barcus,
Enyart, Allen.



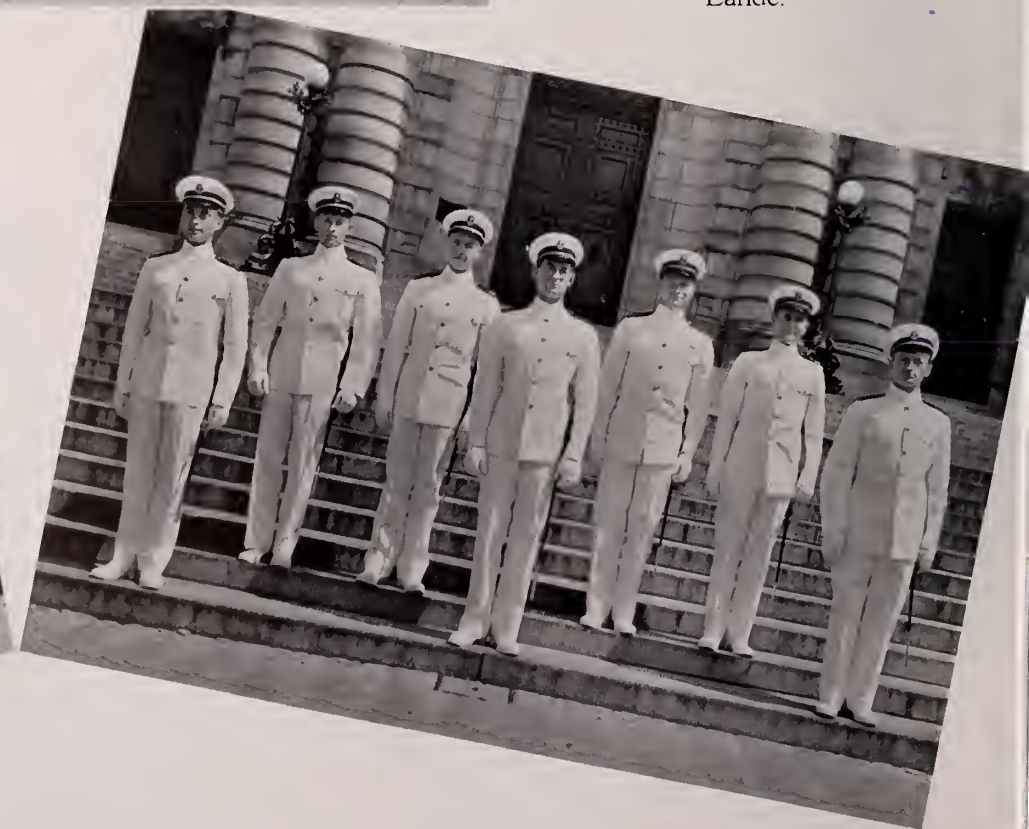
THIRD BATTALION

Ray, Barksdale, Nasipak,
Battalion Commander
Duncan, Upthegrove, Rob-
ertson, Ferguson.



FOURTH BATTALION

Walsh, Peak, Knape, Bat-
talion Commander Bryce,
Hartley, Doughty, La-
Lande.



Harry S. Truman

PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

It was with a feeling of personal loss, a sense of deep sorrow that we received the news of President Roosevelt's death. The Navy had lost a friend, the nation had lost a president, and the world had lost a leader. We discovered that we had a new Commander in Chief, a man about whom we knew little. President Harry S. Truman accepted his tremendous responsibility with a note of humility and a determination to lead the nation firmly and wisely. Within a few days, he had the reins of government capably in hand, and with little fanfare proceeded directly to the job of winning the war and assuring the peace. His leadership has inspired confidence in the hearts and minds of all Americans. We are proud to have him as our Commander in Chief.



Change in Command



Capt. Stuart H. Ingersoll

COMMANDANT OF MIDSHIPMEN

Brief though our acquaintance had been with Captain Ingersoll, we quickly recognized his desire for efficiency and his ability to steer us on the right course. His deep interest in us as midshipmen was surpassed only by his constant and successful endeavors to better prepare us for our future days. To Captain Ingersoll the Class of 1946 gives its sincerest thanks.

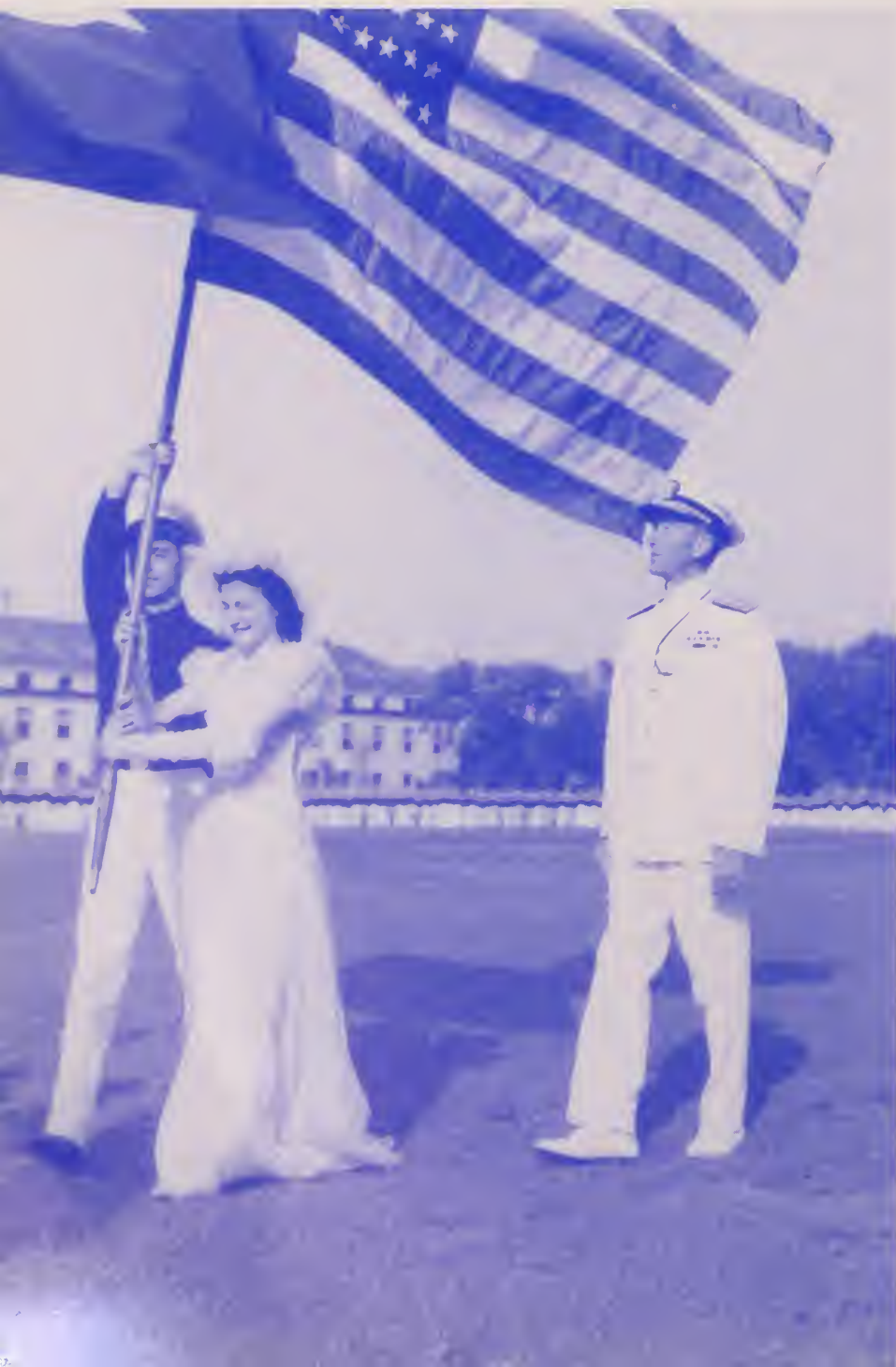


Pride of the

Came the final parade of June Week, the climax of the Regiment's colorful pageant preceding graduation. Newsreel cameramen steadied their cameras in their treetop vantage points, waiting to grind away as the scene unfolded below them; proud parents and sweethearts overflowed the stands and filled the "standing room only" space; the Regiment marched smartly up to its position on the parade grounds. Throughout the ranks ran the whisper: "Will the Admiral let him kiss her this year?"

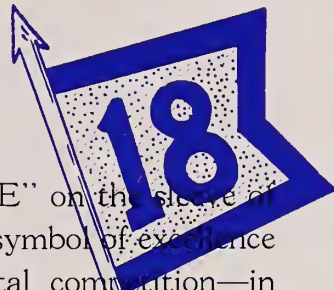
Finally the color company marched forward and halted in front of the reviewing stand. The yellow guidon of the Eighteenth Company waved in the breeze as the company commander, E. H. Knape, snappily saluted Admiral Beardall and the color girl, Miss Lillian Cordes. After she transferred the colors to their new bearers, the new blue guidon signifying "champs" replaced the yellow; the company responded with three hearty cheers for the color girl. The Regiment then saluted with three cheers for the color company and passed in review before the newly-crowned winners—it was all over but the congratulations.

To the victor—and his O.A.O.—went the spoils. To the Eighteenth Company went the well-deserved title of *Pride of the Regiment*, and the well-earned satisfaction of a good job well done. The honor of being color company was the result of outstanding achievement in many fields of competition, of continuous





Regiment



effort throughout the year. The "E" on the sleeve of each man of the Eighteenth is the symbol of excellence through effort in every Regimental competition—in smartness, professional competition, and sports.

The color winners climbed to the top in the fall term under "El" Knape, added to their lead during Joe Stoutenburgh's winter term leadership, and finished strong when Knape resumed command in the spring. Those two stripers used their authority to form a smoothly functioning unit. Harmony was their keynote. First classmen led the way by cooperating fully with each other and with their juniors; the under-classes responded by working enthusiastically toward the ambitious goal set by their leaders. The company harmony was especially noticeable in the sports competition, where class rates dissolved so that teamwork could excel. The points garnered in company smartness, parade excellence, communications, YP handling, and other all-company contests furnish further proof of the effectiveness of the policy of united effort. In events in which only one class participated, the Eighteenth again had an outstanding record, as each man of each class pulled his own weight. Some competitions lasted all year, others took only two hours—the Eighteenth's record in each was the best in the Regiment. The Eighteenth Company, a fighting team, deserves the honor it won by active interest, thorough preparation, and cooperative effort from September until June.



Admiral's Garden Party and Farewell Ball



The Admiral meets Mother and Dad

A lawn party setting, complete with refreshments, dancing, and cool summer air, provided the scene for the Admiral's Garden Reception of the proud parents, beautiful drags, and happy graduates. The hospitality and friendliness of Admiral and Mrs. Beardall made everyone feel at home, adding to the party that valuable personal touch. It was a gracious social affair that gave us all a chance to meet each others' parents and still have the opportunity for the usual party activities.

The next night Dahlgren Hall, replete with decorations, served the entire Regiment at the Farewell Ball. For '46 it was a time of memories. The hours spent in the toils of ordnance drills faded into a vision of the many hops that we had enjoyed in these spacious halls. For three years this had been the scene of our most pleasurable moments with drags and O.A.O.'s, and now Dahlgren was saying Farewell to us. Our last hop, and the overcrowded dance floor could not lessen the sentiment of the occasion. For '48 it was the beginning of their Academy social life, and for the first time they tasted the pleasures of participating rather than looking on from the gallery. For all alike it was a beautiful dance. The music, the cooling walks into Thompson Stadium, the vari-colored array of dresses, the parents looking on from the balcony, a crowded floor—this was our Farewell Ball, a night of sentiment, a night of memories, the eve of our entry into the ranks of our brother officers.

'46 bids Farewell





We Marched in



*Diplomas
with distinction*

G-Day

June 6th—that toward which we had been counting since G minus 1086, the day that we entered Dahlgren Hall as midshipmen for the last time. It was a new kind of feeling that we experienced upon graduation. One of mixed emotions—happy with the thought of our broad gold stripe, proud of our hard-earned achievements, anxious to venture forth upon the beckoning seas; yet secretly each and every one of us felt that little tinge of emptiness as we left our three-year home. It was the sort of a feeling that brings a lump into your throat, but this lump was welcome, so very welcome—"G" Day had come at last.



Anchor Man



*We get
our stripes*







Mission Accomplished

Memorial Hall, the scene of our introduction three years ago to the Laws of the Navy. Here we had stood, surrounded by reminders of the deeds of others who had followed the Code of the Sea. Here we took the oath to follow that code ourselves. And now today we take one last look at the Bay and the misty shore beyond before we leave that hall, determined to put into practice these laws that we had learned so well at the Academy.



Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.

As the wave rises clear to the hawse pipe,
Washes aft, and is lost in the wake,
So shall ye drop astern, all unheeded,
Such time as the law ye forsake.



BIOGRAPHERS



Regimental Commander: B. S. Martin

Second row: J. J. Armao, D. A. Clement. Third row: C. B. Coyer, J. B. Burton. Fourth row: T. C. Chitty, J. J. Herzog, F. S. Dougherty

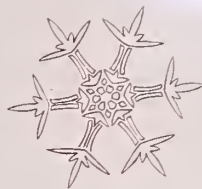
REGIMENTAL STAFF ☆ *Fall Term*

These are the men who led the Regiment through the days of the Fall Term, when we were really beginning our first-class year. The public saw them leading the midshipmen through the streets of Baltimore and Philadelphia to our football games, and watched them present the Regiment at our weekly parades. To the public, they were figureheads, but to us of the first class they were the liaison men between us and the Executive Department. It was they who held the strings of our organization in their hands, molding the various classes and companies into one smooth-running unit. These men worked hard at their individual tasks. Supply and commissary, plans and training, adjutant, intelligence, communications, and others provided many chores small and large that had to be done in addition to the regular studying and athletic programs. Ben Martin managed to turn in a top-flight performance as five-striper and still put in full time on the football field. All of these men deserve much credit for their fine work.



Ben Martin

REGIMENTAL STAFF ☆ *Winter Term*



Regimental Commander: D. G. Iselin

There were very few parades here at the Academy, none of the glory of leading the midshipmen at an away football game, and seldom did these men get a chance to command the Regiment assembled as a unit. Nevertheless, the usual hard work was there, and they did a fine job of correlating our thoughts and ideas for the Executive Department, as well as seeing that the plans drawn up by the officers were carried out to good advantage by the midshipmen. We place these men here, at the beginning of the Biography Section, because they symbolize so well the material organization and spirit that combines all four battalions of midshipmen of all classes into the Regiment. All of these men kept busy at their jobs—Don Iselin worked hard at the top post while striving at the same time to keep our LUCKY BAG going at high speed. In addition to this he still found time to work hard for top honors in the academic field. To all of them goes praise for the jobs they have done well in the little spare time available—let us hope that their rewards have been commensurate with their services.



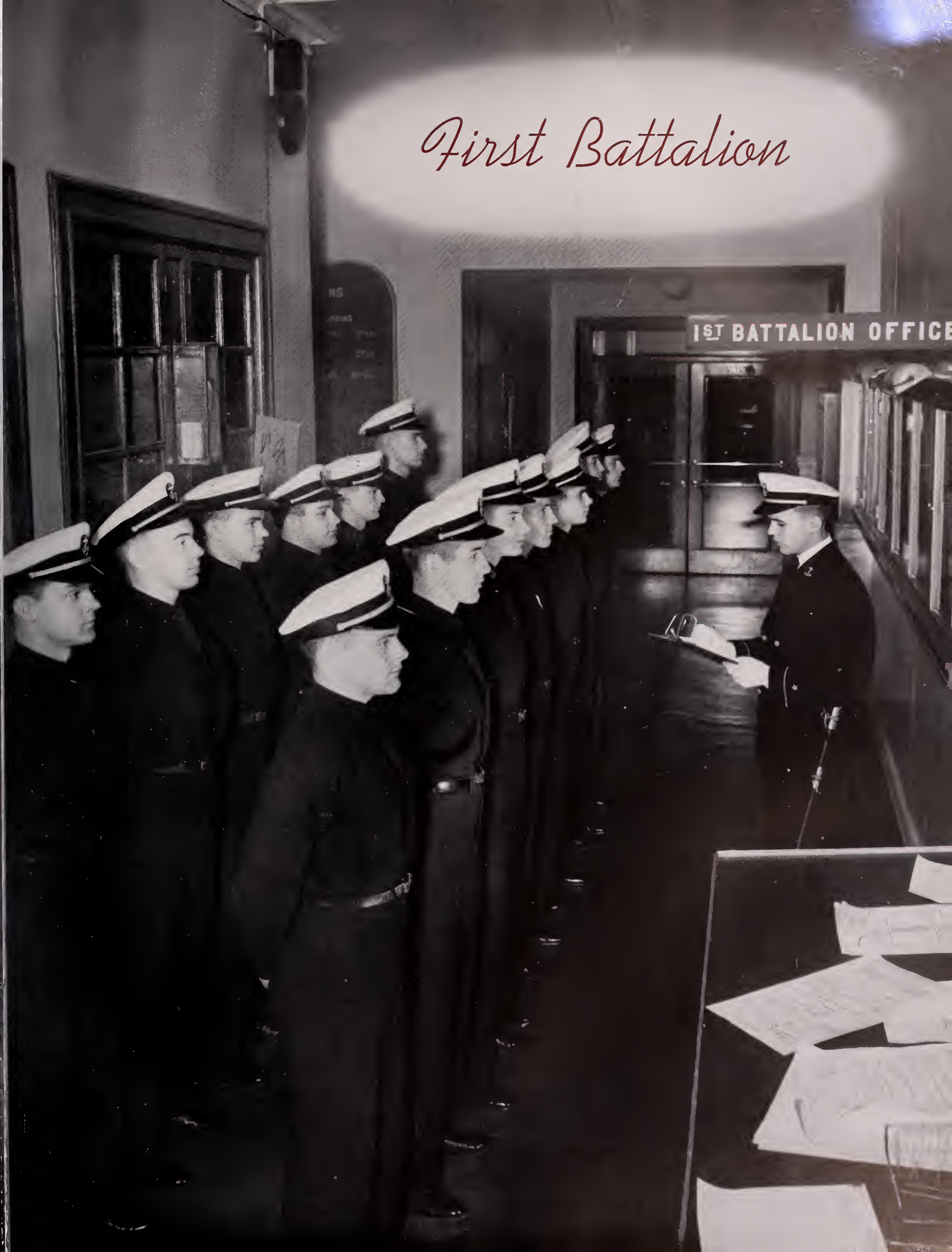
Regimental Commander: D. G. Iselin

Second row: W. N. Culp, Jr., R. S. Tisdale. Third row: M. Eckhart, Jr., A. L. Forrest. Fourth row: M. T. Johnson, E. H. Willett, R. L. Metzger





First Battalion





Fall Term

Battalion Staff Battalion Commander: O. C. Carr
 Second row: J. E. Langille, III, M. D. Turley, Jr. Third row: R. S. Moore, R. F. Iacobelli, R. H. Royer

Company Commanders

Fifth Company
 D. L. Weldon

Fourth Company
 R. Y. Scott

Third Company
 J. L. Taylor

Second Company
 W. J. Francy

First Company
 R. O. Welander



Winter Term



Battalion Staff Battalion Commander: W. F. Engel, Jr.
Second row: J. W. Currie, G. O. Dutton. Third row: W. J. Weber, Jr.,
H. G. Dudley, W. C. Nicklas, Jr.



Company Commanders

Fifth Company
C. H. Guy

Fourth Company
R. H. Knight

Third Company
P. B. Richards

Second Company
J. E. Hart

First Company
H. M. McPhillips, Jr.



William Bruce Althoff

LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Bruce came to the Academy from Long Island after a year of high living at Yale, a fact which we've gathered from his occasional referenes to the ivy-covered walls and drinking bouts for which that institution is famous. Somehow Bruce managed to make grades, and still spend most of his time doing a 4.0 job on designing our crest and ring. In lacrosse, "Outie" played three years of varsity ball, and was one of Navy's top dodgers, catching his share of big defensemen despite his small proportions. With his policy of playing the feminine field, Bruce will undoubtedly have a gal in every port.



Calvin Hunt Agnew

ALAMOGORDO, NEW MEXICO

A chunk of the Old West followed "Pixie" to Annapolis, for with him he brought a reputation as a sheep herder de luxe, and his rendition of an Indian Rain Dance was something to behold in awe. There were new opportunities here, however, and he made good use of his "big broad shoulders" in three years of football. Those devilishly pointed eyebrows not only earned him his nickname, but enabled him to slay the Eastern girls as easily as he had the squaws back home. May Tecumseh and Agnew battle for supremacy for many long years.

Bruce

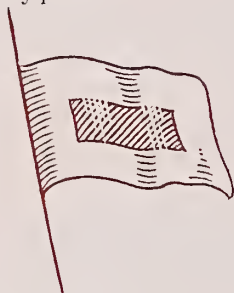


Pixie

Floyd Gaylord Avey, Jr.

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

The "Aveybird" came to the Academy as an old salt, having spent several years in the Fleet. He had little trouble with academics, and hardly knows the meaning of the words "tree" or "bush." Every afternoon finds Floyd dashing off to varsity soccer practice or to a softball game. However, all of his activities were not confined to sports, since his time in the Fleet made a real "liberty hound" out of him. The only thing that kept Floyd from starrng was too much dragging—the women occupied all of his would-be spare moments.



Floyd



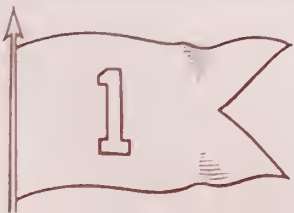
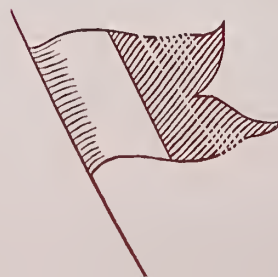
Ken



Kenneth Edward Bauman

ADA, OHIO

Ken's ambition was to make an example of himself for his juniors while at the Academy. In bearing, industry, and personality, few compared with him, and he managed to make a happy combination of these qualities. Few of us could fail to feel the challenge and enlightenment his keen mind gave to our friendly chats. After managing the gym team plebe year, he turned out to be one of our ablest youngster gymnasts, and went on to new heights during first class year. Ken will be remembered for his cheerful willingness to be of help to his classmates.

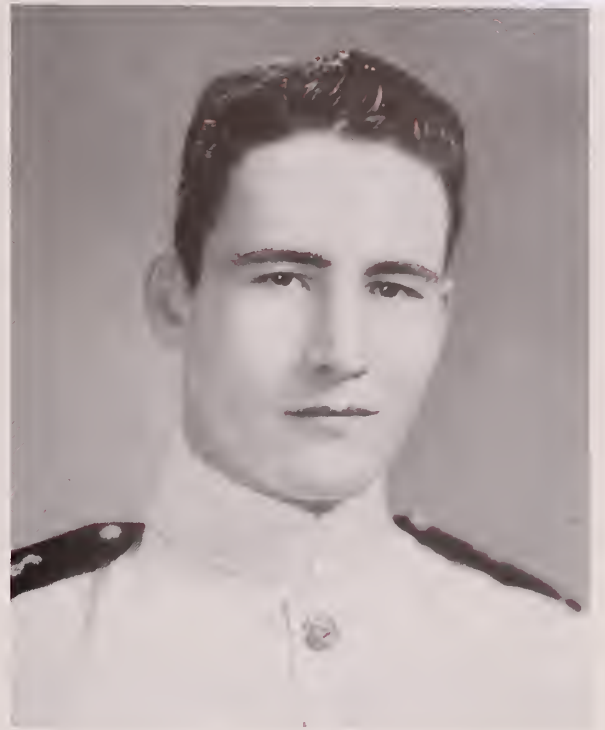


Jordan Tesch Bolton

RED BAY, ALABAMA

"J. T." earned the nickname "Bird" by his apparent love of flying and his habit of flitting from limb to limb of the plebe Bull tree. Entering the Academy from Marion Institute gave him a military and academic background that made his three years on the Severn comparatively easy. A true Red Mike, Dan holds the record of three years without dragging. His plentiful spare time was spent mostly in sleeping, but he managed to earn many points for his company in the regimental sports contests.

Face



John Grissett Boniface

EL PASO, TEXAS

"I got spurs that jingle—" That's what you might hear as Bonny strolled through the halls at U.S.N.A. Since Jack never broke a reg, and the regs didn't call for spurs, he had to leave them back in Texas. But the regs didn't stop his mournful cowboy ballads from ringing through the Hall. "Geronimo" always boasted about his Texas squaws, but his luck didn't hold out here, as he was often the honored guest at a brick-ing party. A true Army brat, Jack meant to catch the train out of El Paso for West Point, but his pals here will never regret the day he changed his tune from Army Blue to Anchors Aweigh.



Bird

Sheriff



Howie

Howard Joseph Brown

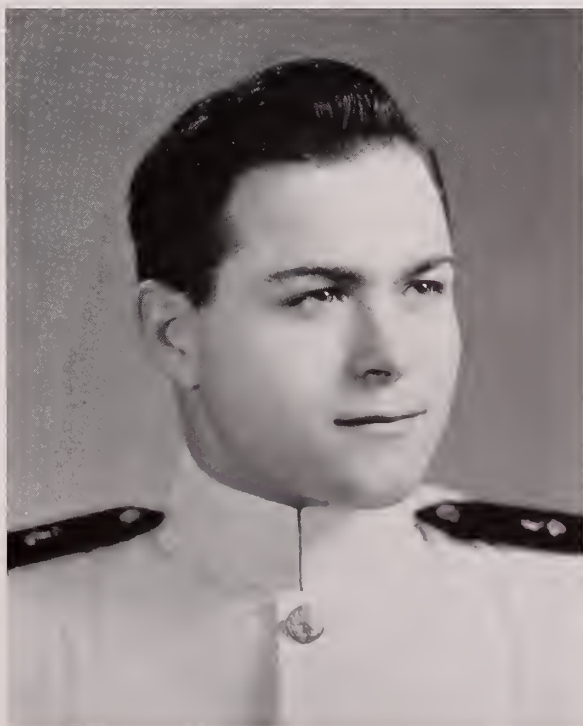
CEDARHURST, NEW YORK

A firm believer in keeping the ladies happy, Howie let the Executive Department keep him in shape for week-ends by long hours of walk-run which he supplemented with an occasional work-out in the fencing or wrestling lofts. No slash, "H. J." could be counted to spend exam week wailing, "I'm going to bilge." Despite his vehement expressions of opinion in Bull and the rumor that he hoisted the signal to submerge while on Y.P. cruise, he is still with us, and we will want him in the Fleet. Why? Because where others have ability, "H. J." has grit, guts, tenacity, and what the Navy needs most—drive.

Howard Alphonse Borgerding

BELGRADE, MINNESOTA

The "Sheriff" hails from the cold climes of northern Minnesota. Three years of university have made most of his subjects sheer fruit, except Bull and Dago. He is sometimes referred to as "spot one" because of his height, but that is only one of the reasons so many of us look up to him. "Wine, women, and song" has long been his motto, and from all indications he does pretty well by it. We are all glad to claim him as a classmate, and are sure that all hands will like him equally as well when he joins the Fleet.





William Douglas Clark, Jr.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Doug's Southern accent is touched with enough British to make it strangely pleasant to the ear. The deep South touch can be attributed to living in Norfolk, the English to his parents. He has fought a long hard battle with the Academic Board, but has found time to win his numerals in fencing and become vice-president of the Math Club. Doug loves an argument, and his classmates will attest that he seldom loses. His two hobbies are stamps and a ponderous general information library, which has turned out to be of valuable aid to many plebes.



Kenneth Carl Christianson

JEWEL, IOWA

"I can do that can't I?" is Ken's own quick answer to the thousand ambiguities in the time worn book of regulations. O.D.'s, pap sheets, and life without the din of a nickelodeon stripped off the silver wings of the Army's own Air Corps and planted Ken firmly behind that faithful Corona that typed out statements, themes, and weekend invitations at a rate that stymied even the old maestro himself at times. Some fight for gold stars, others cherish the athletic "N," but Ken specialized in philosophizing or an afternoon of billiards with the fellows.

Doug

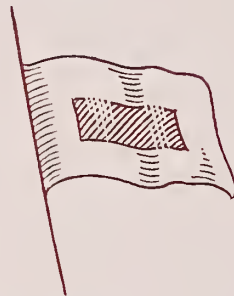


Chris

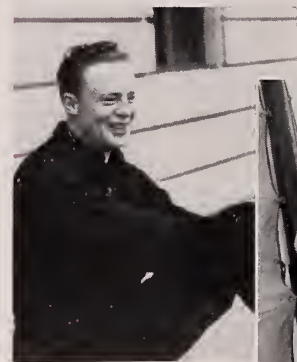
Harker Collins

DENVER, COLORADO

Denver's gift to the fair sex gave up a promising radio career to come to the Naval Academy, but his talents were not wasted as he took an active part in the Masqueraders for three years, the third as director. In his attempt to be "one of the boys," Harker had a few misunderstandings with the Executive Department, but he still managed to outshine his roommates in regimental rank. Harker's true love is his native state, Colorado, and his burning ambition is to settle down there some day with one of the bevy of beautiful women who adorn his locker door.



Harker



Pete



Peter MacDougall Coope

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO

Deciding that he wanted a commission in the Navy rather than the Army bars, "Pete the connoisseur" arrived a determined misogynist. To prove his claim that the Academy was a country club, he played soccer, sailed and dragged (after shedding his protective mantle youngster year). When he was not occupied with these matters, he was at home on his bunk, which he had learned to appreciate during his boyhood in Chile. A keen wit and a vast supply of ballads charmed his classmates here, and will continue to make him friends in the future.



Granville Orr Dutton

HOUSTON, TEXAS

This Texas maverick, a direct representative of the Houston Chamber of Commerce, walked up the ramp to the Naval Academy via N.R.O.T.C. "Dutt" found it took a heap of work to conform himself to the whims of a thousand or so bosses, but it didn't take the "Brain" long to figure the system out. Fathoming academics was much less work for "Dutt," and he managed to stay with the fast fifty. He hefted a mean set of weights in his fight for body beautiful. Someday he hopes to be either an admiral or a rancher with kids and cows all over the place.

Ed



Dutt

Fish



Bud

Elmer Harding Fisher

PORTLAND, OREGON

"Portland, Oregon; God's gift to the world," was Bud's answer to that well known question, "Where ya' from, Mister?" His favorite recreation, next to women, was sailing, and if you ever wanted another man for your crew, he was the one to ask. An engineer in the Navy before entering the Academy, he found Steam to be "fruit duty." Bud found a liking for aviation while taking C.A.A. training, and his main ambition is to get his wings after graduation. Good luck and happy landings, Bud.



James Wesley Edwards

GOLDFIELD, IOWA

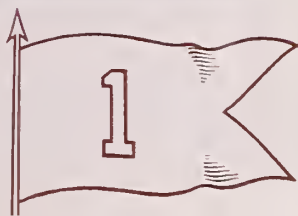
"Edwardo" came to us from the Fleet, professing to know little and care less, but it didn't take us long to find out he was only kidding. It seems as though Ed has always managed to catch the boat and then stealthily walk off with the best berth. When none of us were dragging, Ed dragged; when we bilged steam, Ed pulled sat; and when we slipped numbers in grease, Ed absented himself from bunk drill to participate in an all season sports program. If his consistency at beating you hollow doesn't drive you crazy, Ed's dry humor, and his fatherly touch will surely win his associates to his host of friends



Karl Willard Fischer, Jr.

VINTON, IOWA

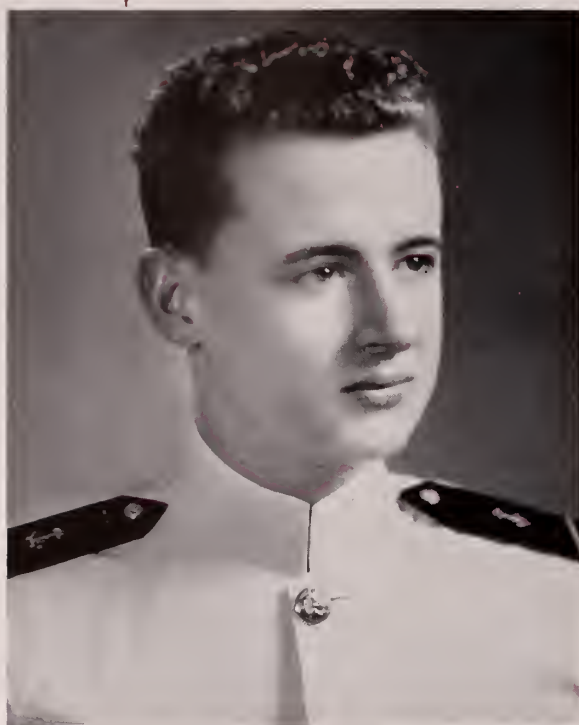
With an insatiable appetite for chow, "Fish" rarely worried about such a trivial affair as studies. For him academics were fruit, and he easily managed to stand in the upper thousand of his class. This stalwart radiator man was an Iowan from stem to stern, and woe unto him who denied that the Corn State was superlative in every degree. "K. W." came to us from the University of Iowa, where he was a pre-law student and a staunch fraternity man. Although convinced by the upperclass during his plebe year that the Academy was no fraternity, "Bud" never lost his cheerful smile.





Walter Patrick Gatewood
NACOGDOCHES, TEXAS

This tall lanky Texan was just Pat, even to the plebes. Undaunted by the prospect of the limited social life offered at the Academy, he carried out his dragging policy at an amazing speed, and managed to be first in line at the Chaplain's office to request use of the chapel at graduation. However, for five days of the week Pat, like his classmates, played volleyball, sailed, and went to classes—where he acted as spot-one spot for his section. Now, after three years of the Navy, even Pat admits that he's glad he left the "piney woods" of East Texas to become one of '46.



William Sutton Fryer
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN

Bill spent most of his spare time at the Academy in the gymnasium. His diligent work brought plenty of results in the way of athletic recognition. As a youngster, he won his "N★" and during first class year he was top man on the horses. Bill knew how to relax as well as work, and nothing but a broken leg could keep him from dragging to all the hops. Academics were not Bill's forte, but by solid application he passed all his subjects with a comfortable margin. His classmates will long remember his ready smile and easy going manner.

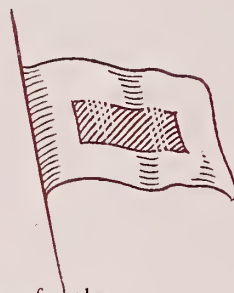
Pat



Bill

Raymond Allen Gaul, Jr.
READING PENNSYLVANIA

Ray came to the Academy complete with a slipstick and a natural yearning for the sea. In the last part of his plebe year he was commanding yawls, and he devoted a great deal of his time to sailing activities. Ray was the fortunate possessor of a scientific mind, and academics never worried him. There is one problem, however, that he has never been able to figure out, and that is the women. He would never admit that, though, preferring to think of them merely as a "snare and a delusion."



Ray



Glen



Ronald Lee Glendinning
DENVER, COLORADO

Glen left his happy home in Denver and his sailing on Grand Lake to come to the Naval Academy to tell us about the wonders of Colorado. Almost unaffected by the fairer sex, he dragged only on big occasions. As director of the Classical Music Sound Unit, he tried to instill a bit of culture in this institution, and in a few instances he was successful. Other than graduating and getting into the fight, his ambition is to return in a few years and, as an enterprising member of the Executive Department, institute a few reforms in the system.



Charles David Grojean

JACKSONVILLE, ILLINOIS

Chuck came to us from a snowy village in Illinois, laden with Boy Scout medals and full of tales of the pocketless pants he had worn at V.M.I. His timber wolf expression when he laughed, and his constant reference to the fair sex made us think that he was quite a lady's man, but we felt that deep down there was really only one. Chuck made quite a name for himself amongst yawl men and in the wrestling loft, and if he can beat the rap with his eyes, he will do the same when he wears the dolphins of a submarine.

Jack



Chuck

Rocky



Dan

Daniel Webster Heagy, III

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

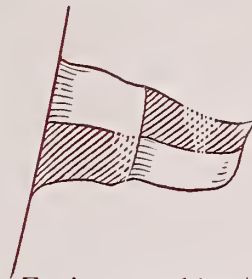
Dan skipped out of high school after the third year in order to attend a preparatory school. Despite this initial handicap, Dan hardly knows the meaning of "tree" or "bush"; nevertheless, his favorite expression is, "Jeez, I bilged today." He exploded the myth about Navy juniors, and amazed his classmates by his knowledge of everything from Naval planes to Marine ordnance. His classmates will testify that the Academy has changed this smiling Californian. We'll remember him as a devil may care lad, always ready to try anything once.



Jack Eugene Guentz

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

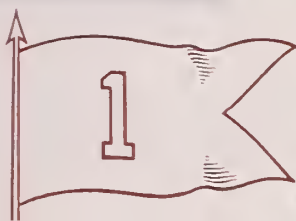
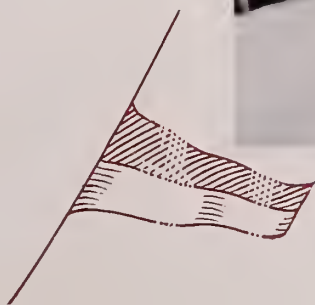
Hailing from the "Land of ten thousand lakes," Jack answered the call of the sea to start his career as a "boot" in San Diego. After fifteen months of trying to make a sailor of him, the Navy sent him to Annapolis. Always ready for a subtle bit of humor, he was known as a happy guy with a ready smile. When not engaged in his favorite sports of lacrosse, sailing, or dragging, "I a Guentz" could be found with his pipes. A Midwestern isolationist, he was against all entanglements with the Executive Department, but willing worker that he is he won't be long "at sea" in the Fleet.



Robert Raymond Hart

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Lake Erie's storms blew "Rocky" to the Naval Academy. An easy-going, independent fellow, "R. R." was always ready to play a joke on someone or take those played on him. Bob usually spent his energy on week-ends instead of using it up on academics, but his aptitude for Math and Bull kept him fairly high in his class. Although sleeping seemed to be his favorite pastime, "Rocky" spent a great deal of his time in company sports. Whenever you see a "pig-boat" tied up in the Pacific, look for Bob. He'll be there if he has his way about it.





William Marshall Huey

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

One of the zeros in Louisville's "400," "Tucky" journeyed up to the Academy with revolutionizing ideas in his mind. His favorite extra-curricular activity was devising new methods—ones to meet his own purposes—of doing old and standard tasks. This bit of ingenuity brought him to the attention of many, and is merely one of the reasons for his multitude of friends. The women had a way with "Tucky," and his heart changed as regular as the seasons. He will be best remembered for his love of a good time and ambition for wings.



Donald Grote Iselin

RACINE, WISCONSIN

This remarkable man, having exhausted the engineering curricula at Marquette University, reefed his sail at Annapolis-on-the-Bay and quickly made his mark as a top scholar. Don's much sought-for contributions to the *Log* and *Trident*, both professional and pleasing, reflected the variety of his nature. Recognizing his literary and organizational capabilities, the Class of '46 elected Don editor of the *Lucky Bag*. Claiming the regimental pie-racing championship, the "Ice" turned in his crowning performance in seven split seconds. Two things we will always remember—Don's uncanny ability to solve problems of every type imaginable, and his ever-willing spirit to help those of us who were floundering along.



Arthur Forrest Jacobus

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

Jake was an easy-going fellow but, unlike most folks of that type, he could always be counted on to do his share, and do it well. He was seldom bothered by academics—he just took them in his stride, reading an article in *Time* or writing a letter instead of worrying. A natural in all sports, Jake chose to perfect himself in only one—baseball. This job he did so completely that, should the Navy ever lose this likeable Southerner, it will undoubtedly be to the major leagues. Whether it be a fast game of ball, or a big job in the Fleet, you'll always be able to count on Jake.

Woodrow Wilson Hourigan

LEBANON, KENTUCKY

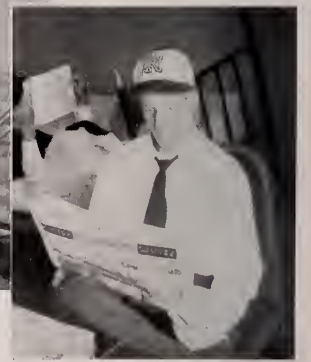
"Happy Hogan" used to delight in following the plow back home on the farm in Gravel Switch, but when the Navy brought him "up Nawth" everything changed. He went for his gym clothes in a big way, and spent most of his time expanding his chest or working out with his super-duper rubber bands. "Hooligan's" biggest worries were his hair and his O.A.O. Perpetual brushing only seemed to make that pink spot grow brighter. When that girl back home finally got here—Oh happy day! Yep, always ready with a grin, Wilson couldn't be beaten as a roommate.

Tucky



Hooligan

Don



Jake

Louis La Vern Junod

CHANUTE, KANSAS

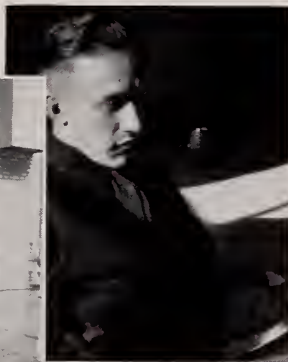
"L squared," who hailed from "the breadbasket of America," wasted no time in taking advantage of the unlimited facilities the Academy offered for physical development and recreational pastimes. Orchestra, company sports, and sailing were only a few of his diversified interests. However, none of these were allowed to prevent this "Jack of all trades" from compiling an admirable academic record. Classmates will always remember him for his persistent good nature and amiable personality.

Louie



Louis

Korby

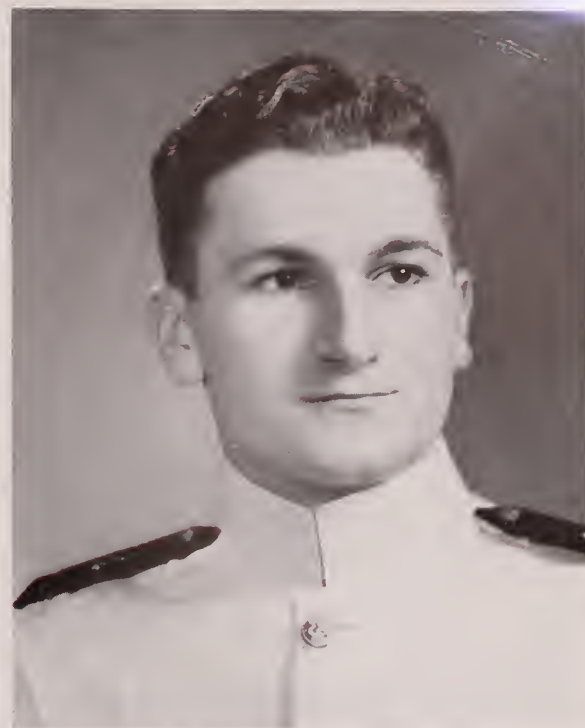


Swede

Donald Leslie Larson

COTTONWOOD, MINNESOTA

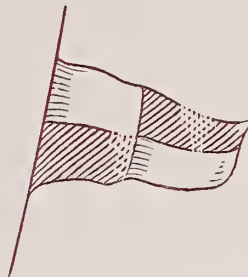
"Knock off running me, you guys; I tell you I'm a Norwegian!" Swede kept the Easterners busy with his tales of Minnesota farm life, where he cultivated his taste for "a cup of Java and a piece of pie." Formerly a sharp civilian at the University of Minnesota, this dapper chap always looked as much like an ad in *Esquire* as the reg book would let him. The motto of the "Larson System" seems to be, "It's not what you do, it's what you get caught at." Afloat or ashore, his sparkling cheerfulness and buoyant alacrity will keep him and others happy and smiling.



George John Klug

ALMENA, WISCONSIN

What manner of man is this, who wears his trou in parenthesis? Louie Klug (pronounce it Kloog, mister!) never did get his knees "in ranks." His muscular build is a result of work on his Wisconsin farm and three years of push-ups. After breaking a thumb in wrestling, "Little Atlas" turned to sailing the yachts. When this prospective Steam prof wasn't dragging from Baltimore, he smoked a mean pipe and held five aces rather consistently. Louie's tendency for seasickness dictates subs, where he is sure to excel.



Roland Ferdinand Korbesmeyer

WEBSTER GROVES, MISSOURI

The Great White Father to all in that humble fraternity of stricken men, the plebians, "Korby" has made numerous friendships with both his classmates and the members of the underclass. He excels in several professional fields, his biggest interest being military tactics and strategy. Although he has run afoul of the Academic Board, he has never been bothered by the limit of demerits, as he acquired a high regard for regulations from his previous naval service. Now, after three years on the Severn, "Korby" wants sea duty and a fast moving can.





John Edward Lowell

FORT PLAIN, NEW YORK

Jack, a son of the Mohawk Valley, realized an ambition when he made his pledge to the Navy Blue. Always looking for something to do, Johnny put his ability to work on the Press Detail and the Reception Committee, gaining a high position in the latter during first class year. Although academics were trying at times, Jack managed to find opportunities for lacrosse in the afternoons and was always ready for a fast workout in MacDonough Hall. We can always look forward to good times with Jack in the years to come when our ships make the same liberty ports.



Edwin Francis Lord

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A year round frequenter of Misery Hall, Eddie's face generally bore proof of his rough and tough ability in both football and boxing. A party man at heart, our Eddie loved to sing, and he more than made up for an occasional flat note by his volume and endless repertoire of lyrics. Eddie's Irish humor and easy-going nature made Navy discipline hard for him to accept, but also made him as popular with the plebes as with his classmates. Eddie is a one girl man, and his plans for the future seem to include a home in Philadelphia with that certain girl.

Jack

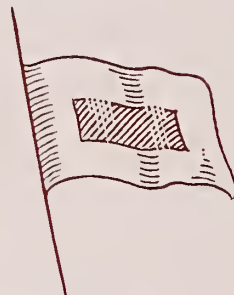


Eddie

Glen George Macon

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Michigan's loss was our gain when "Mac" decided to try the life of a midshipman. Academics proved to be "fruit" so there was always time for a letter to that one and only back in Detroit. Since dragging worries were practically non-existent, most of his time was spent strolling in company sports or tinkering with his model trains in the Model Club rooms. Always welcoming a "bull session" or a bridge game, he often wondered why others should spend so much time studying when "that stuff's so simple." Wherever he goes, Glen's quick thinking will be a great asset to his outfit.



Mac



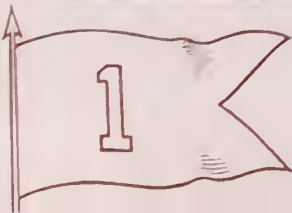
Mac



John Howard McKnight

ALBANY, CALIFORNIA

Annapolis is a long way from California, but the desire to play football finally lured "Mac" away from his sunny paradise. Besides being an outstanding tackle, "Mac" is a hard-hitting heavyweight who can always be relied on for a good fight. In addition to being a star athlete, he found time for the photographic club where his pictures are evidence of his skill. No matter how busy he is, "Mac" always finds time to lend a helping hand to anyone who needs it. He has made many friends who will remember his winning smile and friendly disposition.



Henry Manning McPhillips, Jr.

MOBILE, ALABAMA

"One of those big, easy-going Southern gentlemen—that's Mac." Yes, sir, he really loves his snoozing. He claims that jolly early risers should be shot for bothering others before nine in the morning. However, the "big fella" usually recovers in the afternoon, and he can be found on the football field, or boxing a few fast rounds. If he's not there, then crash the nearest big party, because if there's anything in which Mac really excels, it's partying. Drop in for one of his "Mobile Specials" and you'll see what I mean.

Curly



Mac

Monty

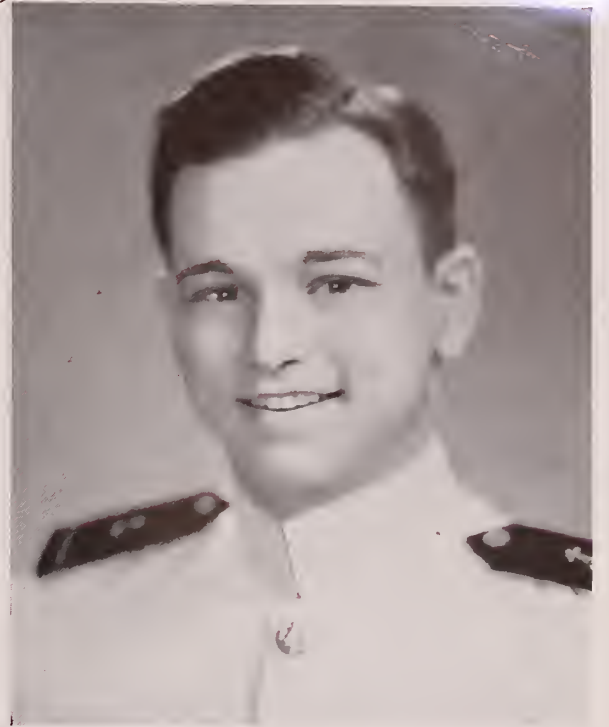
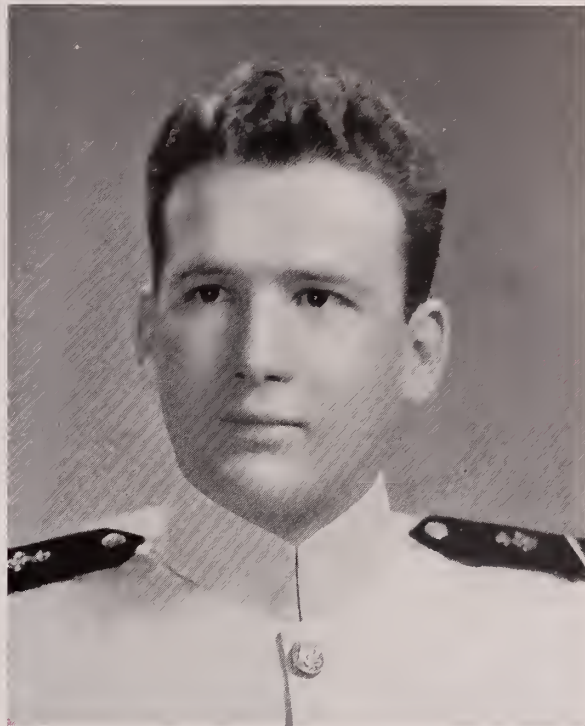


Bob

Robert Francis Mott

DENVER, COLORADO

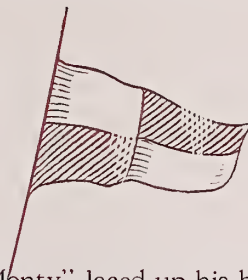
Bob came to the Academy from Denver, Colorado, via the U.S. Marine Corps and N.A.P.C. With him he brought an exceptional ability, and prowess in poetry and athletics alike. Besides being an active wrestler, he proved his knack for golf in many matches. His humorous antics, so well known to his classmates, did much to liven up the otherwise dull study hours. Bob's greatest ambition is to get back amongst the "leather-necks," and we know he will carry the name "Devil Dog" to greater fame.



Yale Marvin Miller

MORTON, ILLINOIS

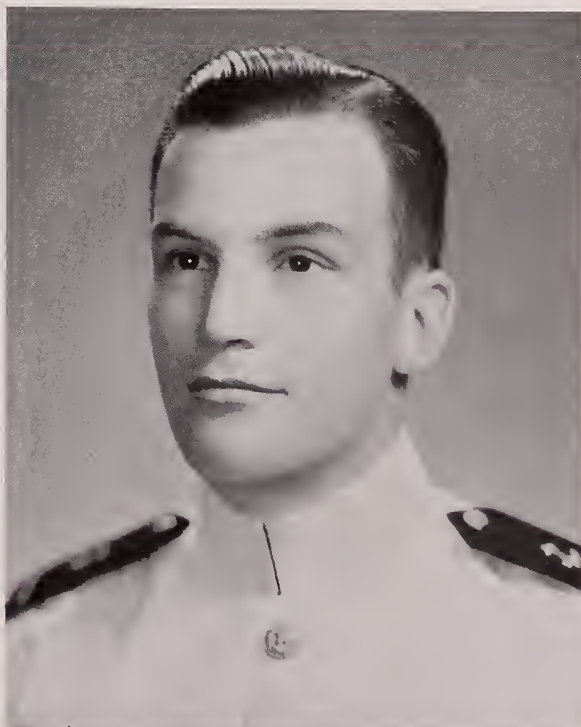
Striding out of Illinois full of stories of the great Northwest, Curly with his ten inch boots soon had his friends wondering if there wasn't a John Bunyan. His craftsmanship didn't end with tall tales, however, as his many excellent Model Club projects proved. Curly's main objectives at the Academy were to pass Dago and outwit the system. He was thoroughly successful in his efforts against the system, and managed after many trials to prove his merit as a linguist. In defiance of his lengthy stories and experienced advice, he was always true to his O.A.O.



William Robert Montgomery

SEVIERVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Monty" laced up his boots and left his beloved Tennessee Hills to see what the Navy had to offer. His hesitant rising when reveille sounded earned him a reputation as the sleepest mountaineer alive. His chief interest lay in writing his daily letter to the girl in the Smokies, and without her daily response his big friendly smile would be somewhat obscure. As for academics, "Monty" always confirmed that all above 2.5 was wasted—he was not extravagant. Some wine, the woman, and a pair of wings will be his future.





Chester Osgood Penney, Jr.

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Hailing from the land of sunshine, "Centavo" brought from his native state of California to the sun-forsaken shores of the Severn a sense of humor and an artistic eye for feminine pulchritude that will remain forever in the memories of his classmates. Only success and happiness can result from his diligent perseverance, academically, socially, and professionally. Fleet and nation will be well served when he gets his dolphins and joins the submarine forces in action.



Justin Popa

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

After organizing Fort Wayne, "Jon," "Pope," or just "Joe" decided to join the Fleet where he got on the receiving end and quickly resolved that it would be better to give the orders. Once at the Academy, Pope soon set his course and while he held the Log purse strings, both the Latin and the Log were financial successes. Athletically, his knowledge and mastery of the boxing art earned him the title of "Spike, Jr." Jon could speak in six languages at once—and did, in dynamic desk-beating orations on any and all subjects that stirred the ire in his Balkan blood. . . . Tomorrow, wherever he may be, with Pope it will always be "Situation under control."



Raymond John Zuallen

FAYETTEVILLE, OHIO

No one understands why Ray left his home thirty miles from the "Beautiful Ohio" to come to Crabtown. Just seventeen, a Podunk High School graduate with a natural ability for professional academics, he soon had even the "savvy" college men asking for his advice in Math and Skinny. Workouts in the gym and sailing occupied his spare time. Ray always followed big league baseball closely, and displayed a boundless interest in aviation. During study hours he earned a reputation for himself as a "letter writing Casanova" that brought forth many potential queens.

Frank Parrish, Jr.

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Frank traded the wide open spaces of the Lone Star State for the confines of the Academy, where his reverence, conscientiousness, and sincerity were soon apparent to all. His numerous talents included abilities as a linguist, a musician, and a seaman. A member of the choir, he became its organist during their regular practices. His proficiency in Spanish earned him the coveted interpreter's certificate and the nickname of "Pancho." Through many hours of sailing and practice, he became the skipper of the "Green Hornet."

Centavo

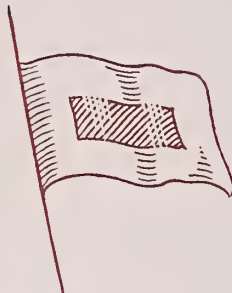


Pancho

Pope



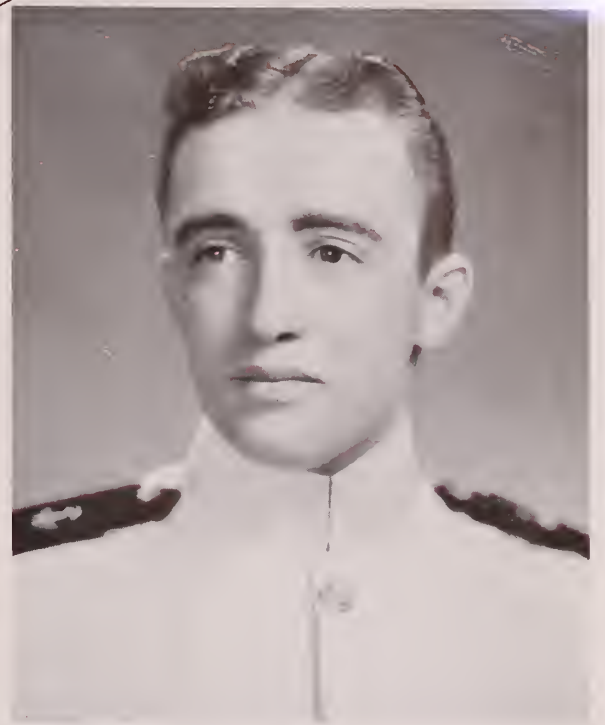
Ray



Samuel Gordon Rae

PLEASANT RIDGE, MICHIGAN

When Sam came to the Academy from the University of Michigan, he was steering for two goals—a ring and a place in the Fleet. When he wasn't beating around the academic bushes, he played a good game of soccer or soaked up some salt on the *Highland Light*. Next to dragging, eating seems to be his favorite hobby. Sam was also noted for a thorough knowledge of *Omar Khayyam* and the *Watch Officers Guide*. As his hairline keeps receding, the Navy will someday have a bald-headed pilot on their hands.



Robert Holmes Robeson, Jr.

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Come what may, there'll never be another to fill the shoes of our Robie. He mothered us when we were sick, and serenaded us out of our bad moods. With his constant good humor, Robie was the willing object of our teasing, and his repertoire of parlor tricks always kept us laughing. A spark on the diamond and a cat on the dance floor, he was equally at ease tossing fast balls or smooth lines. Needless to say, Robie's friendship is one of the most valued things we will take with us when we leave the Academy.

Robie



Sam

Charley



Joe

Joseph Wolcott Russel

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

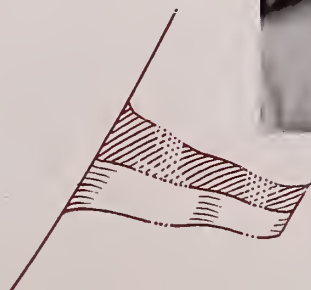
Although Joe spent a great deal of his time defending New Mexico from verbal attacks by his shipmates, he found time to be an underclass swimming manager, a position of little glory and much work, for two years. He also participated in numerous company sports, bringing in his share of winning points. His "savoir faire" in the social world, and his handling of Spanish have won many a maiden's heart. Joe's commanding officer will find him a mighty handy man to have around, and we all hope he gets the sub duty he wants.



Charles Arthur Rulon

JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

"Did somebody mention a brick?" asks Charley with fiendish glee as he rubs his hands in anticipation of a bricking party. Any week-end you can see this jovial Dakotan running around, stag, appraising his friends' drags. I say stag because this great feminine critic is the ranking Red Mike of the Regiment. We can't figure out whether he is too particular or too shy. Aside from this hobby, Charley got an early start corrodng his small portion of gold braid by being the first in '46 to get his yawl command. Combined past record and present receding hairline indicate a future "brass hat."





Paul Joseph Stueve
NEW BREMEN, OHIO

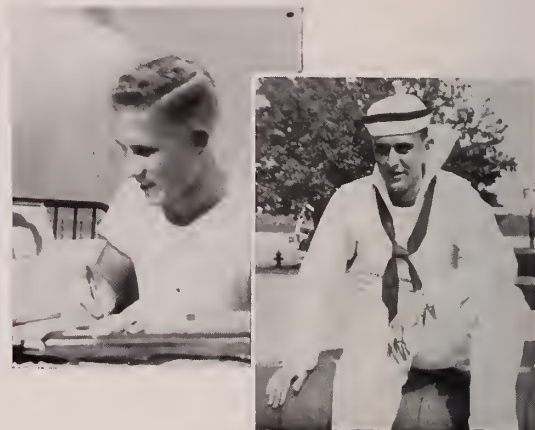
Undoubtedly it was an accident that, after two years of college life at the University of Cincinnati, Pablo suddenly found himself in Crabtown. Lazy by virtue of last term's good marks, he was academically spasmodic, and his only worry was that of pulling "sat" in sleep. His passion for passing bum dope—"Look, this is the straight stuff"—was unquenchable and at times caused more energy to be suddenly expended than Pablo ever put forth in the Natatorium. A wife without equal, a classmate beyond compare, a darn good guy—that's Pablo.



William Granger Spangle, II
WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

To hear "El Mono" give his sales talk on Pennsylvania is to wonder why he ever left the "Keystone State." Maryland was different for Bill, but it didn't change his sunny disposition. With a witty remark for every occasion, he kept his classmates smiling, even during exam week. Such a personality along with his Latin blood made him quite the "Don Juan," until he met "La Monita." With a real love for "roughing it" in the Pennsylvania mountains, and plenty of athletic ability, Bill is a real man's man. His capacity for hard work in all fields will carry him far in the Navy.

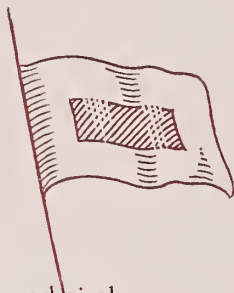
Pablo



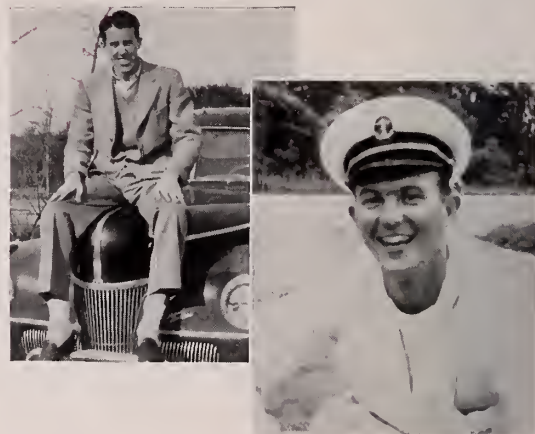
El Mono

Russell Dawson Taylor
NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

If happiness was the prime requisite for a Naval officer, Dawson would be an admiral before the rest of us made "j.g." When this lanky playboy wasn't crooning in his "Norfolkese" style, he usually had his long six-foot frame draped gracefully over his sack. Half of the few hours a day that he was not in a vertical position were spent before the mirror admiring his Jimmy Stewart profile. When this Southern gentleman's title has a "retired" added to it, you are invited "oot" to his Virginia Beach resort for a tall cool julep, where the "ocean meets the sand."



Daws



Jim



Miles Dewey James Turley
FREMONT, MISSOURI

To this Missourian, the Academy was just another stepping stone to bigger and better things. Seemingly possessing unlimited energy, Jim tackled every phase of Academy life with success, meanwhile keeping up the daily correspondence with the family and his many admirers. Admittedly one who "got this stuff" he readily gave up time to us who did not, and helped keep us all "sat." A dragging man, he never let his feet cool in a stag line. Jim's sincere warm nature and level head insure for him a successful career and a happy life.

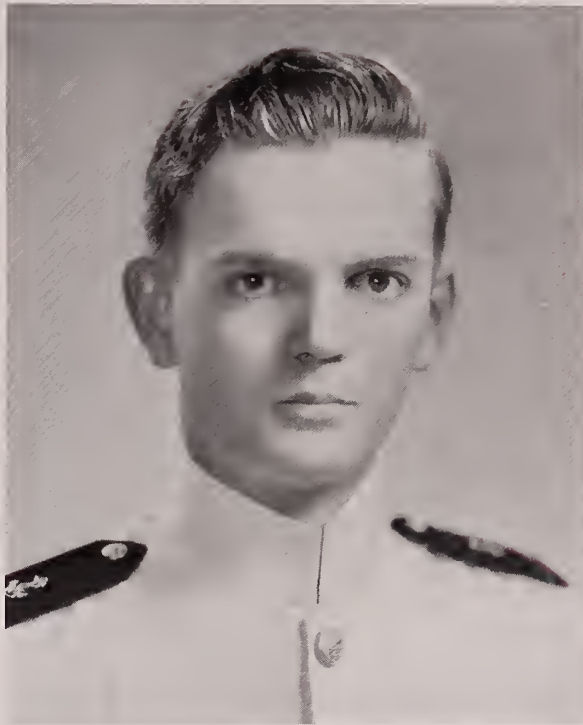


Daniel Walker

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

How he broke away from the sunny clime and perennial orange trees of San Diego we will never know, but Dan wasted little time establishing himself at the Academy. Plebe year he walked away with the Regimental Oratory Contest and as a youngster wrote Bull exams in an hour so he could hurry back to the B. and L. Recreation Society and Elbow Room. As biography editor of the LUCKY BAG, president of the Quarterdeck Society and charter member of the Public Relations Committee, Dan easily filled those spare hours.

Bob



Robert Oscar Welander

FLORAL PARK, NEW YORK

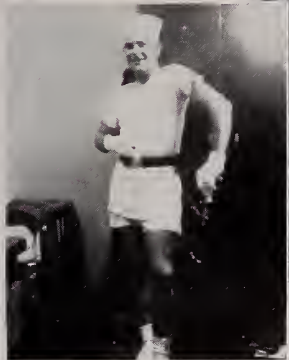
"New York—it's wonderful!" or "Hey, ya got a skag?" ought to identify "Big Navy Bob" anywhere. One of those who got this stuff, life was reasonably happy and never much of a strain. Study hours were spent on a length "nightly" to his O.A.O., helping his wife out on the books, singing in his dull monotone, or just batting the breeze. Athletics were centered about lacrosse, unless his dragging was classified along with it. Quiet week-ends were a sure indication that this slick operator and his suffering wife were both hopelessly broke. Whether you get those wings or that "tin can," we'll be seeing you out there, Bob.



Dan



Willie



Daisy



William Francis Whalen, Jr.

MONTROSE, PENNSYLVANIA

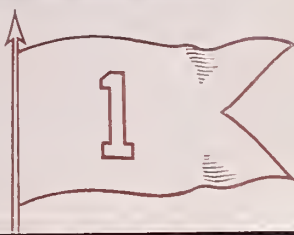
A self-imposed Red Mike, a prolific arguer, and a good guy—that's Willie. Despite the incessant struggle with the academics, life was a pacific existence. Give him a Saturday night poker session, a bit of sailing, an occasional uproarious week-end, or a bit of rollicking camaraderie, and "Chief" was content. Song and devilish good-naturedness, plus a ready carton of skags endeared him to wife and buddies alike. After surviving tortuous years together as youngster and first class, we have a wealth of memories—good luck, Willie.

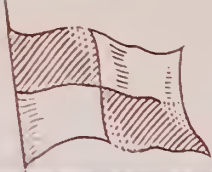


Charles Virgil Wilhoit, Jr.

MARYVILLE, TENNESSEE

When he came out of the hills of East Tennessee, "Daisy" was fired with the burning desire to become a competent Naval officer. He weathered the combined assaults of the Executive, Academic, and Medical Departments in their attempts to dislodge him from his purpose. Practice sessions on a blaring trumpet caused verbal riots among neighbors, but the same trumpet did not fail to find appreciation in the N.A. 10. With a jovial smile and boisterous personality, his devil-may-care attitude is continually dominant. "Viva El Primor."

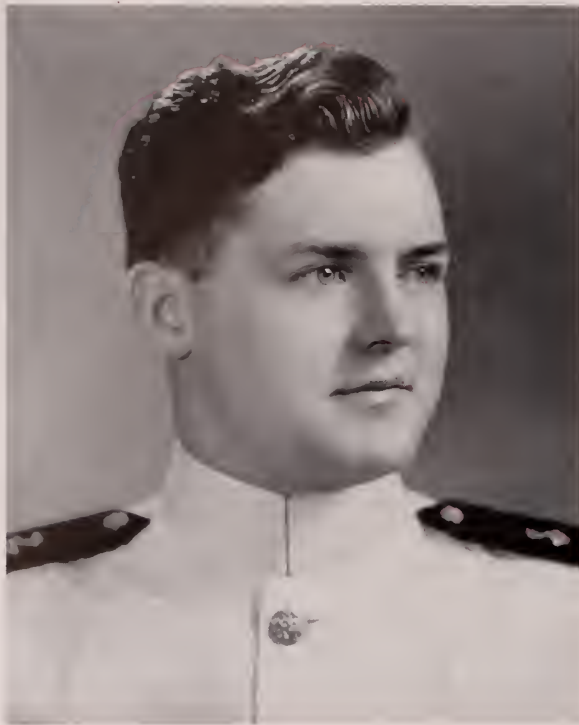




William Shattuck Adams

CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI

Priding himself in his Confederate ancestry, Bill came to Annapolis well-prepared after a year of engineering at "Ole Miss." Never exhibiting much emotion over anything except news from the original Southern Belle, Bill took the obstacles of the Academy in stride and compiled an excellent record. Appreciating all types of rollicking parties, he was always welcome at any get-together. A connoisseur of fine music his ability along this line continually contributed to one of the better record collections of Bancroft. Affable, intelligent, and with a fine sense of humor, Bill knows what he wants from life and has what it takes to find it.



George Washington Absher, Jr.

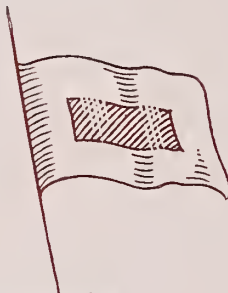
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Something in George's natural grin suggests an aggressiveness which can only be quelled by the sight of water. His muscular build has a minimum of positive buoyancy, which a natural athletic ability has difficulty in overcoming. George has an eye to the future which includes a certain little girl who is always striving to subdue his "non-reg" attitude toward the Academy. His annual skirmishes with the eye exams were viewed with interest by his friends, as were his successful attempts at budget-balancing. Despite a hail of demerits and sub squad tests, George emerged from his three-year trial triumphant.

Bill



Ab



Homer Nicholas Allen

TENECK, NEW JERSEY

Think of a head of bright red hair, a natural flair for being funny, and a conversation that combines the accents of New York, New Jersey, and England and you have "Red" Allen. Studies were something which just had to be tolerated, soccer was the great sport, and the New York Giants were worthy of any amount of praise in "Red's" book. "Red" was no "landlubber," as most of us were before we entered the Academy, for he had already been to England and the West Indies, and shipped on freighters during summer vacations.

Red



John



John Francis Barlow

NORTH MUSKEGON, MICHIGAN

Seldom letting business interfere with pleasure, John, athlete and playboy, easily made the grade as a scholar. From the tournament courts of Michigan he brought his strong forehand to add to the power of a great Navy tennis team. His two hobbies, photography and women, have brought John substantial rewards. His purse full of cash prizes will vouch for one and the lovely scenery on his locker door the other. Within the halls, he could never be accused of "Word, failure to get." Nothing, even so small as an idle rumor, could ever escape his freckled ears. After graduation, our cheerful shipmate plans to fulfill his desire to fly and fight in a Navy Hellcat.



Alfred McClain Bettis

TRENTON, TENNESSEE

A true gentleman of the Old South, "Becky," was always prepared to dissert upon the beauty of Tennessee Belles or to defend Southern tradition. Innumerable photographs adorning his locker well attested to the pulchritude of these belles. Although Al seemed never to write epistles, he continually made us envious by flashing billets-doux before us that we might be carried away by their fragrance. With his gifted ear for classical music Al acquired a large collection of the world's masterpieces on records. Al's ambition was to command his own PT and retire to a Tennessee plantation.

Jack



Becky

Ed



Doc

Ralph Christopher Bretting, Jr.

MUSKEGON HEIGHTS, MICHIGAN

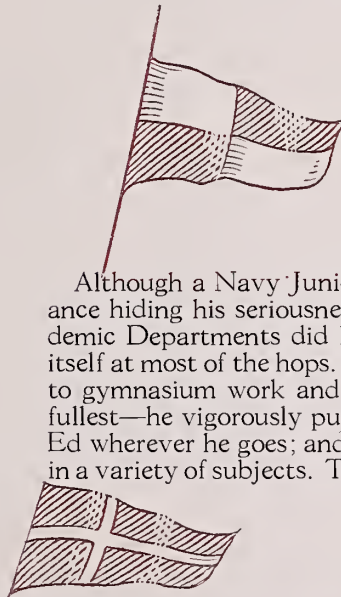
Coming East for the first time from the high and dry Middle West "Doc" took to the Navy in a big way. His interest in athletics, which covered the field of intramurals, led him to the water, and a berth on the water polo squad. "Rosebud" could be seen as well as heard. His prolific gift of conversation is the thing we will all remember and his 6' 2" of height and ponderous feet will be a giveaway anywhere. In spite of Navy indoctrination, his collegiate tendencies would appear to the last. Oh! How many times have we heard the same story about that fraternity initiation?



John Joseph Borbidge

TAMPA, FLORIDA

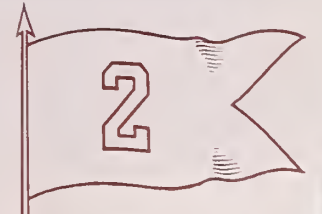
Though Jack is an "Army Brat," he forsook West Point to get his schooling here at Crabtown. He soon gained fame as a chowhound, always outdistancing his nearest competitor at any table. His interests were with football in the spring and fall, and he could be found on his sack the rest of the time. Few men have had a harder race with the Academic Department than Jack, but he made up for his academic deficiencies with an uncanny ability for identifying any airplane he might see or hear. His weaknesses, if we should call them that, are pretty nurses and classical music.



Edward Allen Brady

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Although a Navy Junior and Navy all the way, Ed always had a carefree appearance hiding his seriousness. Even his consequent frequent skirmishes with the Academic Departments did little to daunt his spirit, and his dashing figure manifested itself at most of the hops. He was one of our unsung heroes who made himself a martyr to gymnasium work and swimming, but his philosophy of life—to enjoy life to the fullest—he vigorously put into practice. Appealing earnestness and wit accompany Ed wherever he goes; and that isn't all. Add loyalty, ambition, and a sincere interest in a variety of subjects. That's the combination!





Oscar Clark Carr, Jr.

CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI

Oscar—one of the select few born with a nickname—forsook the life of leisure on his Mississippi Delta plantation and the carefree college days "above Cayuga's waters" to begin his Naval career. A star-man, an athlete, and possessing outstanding officer-like qualities. Oscar chalked up an enviable record with comparative nonchalance. A firm believer in the "Theory of Numbers," Oscar prided himself in his variety of feminine acquaintances. Easy-going and cheerful, he has made numerous lasting friendships. With the motto, "Life is just too darned short!" Oscar's only present worry is whether or not every moment will be a satiable one.

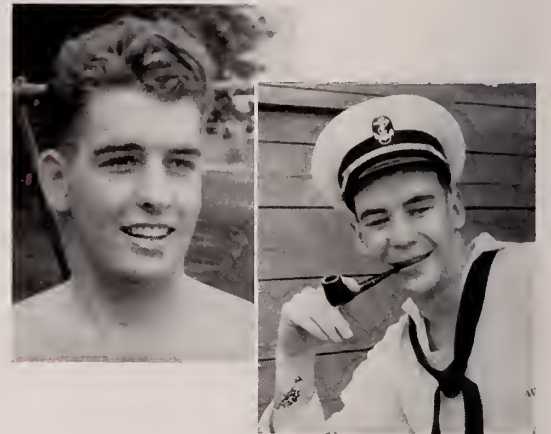


Lawrence Jerome Cahalan

WYANDOTTE, MICHIGAN

Another Irishman with the appropriate name of Cahalan forsook politics and came to the U.S. Naval Academy in 1942 only to find a bigger and tougher "system" to beat. "L. J.," as this Irishman was first dubbed, soon became famous for his meal-time renditions of popular songs, and was henceforth known as "Bing." With his former experience in the pugilistic field to aid him "Bing" soon gained recognition as a killer in both company and regimental boxing. Cahalan also became famous as a linguist, but he definitely did not kill Dago; in fact, Dago almost killed Cahalan.

Oscar

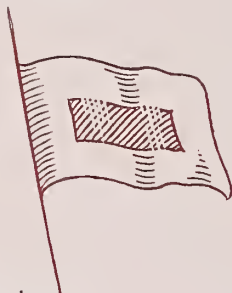


L. J.

Neile Hector Coe

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

There is always one who brightens a dark outlook and here Neile attained popularity. His cheerful, sparkling personality left nothing to be desired. Neile attended Randolph-Macon Academy before prepping at Devitt for the Naval Academy. Highly active in company sports and an exponent in the Model Club, his only dislike at the Academy was hominy. He didn't wear stars on his collar, but that was because all subjects weren't Bull. At the Academy one found Neile busy keeping classmates away from his pretty fiancée, and selling New York to his wife.



Hecto



Frank



Francis Joseph Crozier

PORTLAND, MAINE

Frank came to us from the Fleet and his accent definitely reveals that he went to the Fleet from New England. His conservative nature allowed him to enjoy cards, music, tobacco, dragging, and athletics in his spare moments without over-indulgence in any of them. Frank's major sport was perhaps "dragging blind" and needless to say his experiences were many and varied. Occasionally the law of averages caught up with him even though an overall picture of his experiences is rather pleasant. His quick, frank expression of his every thought has done much to cause us all to hold him in high esteem.



Morgan Lee Davison

WEST LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

Dave didn't drag as often as some, but when he did all hands sighed. However, his talents didn't stop at the ability to choose the right girl for the week-end. As the villain in *Masqueraders*, he aroused the hate of the Regiment by his character portrayal; but, as himself everyday, he gained the friendship of all by his sincerity and easy manner. A member of the "Friday Night Poker Club," he let nothing interfere with his attendance each week. In that, as in all things, the gentleman from Indiana was cool and steady when the chips were down.

Bob



Dave

Big Diz



Spic

William "A" Faucett

GEORGETOWN, DELAWARE

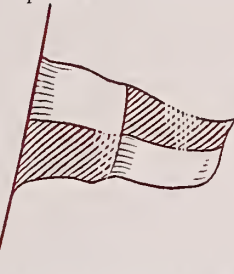
During his stay at the Academy, Bill has tried to prove that Georgetown, Delaware, is the home of true Romeos. To judge from the lovely girls he has dragged, one must conclude that he has proved his point. Between week-ends, "Spic" had his sessions with the Steam and Dago Departments, but he managed to stick it out and fool the experts by passing. Regimental and company boxing were Bill's main athletic achievements, and he did well in both. All Bill's classmates wish him luck in the Air Corps, his next goal.



Robert George Dee

PERU, ILLINOIS

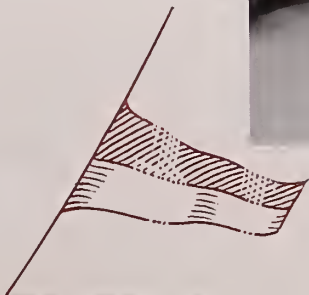
The monotonous routine of military life can get into a man and make him as calloused and dull as his duties must necessarily be. It takes courage to preserve dignity, a well balanced sense of values, and a patient manner. Bob has retained all of these qualities during his transition from an impressionable college boy to a Naval officer. He keeps his sensitiveness beneath a shell of calm efficiency. Only his closest friends know the depth of his perception and the strength of his feelings for his convictions. His carefully written letters and his knowledge of many books are products of his spare time occupation.



Emerson Charles Dehn

OAK HARBOR, OHIO

From the shores of Lake Erie to the banks of the Severn is a long jump, but "Big Diz" made it with only one thought in mind—to become a saltwater sailor with the Navy as his career. He hastily discarded the carefree attitude that two years of college had developed, and settled down to serious work. An avid sports fan, he never tired of echoing praises of Navy's teams, although remaining a bit partisan to Midwestern football. He possessed a hearty laugh, a love for steaks, and an aversion to his nemesis, Dago. From here on it's destroyer duty and the Pacific for "Diz."





William Thompson Fuller
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

Having traveled extensively to the four corners of the globe and having studied for two years at Sewanee University, Billy was well qualified to make the decision on the Navy as a career. Active on the Ring Dance Committee, the Navy crew, and a yawl sailor with few peers, Bill reaped the greatest benefits possible from his life on the Severn. While at the Academy, Bill's overflowing personality and cheerful smile have gained him many friends among the officers and midshipmen, and, above all, characterized him as a truly representative Southern gentleman.

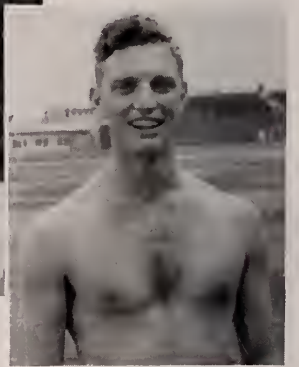


William Johnston Francy

TORONTO, OHIO

With a big dumb-bell under each arm "Big Bill" Francy, in the summer of '42, entered the Academy. Bill was soon pinned with the name of "Tecumseh." But he never had to depend on this "good luck god" for his fine success in academics. Nor was Bill's interest limited to the books. He enjoyed a gay and active social life, and also made a good port man on the varsity and plebe crews. One thing "Bernard" is concerned about, in going into the Fleet, is how and where he will be able to get his work-out. He will, without a doubt, have to take his dumb-bells to sea.

Bill

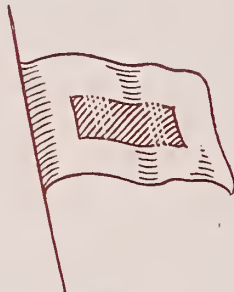


Tecumseh

Charles Coleman Goldstein

NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND

Goldie came to us with three loves: sleep, chow and women, and it looks as though the Academy didn't dull his appetite for any of them. Academics never bothered him unduly, and he seldom bothered them. When he wasn't pumping water out of his starboat, Goldie challenged all to ping-pong. Sometimes he amazed the students of psychology by his energetic bursts of speed on the track. With his quick wit and latent powers, he provided many moments of hilarity for us and made the tedious schedule appear somewhat less monotonous. A banging on the door succeeded by a staccato of hoof beats, and a big booming voice could only mean one thing—Goldie was coming.



Goldie



Dick



Richard Ivan Gulick

SUMMIT, NEW JERSEY

The big guy from Jersey came into the Academy the hard way, via the Fleet. Since he's been here he's shown us his capacity for hard work and his ability to take over whatever job comes his way. Dick has been a busy man since he swapped his sailor's blues for those of a midshipman. He spent most of his time in yawl sailing, but found time to play a bit of plebe baseball, way back then, and to turn in a pair of swell performances for the Masqueraders.



John Evan Hart

GOODLAND, INDIANA

The best way to describe Johnny is that "he knows what he knows, when he knows it." This includes not only information about the Fleet from which he came but also such unimportant things as wine, women, and song. Johnny's only difficulties have been with the Executive Department for he does well in academics and is a more or less versatile athlete. When not sailing a yawl, he passes his leisure time dragging or sleeping. His falling hair and tired eyes make evident the fact that his life at the Academy has not been so happy as his cheerful nature might otherwise indicate.

Big John



Johnny

Gauf-Kauf

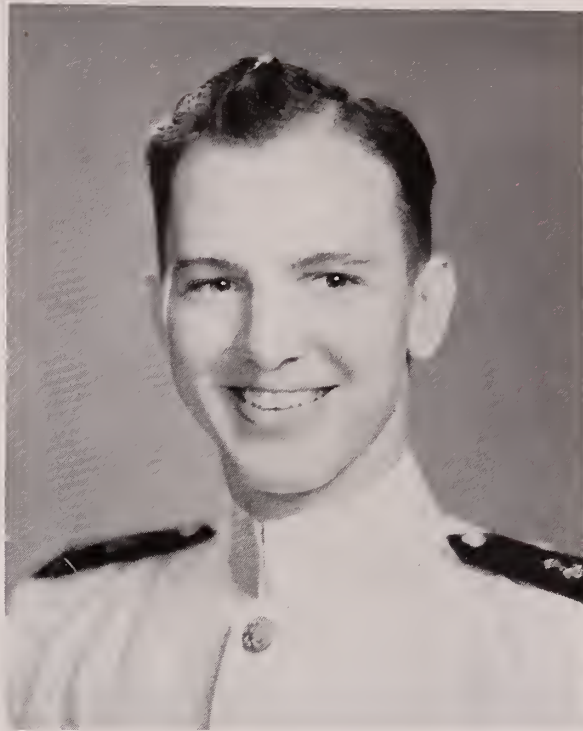


Fran

Francis Xavier Kern, III

ARDMORE, PENNSYLVANIA

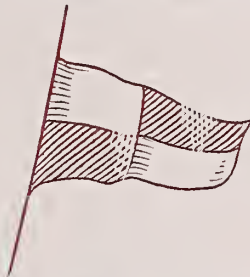
Sports arguments, liberties, and soccer were Fran's specialties. His never failing memory of champs and contests of the past made him a constant winner in verbal battles, and his sense of humor and knowledge of the "hot spots" made him a must on any liberty party. Dick's reckless, rough and tumble style established him as one of the mainstays of the plebe and varsity soccer squads. "X" became famous for his ability to make laughs when the studies were roughest and the D.O.'s toughest, especially when telling versions of his frequent encounters with the Executive Department.



Frank Calvin Johnston, Jr.

BRISTON, VIRGINIA

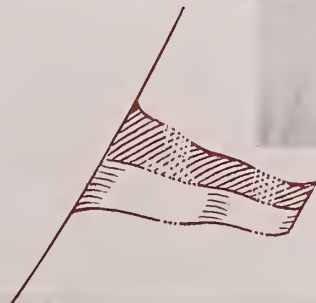
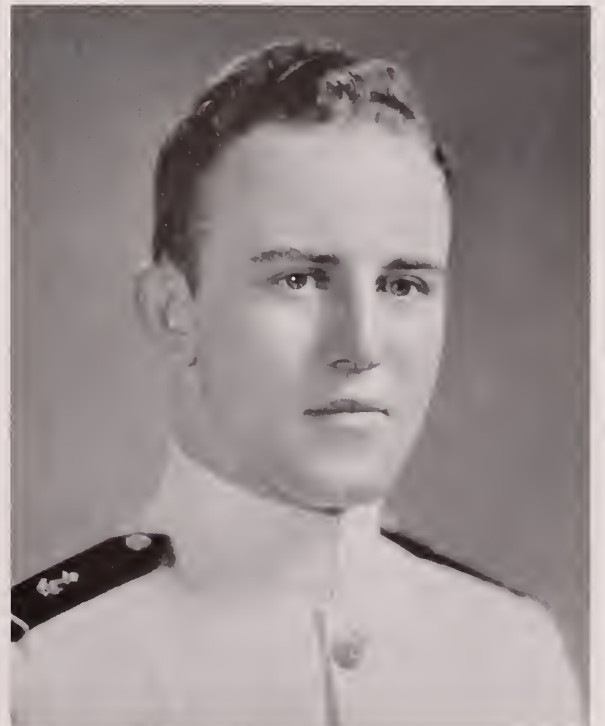
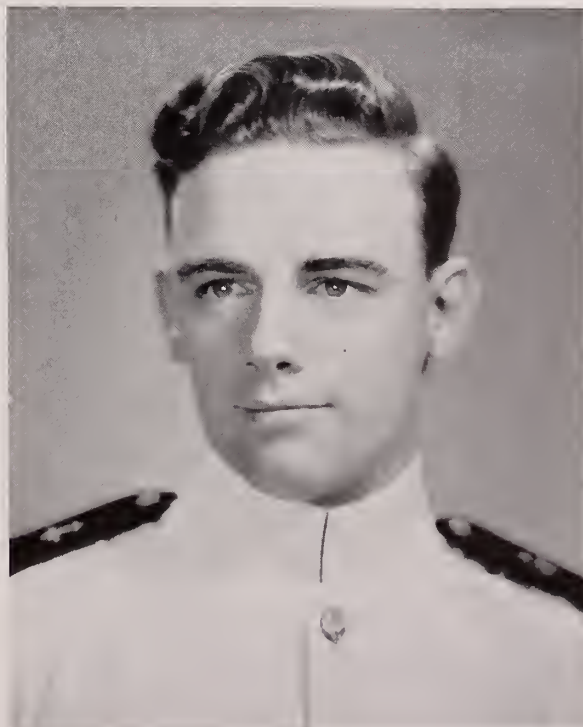
A soft zephyr from down Dixie way brought "Big John" to us after a year's layover at Virginia Polytechnic Institute. Since Frank had tasted military discipline at V.P.I., the "system" did not greatly inconvenience him. Frank devoted his talents to battalion pushball in the winter and to being a strong, silent friend the year around. When not violently exercising, Frank could invariably be found on his bunk engaged in a sack drill. Place these ingredients in a pan, stir gently, and the resulting product is Frank Johnston, a right good guy.



Robert Young Kaufman

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Legend has it that "Gauf-Kauf" entered the Naval Academy carrying a half-ton anvil under one arm and football shoes under the other, bellowing loudly, "Where's the gym?" Immediately Bob commenced to breeze through three years of outdoor sports, boxing, trick knees, bruises, and Navy chow, still managing to stand high in his class. Avoiding demerits easily, Bob had spare time for his daily workout, reading "Hunting and Fishing," and inspecting plebes' lockers for snapshots of the fair sex. No meal was complete without his cry of "Pass the dessert!" and his rendition of the Mills Brothers' "I Don't Want to Set the World on Fire."

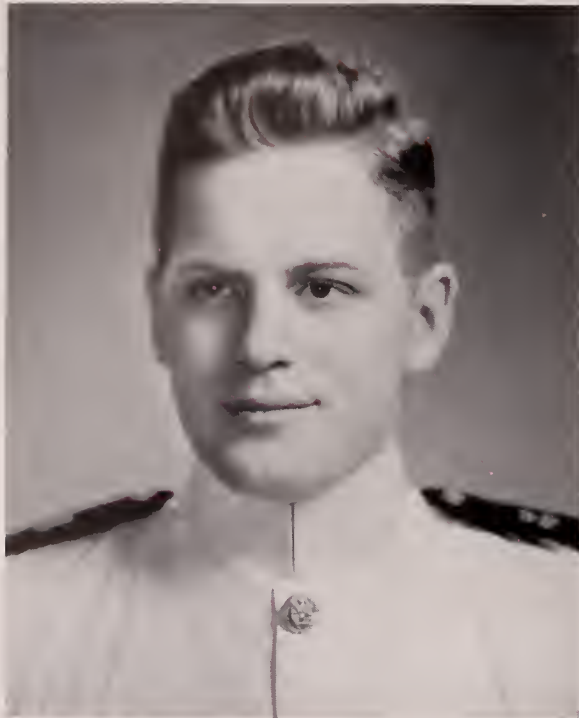




Ernest Joseph Litty, Jr.

BRAINARD, NEBRASKA

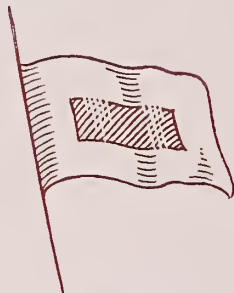
"Lit," or "Skinhead" entered these sacred portals via the Fleet and amazed us all with his picturesque speech. His salty, forceful, similes and Paul Bunyan sea stories have been a constant source of pleasure. To "Lit," academics were something to be tolerated. Athletics and the social graces were more in his line. He captained our basketball team and was an outstanding lacrosse player. "Lit" could scarcely ever be found on the week-ends for he spent this time in good company at his "home away from home." Worries and cares do not exist, the world is "Lit's" oyster.



Robert Looker

GROSSE POINTE, MICHIGAN

With absolutely the most civilian of ambitions in life Bob unexpectedly found himself on active duty in the Navy and soon afterwards the Naval Academy. Leaving plebe year and two "margin victories" over the Bull Department to his credit, Bob entered youngster year contentedly smoking his pipe and playing solitaire. The seasons found this son-of-Grosse Pointe alternately biding his time swimming and pounding the track in Thompson Stadium; that is, if he wasn't reading the latest *New Yorker* or day dreaming about the next leave.

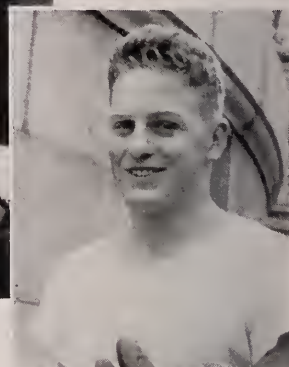


Creighton David Lilly

BLUEFIELD, WEST VIRGINIA

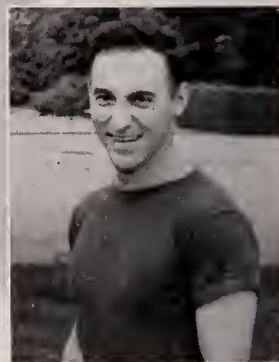
Down from an ordnance plant in the Appalachians came "Crate," golf clubs on his back, and a string of track medals on his chest, for football hadn't been his only successful sporting interest through his high school and junior college life. It didn't take his many friends long to learn that "Lil" had interests other than plebe football and battalion sports. His respect for academics and devotion to Barbara Anne commanded the admiration of all who knew him. Reserved, self-reliant and capable, "Crate" possesses an amiability worthy of being anyone's goal.

Lit



Crate

Bob



Ernie

Ernest Eugene Lowen

CHARLESTON, WEST VIRGINIA

Rarely, if ever, will there be another Ernie. This little man bustling down the corridor overflowing with wit, leaves an unforgettable impression. His gay, lighthearted personality eased many an unpleasant hour. Born and matured in a West Virginia valley, he brought to his new home not only a love of the countryside, but also a strange new delicacy quickly named by his fellow compatriots "Spinach Turnovers." Table tennis and an intensive zeal for knowledge consumed most of Ernie's leisure, but he still found time to contribute his sports writing ability to the *Log*.



William Alonzo Lyster

ST. JOHNSBURY, VERMONT

"Dear laundry, let's get hot on 1860." "Doc" will always be remembered for this typical tidbit of Lyster humor, however, his blind drags rate a close second. Company sports were his dish with baseball his first love, but even a good ball game failed to rival his thirst for classical music. Academics were a tough obstacle for him, but as long as he could sack out with a Stokowski record filling the air with music, textbooks would not worry him. "Doc's" pride in his bearing and dress revealed his love for the service of which he is so much a part.

Mab



Doc

Baldo



Matty

John Julius Matusiewicz

YONKERS, NEW YORK

When the Lend-Lease plan took Matty's tin can away, he packed his seabag and headed toward the Naval Academy. Not one to let his opportunity slip by, he made use of the many Academy facilities. The benefits gained from weightlifting, the poise and bearing acquired in fencing, along with his inherent taciturn nature marked him as one of the strong silent type. Although persistent in his studies and very indulgent in privileges, Matty took time out to look after other people's interests. When academics became difficult or tedious tasks arose, Matty's sarcastic humor came to the foreground underlined throughout by an apt "Things are tough all around."



Robert Curtis Mabbitt

WICHITA, KANSAS

"Hey 'Mab,' 'how do you work this prob?'" was the familiar cry as people came to his room. A true Midwesterner, he had time for lighter things in addition to academics, such as decorating Smoke Park one May Day. Although "Mab" seldom dragged, he was not a "Red Mike": he was true to Margaret Ann back home. Every season found him out for a different sport. He claimed that anyone who had darker hair than his was not a blonde which left very few in this world. Listening to swing records and starting a good argument are "Bob's" realization of Utopia.

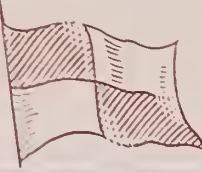


David Mackey

MONTROSE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Who was that creature you were with at the hop last night, 'Baldo'?" "That was no creature; that was my drag!" Dave acquired enough bricks in his three years to build a new wing to Bancroft Hall. Had he been able to pass on the same line to the powers that be that he handed to his drags, Dave would have topped his class. To him academics were only a necessary evil while classical music, boxing, and the Readers Digest claimed most of his time. Ever a thrill seeker, Dave should find his share in the Air Corps.





Nelson Joseph McDermott, Jr.

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

A staunch New Englander, "Mac" came into the realm of the Executive and Academic Departments without a worry in the world. Carefree and easy going, "Mac" much preferred magazines, dragging or almost any other conceivable activity to the academics, which he considered a great bore. Life was good to Mac and he lived it with a vengeance in his own independent fashion. After regaining his composure from losing his hair plebe summer, "Mac" played football. When his numerous social obligations permitted, he engaged in company sports. "Mac" takes from life whatever he chooses and nothing is beyond his reach.

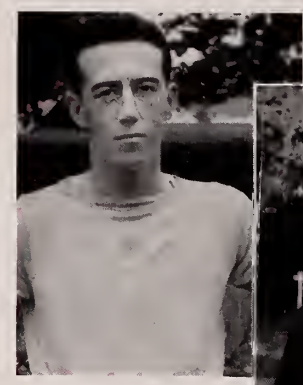


Robert Mitchell McConnell

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

"Bon Temps Mac" came to the Academy via the Army. The fact that his motto is, "Better late than never," can be verified by the many late formation "fraps" which Mac received during plebe and youngster years. When the poker club wasn't in session, Mac could usually be found in the fencing loft. The hospital, according to Mac, is a wonderful place to rest and meet nurses during academic year. Mac is a true Mid-Westerner, claiming that Milwaukee has the best beer and the prettiest girls in the country. Navy wings are his ambition.

Mac

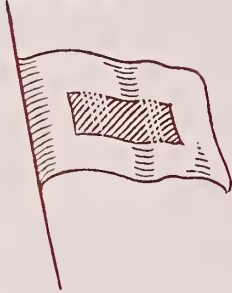


Mac

Robert Laverne Metzger

WILLIAMSPORT, PENNSYLVANIA

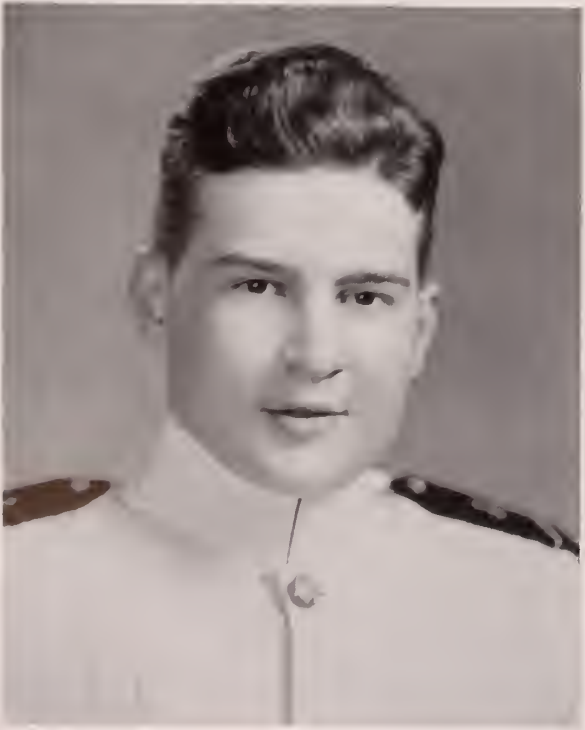
An all around athlete, Bob played basketball and starred in baseball as a pitcher with a good right arm and a hitter of no mean calibre. Bob went in for sports in a big way and during the off days of summer, one could find him with rod and reel angling in the Severn. To consume the rest of his time he most willingly entered in the pleasant "rat-race" of dragging. Though non-committal on affairs d'amour, an occasional orchid to a certain pretty Miss showed where his interest lay. A genial, robust fellow with a keen sense of humor, his quips were gems. He was a lover of the finer things in life, and had a knack of making friends, both of which will assure him a full and pleasant life.



Bob



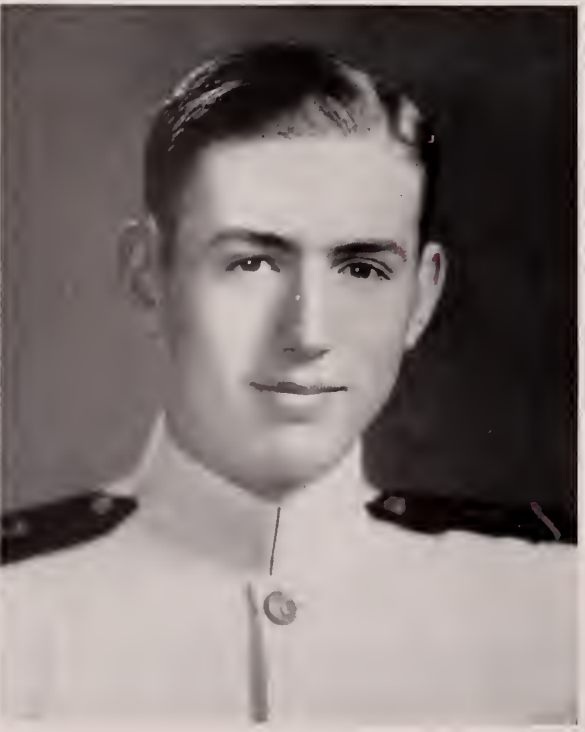
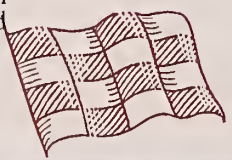
Bruce



Russell Bruce Miller

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

A tall young man, a mop of blond hair, a definite "youngster slouch," a handful of letters at the end of study hour, and an ever-present camera—each of these things were a definite part of Bruce. There was also a certain nonchalant attitude toward academics, and a slight bewilderment regarding women. Bruce was a cross-country runner, a good one too, but somehow his bunk always seemed more welcome to him than anything else; but perhaps young men need lots of sleep! There is a certain genuineness too, a willingness to be helpful, and a friendliness that always made him both happy and welcome wherever he went.



William Conrad Nicklas, Jr.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Bill brought along two significant characteristics when he trekked from Baltimore to Annapolis. The first was his natural and unassuming attitude which so belied his natural flair for things nautical. The second was an amazing propensity for sleep. A terror on the soccer field, Bill buoyed up the Navy line for three years and was an outstanding factor in the impressive record that Tommy Taylor's boys hung up during this period. Equally at home on the athletic field, in the classroom, or on a date, Bill might be best described by one word, "versatile."

Nuge



Nick

Acey

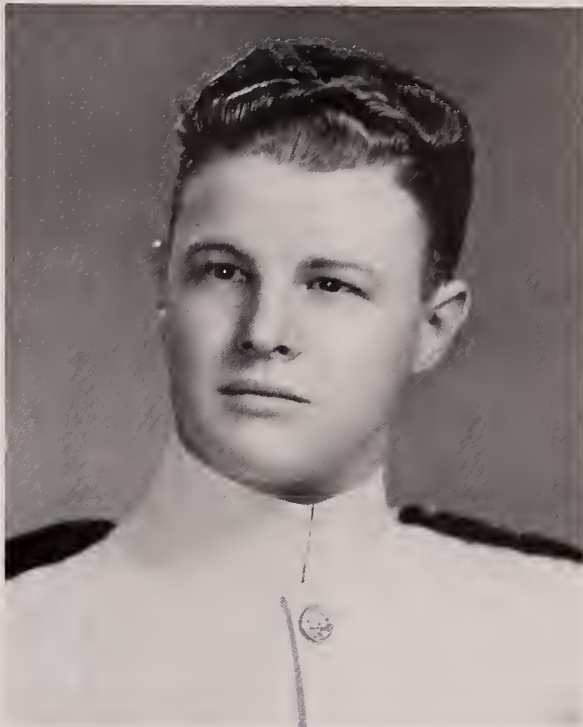


Bob

Robert Noel Poulsen

NEWMAN GROVE, NEBRASKA

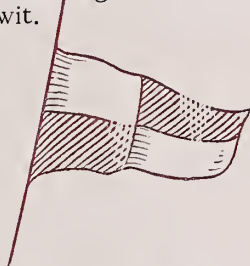
After two years in engineering college at the University of Nebraska, Bob left the Cornhusker State to see what water looked like. Bob objected strongly to the nickname, "Swede," proclaiming himself to be Danish and Norwegian, but not Swedish. His classmates finally chose the course of least resistance and he is known as "Bob" or "Pouls." Bob took an active part in company boxing and yawl sailing to obtain relaxation from careful attention to his academics.



Corliss Robinson Nugent

GLENCOE, ILLINOIS

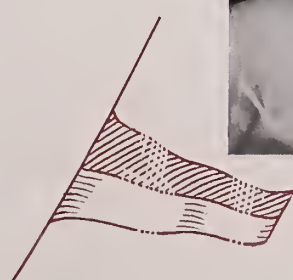
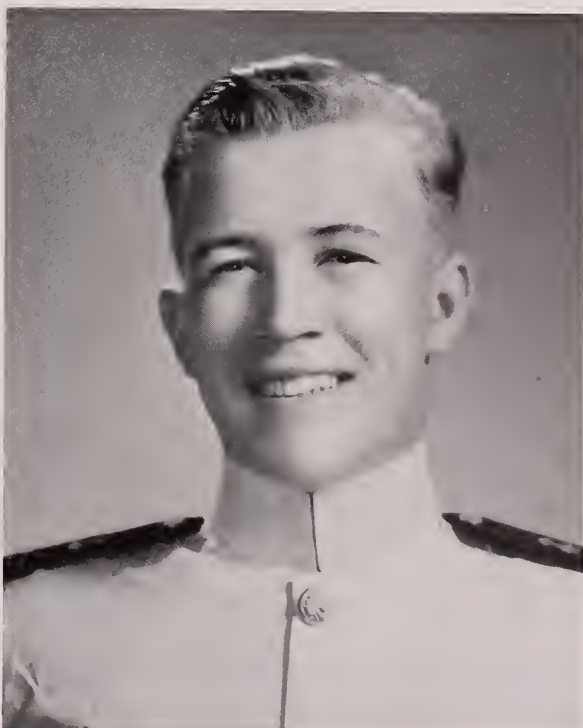
During the summer of '40, Nuge left cerulean Lake Michigan and a trim starboat for the more restricted area of "Severn's shores." Due to inability to savvy Math and susceptibility to Maryland weather—terminating with a pneumonia attack during first youngster fall—the Academic Board lengthened Nuge's curriculum. Undaunted by slipstick stratagem, Nuge exercised his extra-curricular activities to great advantage—the captaincy of a varsity starboat and an unequalled dragging record are two of many achievements. Friday evenings were not complete without the usual session at "Chez Nuge" where all hands profited from his excellent sense of humor and sparkling wit.



Alfred Council O'Neal

ANDALUSIA, ALABAMA

Coming from the deep South with a pleasant, cheerful personality and a good background at Marion Institute, "Acey" speedily adapted himself to the system. It can be said that he didn't have a care in the world, for in the evenings a magazine or a model airplane was of more interest to him than a text book, while on any morning, he could be seen pondering over the daily newspaper. He always found time to write a letter to that attractive Rebel girl whose picture adorned his desk. An amiable companion, always able to see another's point of view, "Acey" will never lack friends.





George Hugh Sawyer

PAWNEE CITY, NEBRASKA

Hugh is quiet and observing—after '44's Farewell Ball he was asleep under his bed, delaying taps inspection several hours. His well-filled school days include three years at Nebraska University. The Phi Kappa Psi escapades are probably the reason for his "Red-Mike Policy." No one understands why he gets two and sometimes three letters to every one he writes. His great inherited money-managing talent has certainly been put to test in our Log Circulation Department. Although once an Army man, Hugh is now a Navy man whose decisions and opinions are worthy of regard.



William Hugh Robinson, Jr.

OVERTON, TEXAS

Robbie came to the Academy direct from Overton High, Overton, "God's country," Texas. A living proof that savours are born not made, he managed to star with absolutely no visible effort. A great portion of his study hours were expended showing the not so savvy boys the secrets of working probs. A large part of his spare time was spent writing letters to any number of the Texas "queens" whose pictures adorned his locker doors. As one of the youngest members of our class, Robbie will have to wait a year after graduation before he is old enough to vote.

Hugh

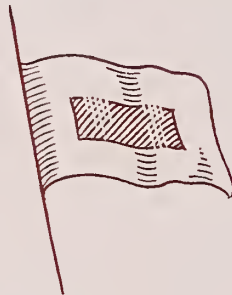


Robbie

Jackson Edwin Scott

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

From out of the fogs and glories of San Francisco this "Army Brat" came to join us at Annapolis. Although he never had any close scraps with the Academic Department, "Scotty" sometime claimed that the mere fact of his remaining at the Academy without bilging puzzled him now and then—perhaps it was Dago. Athletically his greatest interests were tennis, swimming, and soccer—but he never took them too seriously. A firm believer and a devoted follower of the fine art of dragging, he was found at all the hops. Above all Jack has a swell sense of humor, and our good times together will not soon be forgotten.



Jack



Scottie



Thomas Fraer Scott, Jr.

CLINTON, MISSISSIPPI

Scottie had a quiet, easy-going friendliness that made it easy for him to settle down to Academy routine with its endless string of bull sessions and tall tales. His outlook was outwardly an "Oh, it'll work out okay," but his associates soon found that he gave plenty of serious thought and planning to his ideas and actions. The evenings usually found him sitting back with a pipe in his mouth shooting the breeze or writing to Jean. By his Confederate flag and by these words which are so characteristic of this lazy Rebel, we shall remember him, "If we'ah gonna walk together, somebody's got to slow down."



James Thompson Smith

MIDDLETOWN, DELAWARE

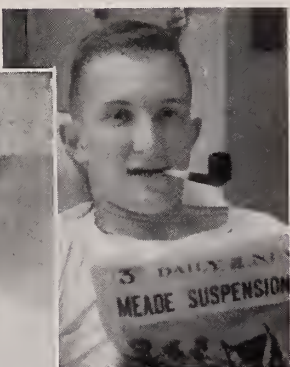
A year at Cornell and strenuous civilian life was too much for Jim, so he packed up all his knowledge, aimable personality, and athletic ability and headed for the Severn. Here he proved his might in academics, varsity tennis, and last but far from least, women. A man with many loves, we hope someday he'll settle down to just one O.A.O. Carefree but quiet, his relentless perseverance and determination carried him through both storm and calm. Jim's good humor and judgment commanded the respect from all who knew him.

Steve



Jim

Waldo

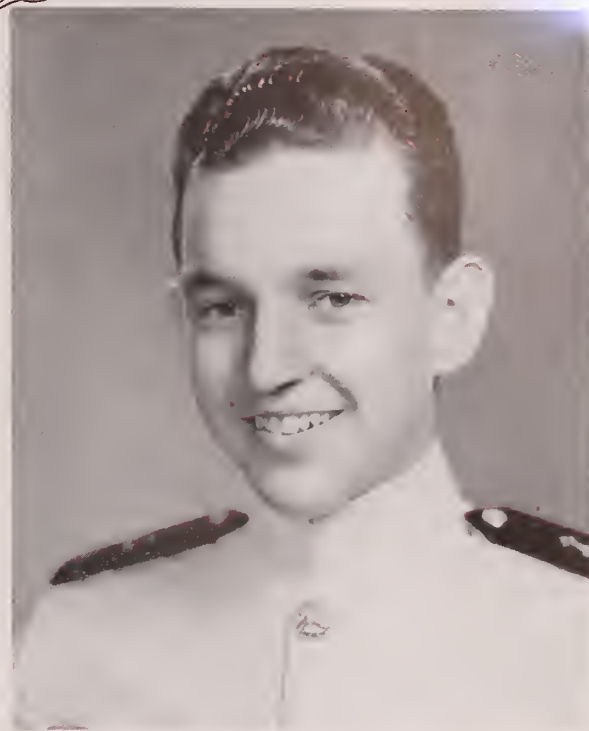


Jig-Jig

Jay "J" Thomas, Jr.

OWINGSVILLE, KENTUCKY

From the traditionally famous country of blue grass, bourbon whiskies, high-stepping thoroughbreds, and higher stepping colonels, came Jay J. Easy-going, fun-loving, amiable, he manages to win the affection and friendship of everyone he meets. There are but few of his classmates who will not remember his inventive genius in hoodwinking the Executive Department, and in furnishing laughs to his ever-present ring of spectators. Who can forget the football stand episode? After many skirmishes with the Academic Departments, Jay's natural ability and aggressiveness have pulled him safely through.



Fred Allan Stevenson

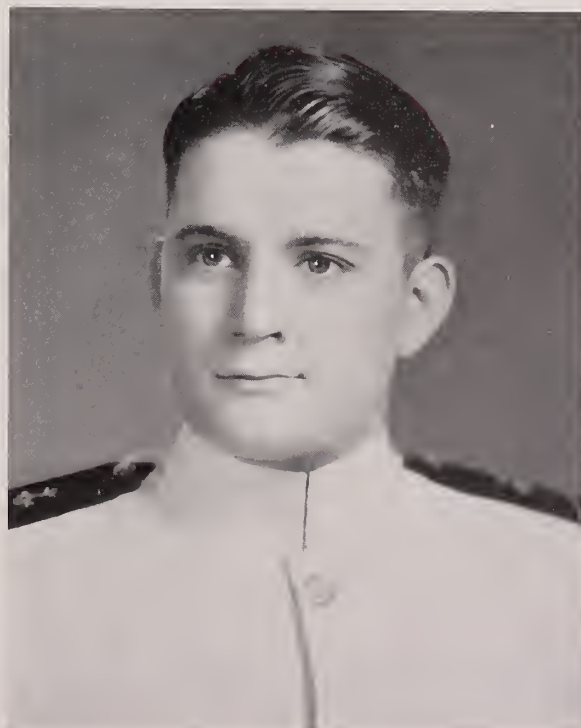
NEW YORK, NEW YORK

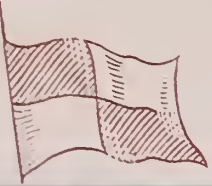
Born and bred on the sidewalks of New York, "Fasto" fascinated the fair sex and entertained us with his Bronx humor and spontaneous wit. "Fred Allan" with pipe, blanket, and the daily communique from "La Petite," was always willing to "spot 'em today." Sailing, the commando course, and being varsity coxswain for two years made Steve a hard man to find after class. His broad career in the Fleet made "Hashmark" a veritable encyclopedia for plebes and an after-taps conversationalist par excellence. His greatest achievement is his design for living—that satisfied feeling of having the situation well under control and still be enjoying life to the fullest.

Walter Daniel Strang

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Walt may best be classified under the heading, "The Most Unforgettable Character We Have Ever Met." When you wanted to find him, your best bet was to look for the nearest crowd, and there in the midst of them would be "Waldo," entertaining the fellows with his unmatched sense of humor and Brooklyn wit. There was never a dull minute when Walt was around, and his natural ability to make friends was envied by all. There was, however, a more serious Walt. His great yearn for reading always stood him in good stead, and his outstanding sailing ability proved to be a great asset to Navy's sailing team for three consecutive years.





William Middleton Webb

COLUMBIA, SOUTH CAROLINA

On first glimpsing the "Colonel," we began to wonder what this fugitive from an old Southern plantation was doing masquerading in a Naval uniform. But Wax fooled everyone. In spite of his passion for briar pipes, mint juleps, sleep, and leisurely life, he has conquered the system the legal way, making numerous friends with his easy-going manner. Concentration being his strong point, he indulged frequently in bridge, *Esquire*, and amorous novels. Anything with a quiet accent was always to Waxie's liking and fitted in naturally with his Southern temperament.



Edmund Jeremiah Treacy, Jr.

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Oh, oh, lock the barn doors, pull in your sidewalks, friends, here comes Ed." This was the signal for merriment because whenever the "Barrel" was around, anything was liable to happen—and usually did. Letter-writing, liberty, and pranks received most of his attention. He always knew the right people and the right places needed to insure a riotous time on liberty. Non-reg was his middle name, but when the final score is tallied, Ed will be found still quite a few strides ahead of the Executive Department.

Waxie

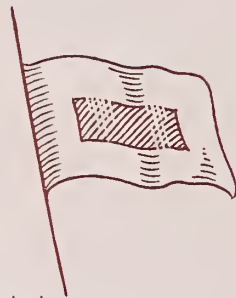


Ed

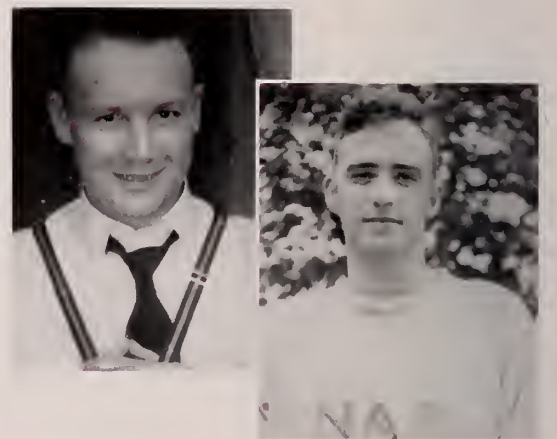
George Lester Wigglesworth, Jr.

NAUGATUCK, CONNECTICUT

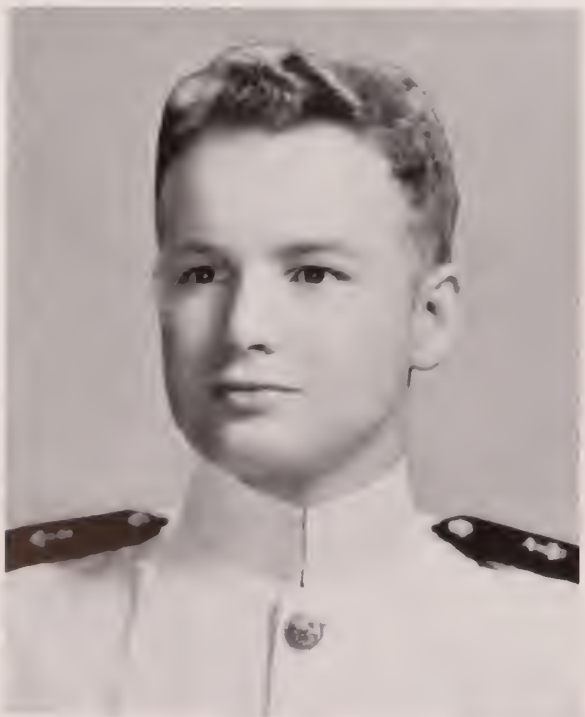
Easy going and easy to get along with, that's Wigg. The only times his ire was aroused was on occasions when he swore "The book's wrong!" The "Dago Kid" did have his anxious moments though; he never chimed in on "Dago is fruit!" He had his exam week worries along with the rest of us, but always managed to quench the tension with a drag and a week-end. He was probably the luckiest man in the Regiment when it came to blind drags. How he always showed up with a "Queen" every time will always be a mystery. He seems to have a knack of getting things done and just the way he wants it.



Wigg



Will



Robert Williamson, II

GROSSE ILE, MICHIGAN

A zest for life and its complexities, a love of sailing, and faithfulness to the girl back home are what his classmates noted most in "Willie." A true son of the Midwest, Will came to the Navy from Detroit by the way of the University of Michigan. He is an excellent swimmer and easily won his plebe track numerals. One characteristic particularly marked Will—no matter what he was doing, sack drill or studying, he put all he had into it. His greatest vice was a collection of Spike Jones records which was the horror of his classmates. Put these attributes together and you have R. Williamson, who accepted the "system" but was never broken by it.

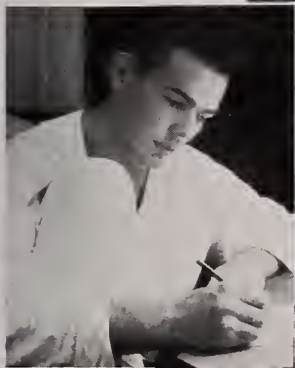


Henry Randolph Wilson

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

When Henry entered the Naval Academy his big grin and acute sense of humor were immediately evident. It wasn't until early youngster year that he came into his own. Hank had a passion for dragging blind. For the two years we helped him through many grueling week-ends, bucking him up when necessary with reassurances of personality and soul. Henry was equally changeable in his sports life. He started out running cross-country, had a year's sojourn swimming back stroke on half a dozen different teams, and ended up with a lacrosse stick in his hands. All the luck in the world, Henry.

Dick



Henry



Ed



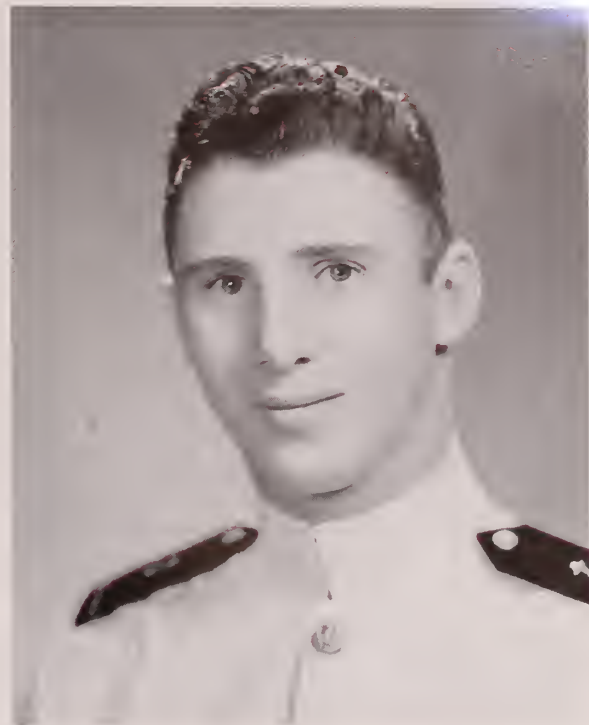
Jack



Robert Jack Adams

CINCINNATI, OHIO

Jack is one of the Green Mountain Boys that came to the Naval Academy via Dartmouth College, and his friends have been frequently subjected to his tales of the glamorous Winter Carnival and the "Big Green Team" from New Hampshire. Academics were a breeze for Jack, so he had plenty of extra time for athletics. Football and lacrosse have been his major interests and a combination of natural ability and coordination have gained him success in both sports. Jack is remembered as being an anxious organizer, ready to whip up a little party with the boys anywhere, anytime.



Richard Harman Wilson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Got a cigarette, Dick?" was the usual greeting for this man universally known for his friendliness and generosity. His greatest hobby was knowing more people and more fresh news than anyone else, and we remember his welcoming each new man who entered our battalion plebe summer. Having a Navy background, he has lived in many East Coast ports. His education has been a typical, though varied one, and he is classified as a "Bullis boy." Powerfully built for his weight, he has the experience and speed which make him one of our top wrestlers: and his coach foresees an inter-collegiate crown for him.

Edward Frederick Wolf

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Ten years amidst the hub-bub and confusion of Washington, D.C., failed to obliterate Ed's New England accent or succeed in solving his female problem, for he had more trouble with the gals than with academics. Ed's energetic, excitable character fitted in admirably with academic routine; consequently, neither the Academic nor Executive Departments disturbed him. Military life enhanced rather than quelled his taste for pipes and Daiquiri's. He was a ready participant in those well-known bull sessions, but he never let them interfere with the work on hand. A fine sense of values and a keen interest in people will ever be his aid to success.





Kenneth Eugene Anderson

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Andy and Baltimore are incongruous. With his tall lanky frame, blond hair, and unquenchable humor, he should have hailed from the happy hunting grounds of the Scandinavians. His easy-going ways and perpetually cheerful outlook have proved an effective remedy for Sunday night blues. Andy spent his fall afternoons swimming, his winter afternoons bowling, and his spring afternoons on the softball field. His pet hobby—doing things the restful way—always found him ready for the week-ends and the drags. His ability to keep everyone smiling will give him as many friends in the Fleet as he had at the Academy.

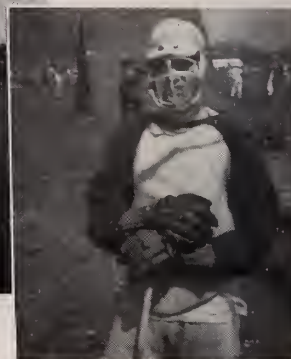


John Johnson Albright, Jr.

AT LARGE

"Killer" Albright was blessed by nature with the coordination and agility of a born athlete. Whether valiantly defending the goal in the dust of the lacrosse field or booting a long one from his halfback position on the soccer team, he was a natural. Aside from athletics, Jack found pleasure in good companionship, beautiful girls, and real swing. He treated academics lightly, and got by with very little effort. A quick wit and attractive twinkle in his blue eyes were seldom shadowed by ponderous thought. It'll be a pleasure to remember "Killer" as one swell guy.

Andy



Killer

Joseph John Armao, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Hailing from St. Joseph's College, Philadelphia, Joe readily adapted himself to life at the Academy. During plebe summer he engaged in the boxing competition as a heavyweight. Fond of athletics he spent lots of time playing football and basketball. Joe's sterner quality is displayed in his unswerving application to academics, and although many "blacked out" week-ends resulted, the regular arrival of sweet scented blue enveloped letters had their compensations. We enjoyed first-class summer with Joe as our Five-Striper. Serious, understanding and likeable, Joe will be a welcomed addition to any fighting ship in the Fleet.



Samuel Collier Ashton

HOHENWALD, TENNESSEE

Sam came to the Academy from Tennessee via Detroit, with a wide variety of experience which made academics fairly easy. Never a slasher, "Frenchy" liked more than anything to spend study hours reading books and assuming horizontal positions on his sack. Always ready for a good argument, he excelled in verbal bouts with the Steam Department, and was usually right, too. Sam will make a valuable addition to the Fleet; he has the ability, the personality, and the friendliness that makes for a good Naval officer.

Joe



Frenchy



Halmer Loren Baker

EAU CLAIRE, WISCONSIN

"Ham" was ever an excellent conversationalist. This, together with his effervescent personality and good looks won him an enviable circle of friends. When it was a question of the merit of Wisconsin or the worthlessness of Maryland, his talkativeness became eloquence. Next to sleep he liked winter sports, impossible in Maryland's little snow. Hardly an afternoon passed, though, that he couldn't be found on one of the yawls. "Ham" is one of the few men who can adapt themselves to any situation. Come what may, he will make the best of it.

Joe



Ham

Frank

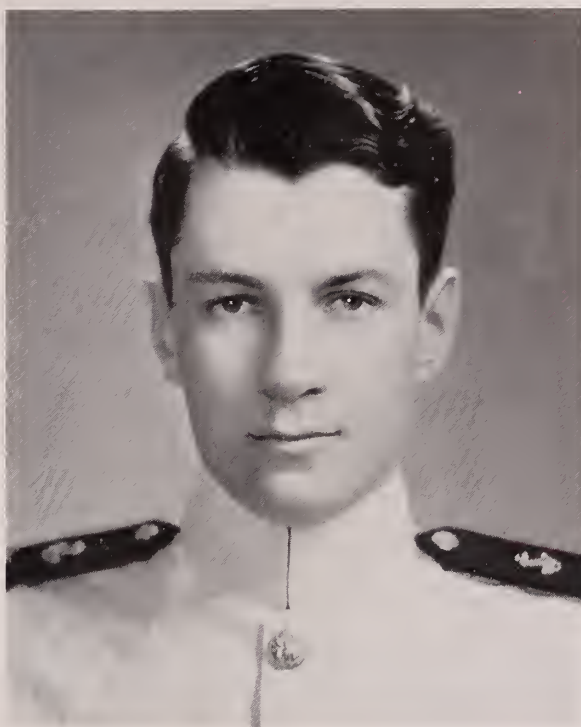


Bob

John Robert Baylis

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

If you needed a man to encourage the band, or to harass a Steam prof from the rear, you need search no farther. The hidden mechanisms of an excess pressure valve were no mystery to him; he got this stuff. In fact, we have found very little that could baffle this dynamic red head. The sciences are not all he excelled in, and the plebes will remember him for his questions on sailing, his favorite sport. Others will remember him for his generosity and friendliness, which is exceeded only by his affinity for C.I.S. chits. We may be sure that wherever Bob goes, success will be his just reward.



Joseph Casmer Bakos, Jr.

WHITING, INDIANA

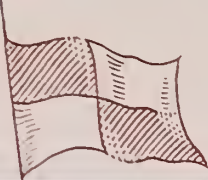
The bull sessions are never in full swing until "Stogie Joe" lights up his "El Ropo" and convinces us that "it ain't never been like this in the Klondike." Then we listen with envy to stories of the U.S.S. Augusta and the Atlantic Fleet. Whether his home is Whiting or Cal' City is still problematical, but wherever it is, the beer there is superb. Joe's French pronunciation can be rated with the best, and we will all be listening for that Frenchy "certainment" to cheer up some lonely night in a far corner of the world.

Franklin Marion Barrell, Jr.

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Frank is an "Army Brat," and is he proud of it! Claiming Utah and California as home, he attended high schools and prep school in Massachusetts and New York. Frank had no serious trouble with academics because he was a constant "plugger." He liked soccer and fencing, and had an exceptional stamp collection. Also, he had many cute drags to his credit, and was always ready to arrange a blind date. His courtesy and friendliness will surely open any fields he seeks to conquer.





Stuart Edward Beyer

LOWVILLE, NEW YORK

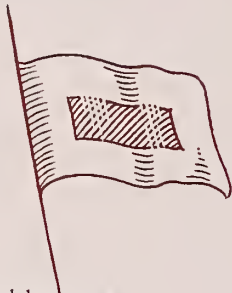
The familiar cry of "Stu has chow" would ring out in the corridors as the mate staggered by under a huge parcel. Very little time would elapse before "Stu's" classmates would assemble to participate in Bancroft's favorite pastime of chowing down. Coming from the great north country of New York, where the snow falls deep, Stuart felt lost without his skis. Maryland never did become cold enough for him to participate in his favorite sports, so he developed an active interest in company sports, classical music, and Academy hops.



Daniel Johnson Brimm, III

BISHOPVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Up from Clemson came Dan, ready to match wits with the system. No problem was too hard, no task too arduous for him. All around ability with emphasis on athletics describes Dan perfectly. His wrestling was "par excellence," and football and lacrosse filled out a rugged repertoire. His dark hair, laughing eyes, and suave actions were seldom wasted in the stag line at hops, for "Dangerous Dan I" had a dancing style all his own. His other interests were diverse, ranging from hawking and piloting to tap dancing and Artie Shaw music. We best remember Dan for his earnest will to succeed.



Michael John Belensky, Jr.

FACTORYVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Factoryville's pride and joy entered the Academy from the Fleet with an ingrained knowledge and admiration of the Navy. Women in general held last place in his interests, but here was one "Red Mike" who lost his title with the coming of first class year. Every man has his weakness, and Mike's was his bunk, but whenever the chips were down "Boley" came through on top, crooning happily. Mike's interesting sea stories, his cheerfulness, and his all-around athletic ability won him a top rating at the Academy, and we can be sure he will carry it with him in the Fleet.

Stu



Mike

Dan



Buck

Mariano John Bucolo

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND

The Navy obtained an excellent officer at the expense of Bristol, Rhode Island, when Buck decided to embark upon a Naval career. His progress through the Academy was one of very good repute. Tall, dark, and well-built, he entered enthusiastically into many sports, primarily crew. Having received his foundation at Randle's Prep School, Buck was ever a capable student, particularly in Dago. He was one of the few men in the class to be admired and liked by not only his own classmates but also by those above and below him.



Marco Mario Campanile

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

From the land of the lakes via the University of Wisconsin came Mark "The Brain" to the Academy. He might have been number one man had it not been for frequent bunk drills and bull sessions about the hunting days of yesteryear. We are much indebted to him for his ever-willing aid. Always ready to help a classmate, he gained many friends and was respected by all. Life will never get the best of Mark, and neither will women—so he said. After this hitch, he plans to raise a mustache and five stalwart daughters.

Bob



Mark

Hank

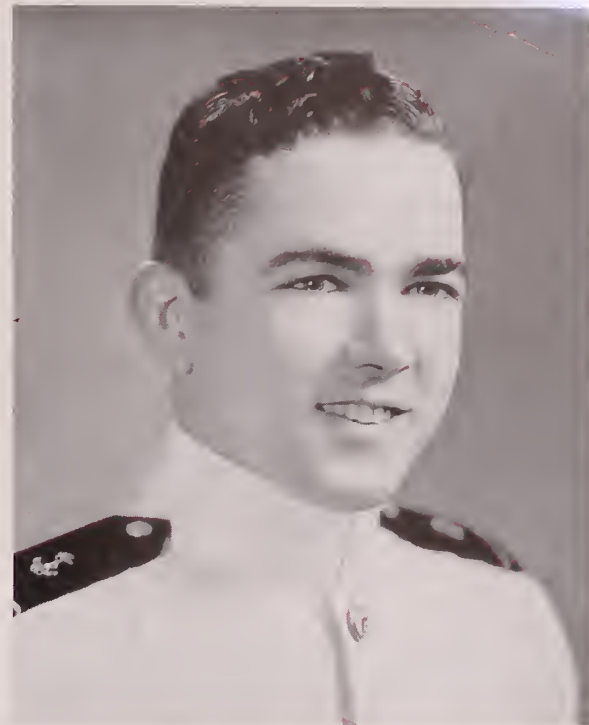


Gray

Graham Stephen Clark

SCARSDALE, NEW YORK

"Holy Petrowsky" exclaimed this son of Scarsdale when he first saw Navy's vast gym, and from that moment all else was destined to a second place in his heart. The despair of his sparring-mates, Gray's inexhaustible source of energy and courage to "put out" when the going got toughest brought him to the top in the wrestling loft and boxing ring. Considerate and easy-going, his constant grin and love of good chow made him universally popular. The wings of gold lie ahead, and he'll be just as tough to handle up there as he was in his beloved gym.



Robert Mackay Casson

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

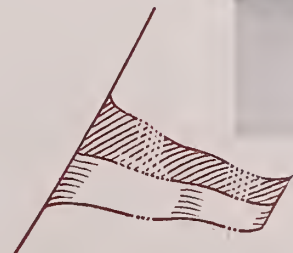
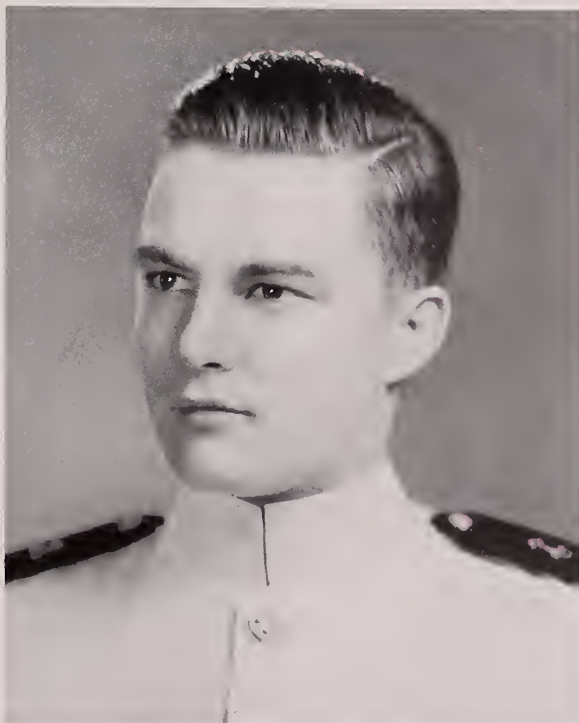
Most midshipmen called Bancroft Hall their home, but not Bob—he preferred a spirited yawl. When this "sand-blower" received his yawl command late plebe year, his Academy life began. On week-ends, it was good-bye, Academy, and a slender hull, two masts and 1,200 square feet of canvas became his domain. One cannot say sailing was his first love, for his daily letters were the envy of the company. Aside from his knowledge of law, Bob brought from Cornell University considerable fencing skill. His classmates will always remember his cheerfulness and willingness to attempt anything once.



Henry Anthony Cesari

ELMIRA, NEW YORK

After two years at Syracuse University, Hank decided to find out what the Academy had to offer. Valiantly he upheld the beauties of New York State and the campus he formerly called his home. Academics were a snap, so he found plenty of time for football, lacrosse, bowling, and sleeping. Able and willing to support any side of any discussion, plebe year found him perpetually wearing a sign proclaiming his ability as "sea lawyer extraordinary." Always easy-going, friendly, and with a cheery greeting for all, he smoothed out even the most insolvable mixups, for Hank refuses to worry about anything.





Robert Charles Cline

POLGHKEEPSIE, NEW YORK

Bcb came to Bancroft with a friendly smile and the will to learn. He might have starred if the curriculum hadn't included science, Math, Dago, Ordnance, and Navigation. Never a savoir, but always trying, Bcb is a man who can be counted on to get things done. Without him, our years here couldn't have been what they were. To some of us he will always be "Whiskers"; to others "that Yankee offspring of Sherman"; but to all of us, a 40 shipmate and a man it is a pleasure to know.



Edgar James Clayton

PAINTSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Carrying dust from each of four Eastern Mid-west states, Ed came to Maryland officially from Kentucky. The Navy will need to offer some strong interests to chase horses and blue grass from his mind. He learned to snooze at Morehead College and never let Navy's academics interfere with his slumber. His skill in baseball and basketball won him sets of numerals for his B-robe. Women? You couldn't call him a "Red Mike," just not interested. Aftable and good natured, he made many friends here and will surely find many more attracted to him in the future.

Bob

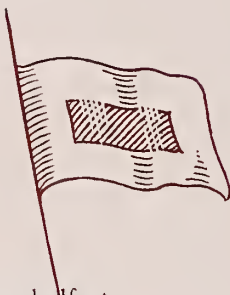


Ed

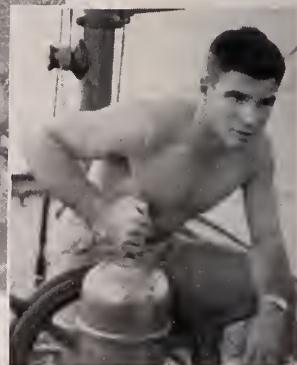
John Joseph Collins

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

"Jig-Jig" descended on the Naval Academy after spending a year and a half at Syracuse University. In between his daily extolling of the virtues of the Empire State and academic pursuits, he found time to be an active track man and also devote his talents to the LUCKY BAG, Log, and Trident. Week-ends always meant dragging, and he has never been known to miss a hop or an entertainment. Jack was always ready for anything from an academic discussion to an impossible job, and he will long be remembered for his motto of "take it easy" when the going became rough.



Jig-Jig



Jim



James William Currie

ANNISTON, ALABAMA

Here is living proof that big noises do not necessarily come in large packages, because Jim "sho" is a shawt knockuh." We'll remember his singing while cleaning the room, shouting in the mess hall, and drawing in his sleep. His biggest achievement youngster year was a full development of the art of eating meals under the table. He had nick-names a-plenty, from "Dixie" and "Rughead" to various unmentionables. Three years of engineering school and an inborn ability gave Jim plenty of time to lend a hand to the buckets and at the same time act as company representative. He'll always get a kick out of living. Yes, suh!



John Carr Dwyer

BALDWIN, NEW YORK

"Some got it, some just ain't." "Jasbo" has it. Academics were not slighted, but extra-curricular activities were his love, from hard work on stage productions to swimming, soccer, and plenty of dragging. If a quantity of nicknames is the mark of a good fellow, "Chet" will always be as popular as Santa Claus. A leading exponent of fancy jitter-bugging, "Jazz" conserved his energy by judiciously flaking out during study hours. Some ship will be livened up until such time as Jack is called back to the Old Country to lead the next Irish Rebellion.

Jack



John Winfield Enyart

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

Jack, the Californian with the bristly haircut, will never be forgotten by his classmates, and many are the fields in which he will be remembered. For three years he was indispensable to the *Log*, *Reef Points*, the Glee Club, Mandolin Club, and Art Club. For his first two years the varsity fencing team knew him as a member—for his last as captain. Jack was a likeable Navy Junior with a royal sense of humor and gift for cartooning. For his qualities as a friend we have sincere appreciation. No goodbyes, Jack—au revoir.



Jasbo



Willie



Lynn



Rice Lynn Fowler

CHARLOTTE, MICHIGAN

For pep, fight, and grit, no one could top Lynn. He was certain to follow through any assignment with such drive and cheerfulness as to win a place for himself in the hearts of all his classmates. Lynn's accomplished interests were boxing, track, and dragging, among which he had no preference, being equally proficient in all three. His ambitions include Michigan, submarines, and an O.A.O. The "Little Man's" big smile, loyalty, and charm give him a head start in realizing all three.



William Drummond Forsyth

YOUNGSTOWN, OHIO

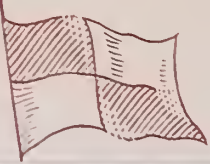
Willie could be classified as the happy, carefree type with occasional moods which plunge him into deep thought. Very conscientious and thorough, he works hard and plays hard. Studies always come first, and it is hopeless to attempt to coax him from unfinished assignments. Plebe and battalion track have absorbed much of Bill's spare time here at the Academy. Girls may be of only minor importance, but he is ever ready to discuss the girl of his dreams. Friml and baritones are Bill's favorites, while modern jive has no place in his record collection. His pleasing personality and resourcefulness will take him to the top.



Edward Daniel Goloway

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

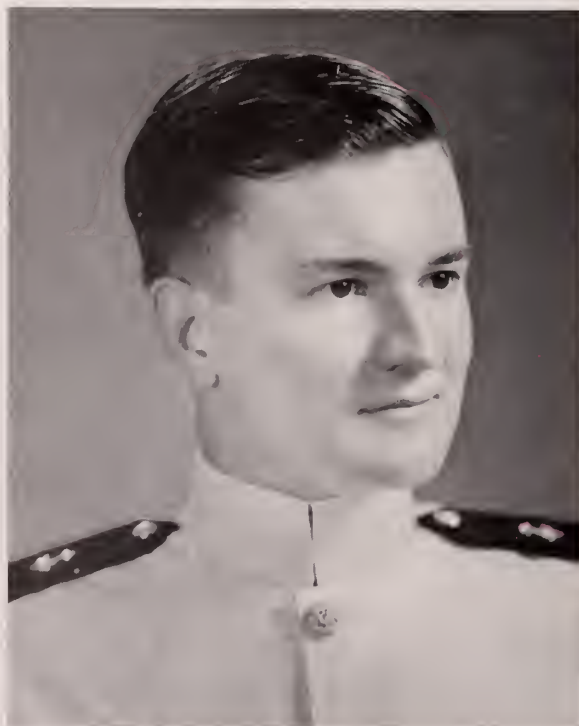
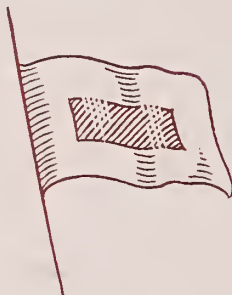
Get the "Mad Russian" to say "bottle" or "battleship" and he'll give away his home in the Bronx every time. Ed came to us after a brief stay at N.Y.U. and a hectic plebe year at the Citadel. "Golly" is always willing to argue for the Army, but deep inside you'll find a heart that's blue and gold. Soccer, Skinny, and O.A.O. trouble kept him busy, but he always found time to translate everyone else's Russian homework. Ed's ability to lead plus his size 13½ shoes and his six-feet-three frame make him stand out above the rank and file of "Joe Gishes."



Peter Paul Quiazdowski

NORWICH, CONNECTICUT

After two years at Worcester Tech, Pete gave up New England's fishing and hunting to find new joys in sailing and crew at the Naval Academy. His ceaseless effort soon brought him to the foreground as an authority on sailing, crew, photography, and women. If the English explanation to a problem did not suffice, Pete could explain equally well in Russian or Polish. A glimpse of a sailing vessel will always bring to mind a picture of Pete standing firmly behind the helm, giving orders in a seamanlike manner, consistently crossing the finish line to win the blue ribbon.



George Henry Gardner, Jr.

NEW BEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Having a trace of stubborn Puritan blood, "Monk" took control of things from the very beginning. With his New Englander's love of the water, the swimming team and the yawls came to know him well. His membership in the Chapel Choir and the Musical Clubs evidenced his fondness for music. As for crossing rivers, "Monk" found it hardly necessary to bone, and consequently kept up a large correspondence. A smooth dancer, with brown eyes and brown hair, George had no trouble keeping his dragging week-ends filled. Ever active, he will be as busy in the Fleet as he was at the Academy.

Golly



Monk

Pete



Doc

John Lovering Hayward

WEST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

"See Jack Hayward; he'll know" was the advice given many a perplexed plebe. Always willing to lend a helping hand, and tireless in his quest for knowledge, Jack became very popular with the underclass as a constant source of professional information. He took his book work seriously and worked conscientiously to better himself as an officer. However, all work and no play never made this Jack a dull boy. He took an active part in company sports, including boxing, sailing, swimming, and volleyball. A sunny disposition, care-free manner, and sense of humor made Doc a friend of all.



George Richard Herbert, Jr.

DIMONDALE, MICHIGAN

After two years of college and newspaper work, George found the academics fruit, and so concentrated on enjoying life here. He divided his hours among "Mom" Myers' cakes, horseback riding, and occasionally dragging. Most of his afternoons were spent on the soccer field—always in there trying. Riding, reading, and boasting of the Sky Ranch, "ranch in name only," were his favorite hobbies; and friends soon learned of his flair for Gay Ninety recordings and a sharp tongue—both so-called proof of Irish ancestry. Wherever he goes, George's amiable disposition will win him many friends.

Cosmo



George

Rex



Cosmo

Richard Francis Hubbard

NORWICH, NEW YORK

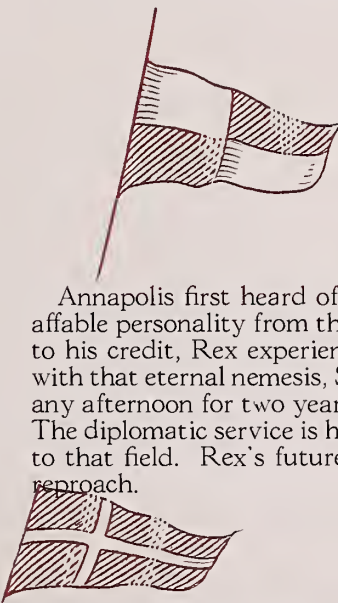
The "Cosmo" was the only man in the Regiment who could wear blue service like a suit of Harris tweeds. He was proficient at everything but academics—a super salesman, a whiz with the women, and a general nuisance at all the hops. Whether it was an appointment with the Superintendent, a house for June Week on two days' notice, or a blind drag, he always managed to get what he wanted. Though his tour of duty at the Academy wasn't affected by the three-year plan, he still didn't learn to use a slipstick. His Ring Dance plans, "bottoms up," and big deals will be remembered on the Long Cruise.



Joseph Tullie Holleman

TURNERS STATION, KENTUCKY

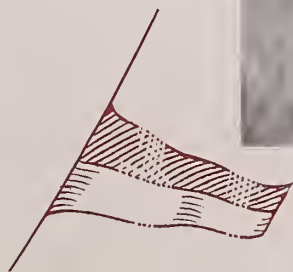
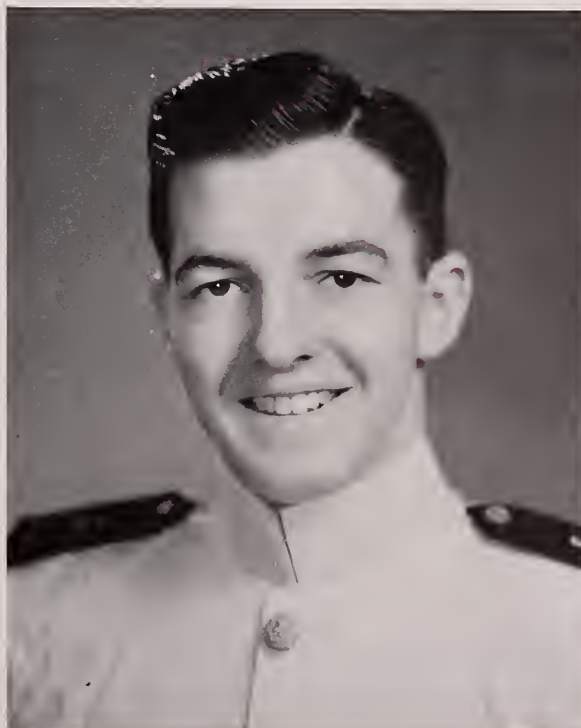
Kentucky's gift to the Excused Squad, "Hobbling" Holleman knew more concerning red tape and its evasion than any other member of the four-year plan. While banking eight balls, wiring signs, or keeping the "Cosmo" sat, his paramount interest was the broom-tails and how they ran. The slogan "If I can't get it, you don't want it" reaped rewards, and brains for brawn scored financially. His Ring Dance lighting—one watt per acre—meant much to us that night. Witty and devil-may-care, he was our Easter symbol. Keep those ears twitching, "Rabbit."



William Rex Howard

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Annapolis first heard of Rex in June of '42, and it will be a long time before this affable personality from the deep South is forgotten. With two years at Georgia Tech to his credit, Rex experienced no difficulty with academics save for a slight struggle with that eternal nemesis, Steam. Crew provided his chief athletic interest, and almost any afternoon for two years he could be seen "coxing" a varsity shell over the Severn. The diplomatic service is his great desire, and certainly there can be no better addition to that field. Rex's future is assured, for his ability and resourcefulness are beyond reproach.

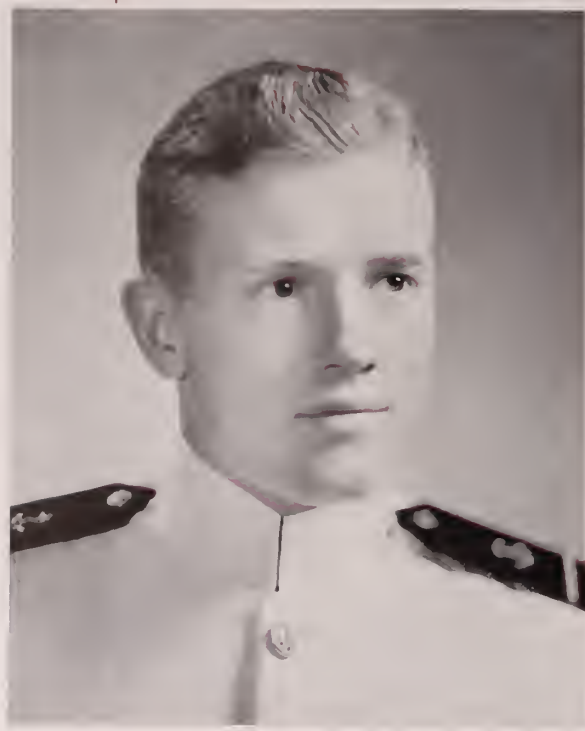




Edward Jamosky

LADYSMITH, WISCONSIN

Ed came to Annapolis from the University of Wisconsin, and has managed to acquit himself very well here. Although active in company sports, he liked best that individual workout in the gym on cold wintry afternoons. Unlike his fellow Wisconsinites, he preferred to listen rather than talk, but was definitely not modest when week-ends and dragging came. Ed is looking forward to service in the Fleet and perhaps work in the diplomatic corps. Whatever he does, he will be doing his level best.



DeWitt Talmage Hunter, Jr.

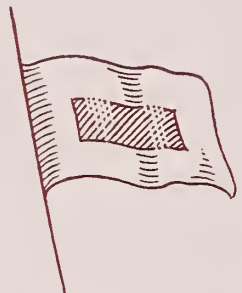
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Dee" was blue and gold through and through. The son of a Naval officer, he lived in many foreign countries and early developed a love for the Navy which was intensified at military school. At the Academy he did creditable work and won a prominent position in the Regiment. "Desel" won an "N" on both the A.A.U. champion cross country team and the record-breaking IC4A track squad. On week-ends he was seldom seen stagg-ing. An enthusiastic airman, he spent most of his summers taking flight training.

Ed



Dee



Thomas Perry Johnson

SHEFFIELD, ALABAMA

Since Tom left Alabama and a liberal arts course for Annapolis and an engineering struggle, he has been one step behind—and joking about it! The tauter the strain, the surer he was to deliver a "bon mot." Active in company sports, but preferring relaxation, he read extensively and enjoyed the reputation of a "litterateur par excellence." Though the Steam tree was quite familiar to him, he never dropped his cheerful mien. Tom excels in common sense and diplomacy, and would like foreign service. His proven abilities and engaging personality assure his success wherever he goes.

Tom



Jud



Holland Ball Judkins, Jr.

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

"Jud" entered the Academy enthusiastically anticipating a career in submarines, and three years here have served only to strengthen this ambition. When spring rolled around, he found himself in the starting lineup of the plebe baseball team, where his infectious enthusiasm helped to smooth out many a wrinkle. Academics were of small import to him and though the various departments did their worst, he remained unruffled. He displayed a keen interest in professional subjects, and delighted in uncovering technical discrepancies in his wife's sea stories.



Lee Andrew Kirstein

WILKINSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

Straight from the "Holy City" came this lovable but none too holy Dutchman. Bull sessions were a favorite pastime, and "Leo" easily downed all opposition. Academics were fruit for him, and study hours usually found him flaked out. Annual duels with the sub squad almost got the best of Lee, but he still managed to become a mainstay on the battalion football and pushball teams. Though definitely not a "Red Mike," dragging was secondary to "Dutch." His quick wit and good sense will carry him far in any field.

Cece



Lee

Jack

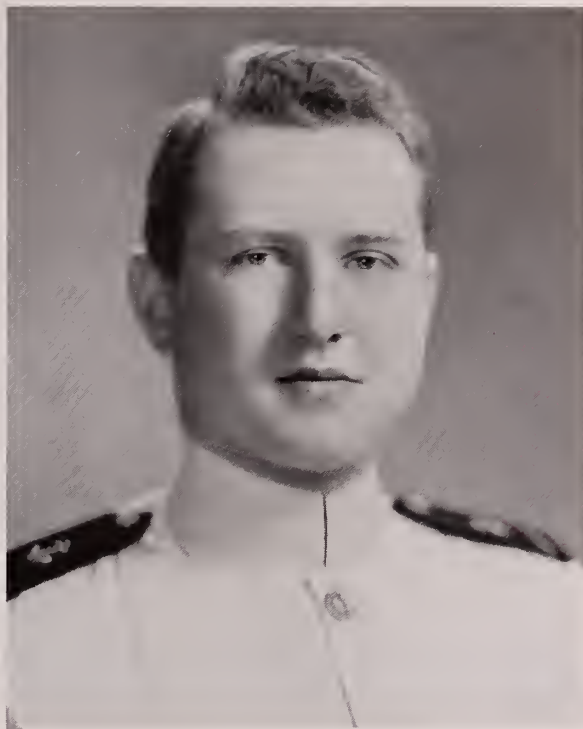


Jack

John Taber Martin

TOLEDO, OHIO

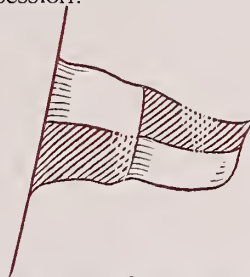
No one who knows "Big Jack" Martin will ever have trouble recognizing him. Standing over six feet three inches and carrying 235 pounds of brawn, he has always been an impressive figure in the halls. Jack made All-American at the pivot position on Navy's gridiron machine, and would probably have gone on to further fame if he had not used up a year of eligibility at Princeton. Amiable and easy-going, he has breezed through academics with amazingly little effort. Wherever destiny may lead him, "Big Jack," both in stature and character, will always command respect.



Cecil Robert Lubitz

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

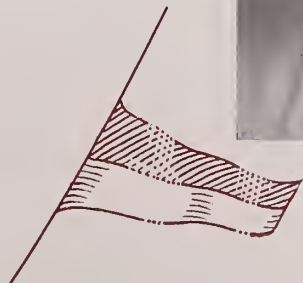
Here's the company's number one exponent of the conservation of energy. Mind over matter, that's his motto, and he made it pay dividends. Anything outside New York he considered part of the Dark Continent, and Brooklyn was the center of the known world. "Cece" was no "Red Mike," for he liked women in general and particular. His knottiest problem was how to keep the demerits down to par. He spent his afternoons with the rifle team or reading, and became quite a literary connoisseur. Quick witted and good at proving points, he was at his best when in the midst of a good bull session.



John Calvin Marsh

FALL BROOK, CALIFORNIA

A confirmed Californian, Jack labored through the long days at the Academy with one thought uppermost in his mind—to return again to the land of eternal sunshine. Jack found the academics to be fairly rugged, but his determination to see it through always carried him over the obstacles. As for sports, tennis was his favorite, with bowling as a substitute during inclement weather. Jack seldom turned down an offer to play bridge. Here's hoping his aspirations are fulfilled and he gets the duty on the Pacific that he wants.





Richard Stuart Moore

SAN BERNADINO, CALIFORNIA

Hailing from sunny California, Rick entered the Academy immediately upon graduation from high school. Dragging was his favorite pastime, and he spent practically every week-end in the company of the fairer sex. It'll never be said that Rick was a bookworm; yet academically he was a star man. Sailing came next on his list, and he earned a command qualification. He also found time to take pictures for the *Trident* magazine. He was always a serious minded fellow with a keen sense of humor. As a friend, Rick was tops, and will always be remembered as a savoir, a sailor, and a swell fellow.



Lewis Mattison Millsaps

ASHEBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

Only a few days after becoming a midshipman, Lew was presented with two lines, a megaphone, and the command of a shell. In the middle of plebe year, however, he relinquished his Hubbard Hall command in favor of the Academy yachts. From that day thoughts of his college days were lost in the wake of a sailboat. He was indeed fortunate to have those three years of Aeronautical Engineering at North Carolina State, for he never seemed to get very interested in academics. Perhaps Lew will best be remembered for his excellent piloting of a landing craft.

Rick



Lew

Rohe Vester Pennington, Jr.

LANCASTER, PENNSYLVANIA

"Penny" came to us with a rolling gait, and was ever willing to tell us tales of his two years on the U.S.S. "Sapelo." He boasted a girl in every port, a string of broken hearts from Greenland to the Canal. Plebe year he was a mainstay on the baseball and cross-country teams, and the last two years were spent in "rassling" and poling out line drives on the softball field. He will be remembered by us for his quick smile and salty bearing. Woe betide any lubberly action in his presence, for he is quick to note the error.

Penny



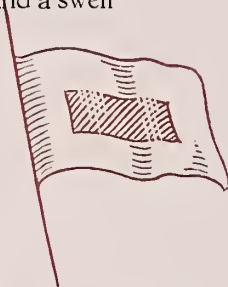
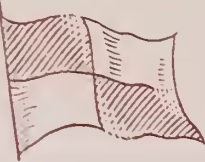
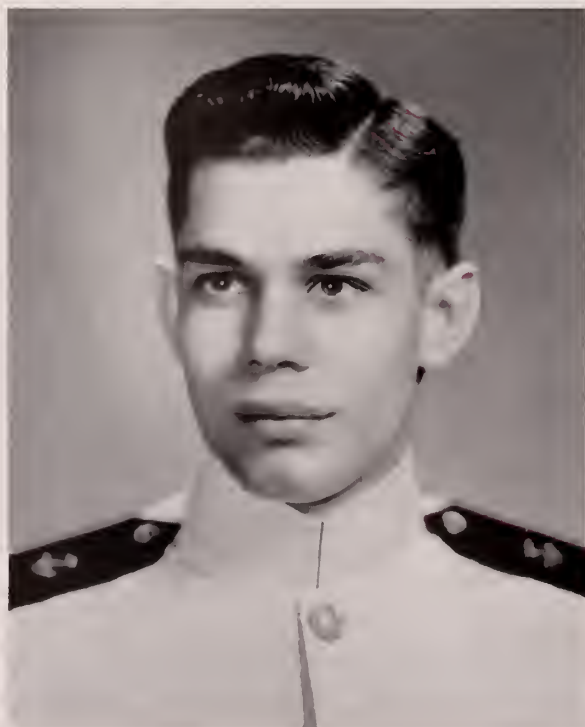
Don



Donald Francis Pilleen

HURON, SOUTH DAKOTA

Here is our "pistol packin' papa" from the land of Wild Bill Hickock. His greatest regret is that it's non-reg to pack a six-gun in the five-mile limit. Mixing seriousness with a love of fun in the right proportions, Don comes up with a winning combination. Women are a snare and a delusion, but how he did love to be ensnared and deluded. Deprived of the saddle he was born in, Don put his energies into a hot game of soccer, while his more thoughtful moments were spent with the *Trident*. His company mates look forward to trouble for the Japs when "Two-gun" Don hits the Fleet.



William Hamilton Porter

JAMESTOWN, RHODE ISLAND

Here was a man with many loves of which only one was a woman. If we wanted art, Beethoven, or philosophy, we went to Bill—he was the critic. A shaggy head of blond hair and a pleasing easy-going nature combined with an astounding ability for making puns drew this Navy Junior to the hearts of us all. The LUCKY BAG, varsity pistol team, *Log*, *Trident*, and Glee Club were but a few of his many pastimes. Jackie, a commission, and a full and successful career await him this June. We'll be looking for you in the Fleet, Bill.



Joseph Bernard Quigley

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

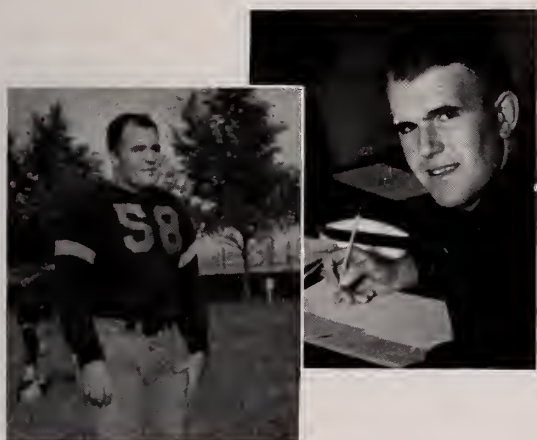
Fresh from the Greek and Latin of the Jesuits came Bernie, only to find the wiles of Russian awaiting him here at the Academy. An all around athlete, he specialized in developing a wicked left in the ring and extra speed in the 440 on Navy's track team. Academics came easily to him and allowed him ample time to practice his flair for speaking in intercollegiate debating. With a perfect knack of not only thinking his own way out of difficult situations but also helping others, he will surely have a host of friends and success in times to come.

Bernie



Bill

Larry



Rudy

Lawrence Francis Quigley, Jr.

CHELSEA, MASSACHUSETTS

The first breezes of plebe summer brought this blond viking from the North to the Academy and it was none too early for Larry to start rowing on the Severn. Although crew was his favorite, the rigorous training of the varsity boat couldn't hold back his natural ability in wrestling, tennis, and golf. To everything he faced he brought the same unbeatable determination which conquered academics, brought him outstanding recognition in Quarterdeck, and the presidency of the Newman Club. Wherever he goes that big Irish smile and love of life will bring him the same loyal friends he found here.



Rudolph John Radick

PHILIPPI, WEST VIRGINIA

"That loud noise down the corridor? Oh, that's Radick arguing with someone again." Yes, that's one way you can tell Rudy is around. He is well known on the gridiron, too, where he helped fill one of Navy's line positions. In spite of his belligerent aspect, his ways gained him many friends. His favorite diversion being dragging, there were more than the average number of beautiful femmes listed in his little black book. His myriad interests varied from plenty of sleep to sailing the Severn.



Wesley Henry Schmidt

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Hailing from the "Windy City" of the Midwest, "Wes" entered the Naval Academy with years of fresh water sailing behind him. With this qualification he quite naturally turned to week-end sailing on the *Highland Light*. Afternoons during the winter, he could be found in the pistol gallery, "holding 'em and squeezing 'em." "Schmidty" could usually be counted on for change for a phone call, a clean pair of white gloves, or any little gadget you had failed to purchase out in town. He was one of the original Boiler-makers from Purdue who turned to the Navy in his search for a professional career.

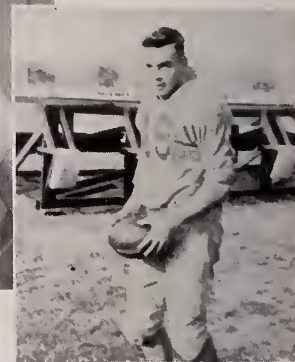


Paul Bland Richards

BRISTOL, RHODE ISLAND

"Every week-end a dragging week-end" is Paul's motto; he hasn't missed a hop yet. A top-notch end, Paul has been out there tackling and blocking for the football team ever since plebe summer. His out of season sport was wrestling, but he also found time to become a crack shot with the pistol. One of the more savvy boys, he always finds time to help out a pal. With his capacity for hard work and his ability to make friends, Paul has a career of certain success awaiting him in the Navy.

Wes

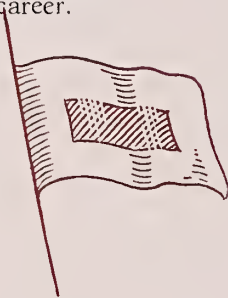


Paul

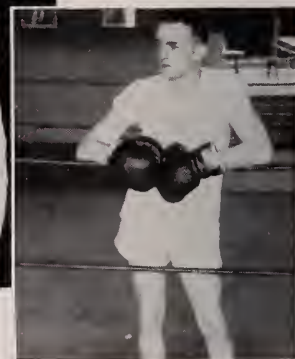
Harvey Edgar Spoerl, Jr.

SELLERSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

"It's a suburb of Philadelphia" was Ed's explanation of his "S.P." numerals. If you failed to spot the glint in his eye, Ed would bewilder you with his stories; though his "Did I ever tell you?" was warning aplenty. Ed participated in several battalion sports, but attributed his athletic reluctance to modesty. He was an avid horseman and nearly every Saturday afternoon could be found riding the borders of the five-mile limit. His spontaneous stories, his refusal to fear the academic departments, and his frequent boxes of chow, plus his good nature, won him many friends.



Ed



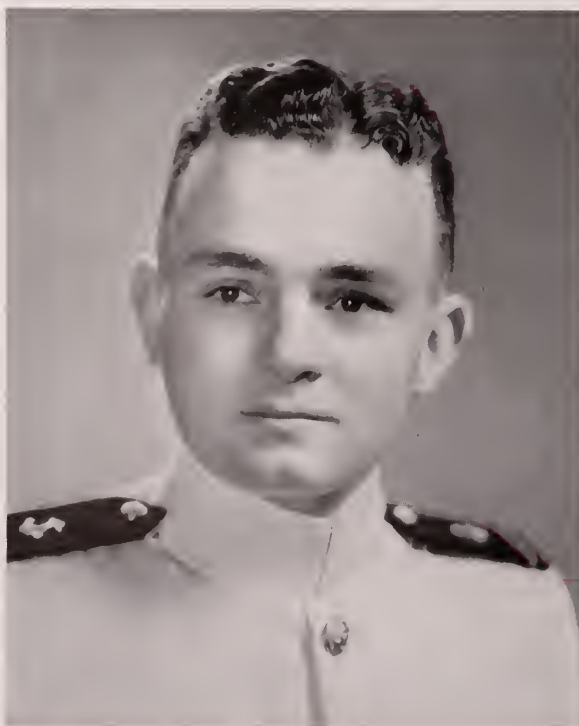
Bill



William Cornelius Stack

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

On arriving here, the "Stacker" informed us that he had just chosen between becoming the biggest name in plumbing in the Midwest or the biggest thing that ever hit the Navy. He alternately had us believing that he was a Golden Gloves champion, a dead ringer for Bing Crosby, and the heaviest drinker in Superior. It took us about a week to realize the fallacies in some of his tales, and then Bill's attempts to save face were fruitless. However, Bill had more friends here than he knew what to do with, a fitting tribute to his good nature and generosity.



John Leslie Taylor

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

Fulfilling a lifelong ambition, Jack entered the Academy by the nautical route via the Fleet. There is hardly a man whom "Navy" has met who does not know about his former home, the U.S.S. Tennessee. One of his amazing feats was having the same O.A.O. during his entire stay at the Academy. This salty son of the seas has the ability to learn quickly and make lasting friends, which will be very useful and valuable when he goes back into the Fleet. Whatever his job may be, it will be well done.

Bill



Jack

Lee

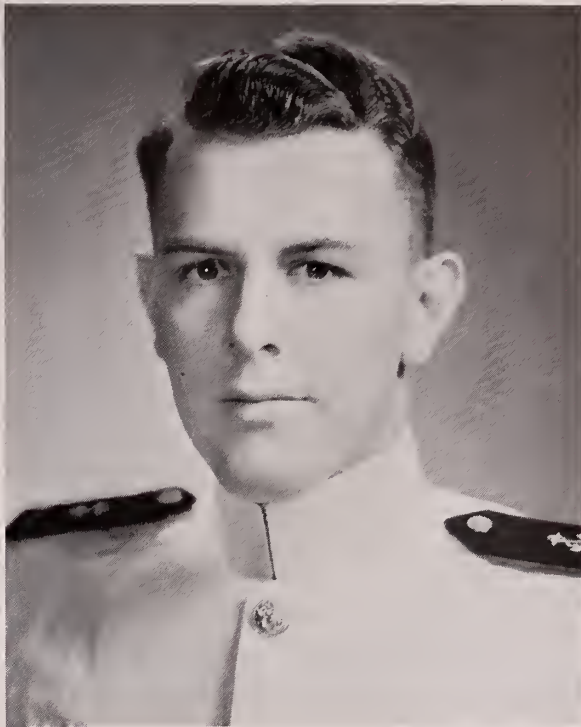


Aussie

Saul Hamilton Auslander

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

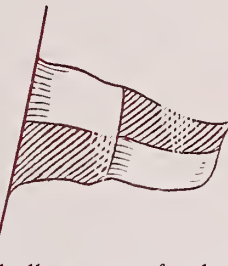
Don't make the mistake of calling "Aussie" a Brooklynite or you're more than likely to find yourself the object of vociferous comebacks. "S. H." has gained that rare distinction of disseminator par excellence of false rumor. The casual listener is prone to believe him, but look carefully and you will detect a humorous twinkling in his eyes. There is, however, a serious side to "Aussie" as evidenced by his keen fondness for poetry and athletics. He prides himself in being a better-than-average handball, soccer, and tennis player.



William John Weber, Jr.

WILKINSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

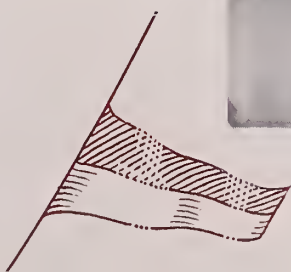
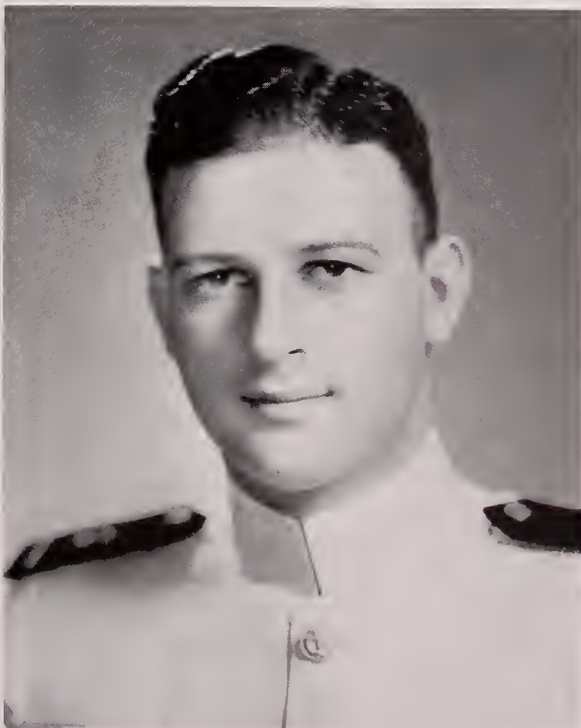
Although active in athletics, Bill's big worry was the sub squad. After swimming tests were passed, the year was fruit. Bill spent most of his spare time at various sports, but letter writing and relaxation were also favorites. He starred on the battalion football team during the fall and on the softball team in the spring. Academics were never hard for Bill, but he didn't like to punch formulas and spent many hours finding the why and wherefore of a baffling equation. Quiet and unassuming in his manner, Bill was a valued friend of all his shipmates.



Levio Edward Zeni

STORRS, CONNECTICUT

Baseball, soccer, football, swimming—sports were Lee's main interests, and he played them well enough to earn a year-round seat on the training table. Having few academic worries, he managed to breeze through his textbooks with relatively little trouble. Always ready to expound on the beauties of the New England countryside and the merits of the University of Connecticut, Lee inevitably would become a good listener when someone wanted to discuss women. And one had only to glance at his drag on any hop week-ends to realize that he always "got the word!"

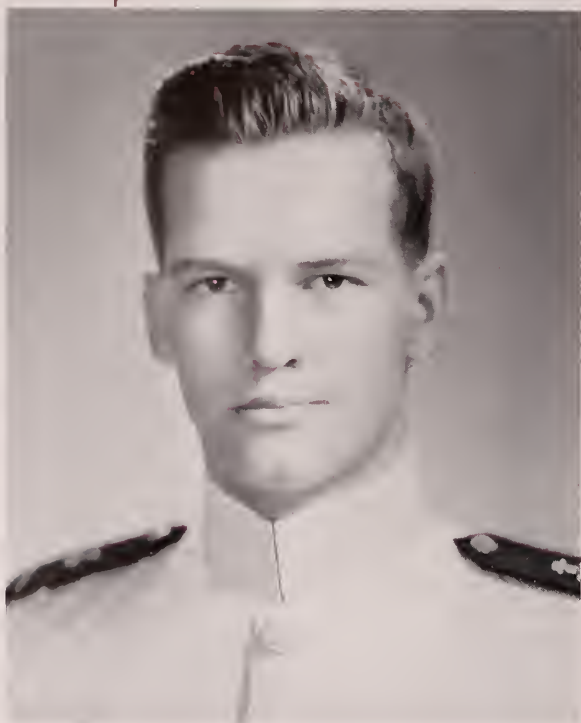




Theodore Hale Batchelder

LACONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

"Batch's" greatest virtue as well as his besetting evil was his aggressive energy. A stern New England upbringing and a year at Citadel forged him into a man of considerable independence. Notwithstanding his sense of humor, he took life very seriously. He became famous for his original words as mate of the deck, and his fatherly compassion for plebes made him popular with the underclass. His only sentimental attachment was to a lovely Georgia peach and his first classman's toaster. For "Batch" the horizons are broad, but the right course lies straight ahead.



Ormon Edwin Bassett

WEYMOUTH, MASSACHUSETTS

Once he had mastered the elusive art of infantry maneuvers, Sam had passed the only appreciable obstacle in the path to his becoming a Naval officer. Study hours found him sandwiching Academics between Hemingway and Ibsen, or perhaps some obscure tome on radio or aviation. A staunch New Englander, and a sailing enthusiast, he spent many hours tangled in the sheets and halliards of our yawls. Rainy afternoons he would drape his lanky frame over his bed and listen to hot records, or engage in heated debate with visitors to the "Nerve Center."

Batch

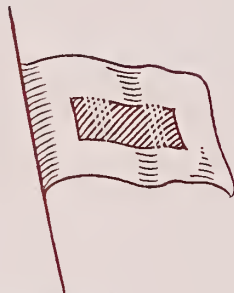


Sam

Alda Joseph Benedetti

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

Benny arrived in Crabtown swearing never to tip again, after giving away five dollars on the train. Bewildered, but undaunted, the great pessimist took everything in stride and starred plebe year in spite of himself. Unlike most of us, Benny started his history course during plebe year, when he learned to his utter amazement that Corregidor was not just outside of South Tacoma. The fairer sex bothered him only to the extent of a letter a day to and from his O.A.O. If he didn't get a letter, the mail just wasn't out yet. Everything he tried to do was done well, so perhaps his pessimism stood him in good stead.



Benny



Lloyd



Lloyd Stephenson Charters

NORWICH, NEW YORK

Norwich, in upstate New York, lost one of its most daring jalopy drivers to the knockabouts of the Naval Academy when Lloyd came to Crabtown after a year at the Citadel. We will remember this barefooted wanderer as the first man in our class to have a radio. He could never see the fair sex; as president of the 4th Company Red Mike's Club, he would lead the faithful to the cool depths of the local pool hall. We relied on his unique slant on life and his unbreakable spirit to bring us a smile when the going was rough.



James John Cunat

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Jim, a lanky Cleveland import, devoted his academic career to complete relaxation. Any kind of music, time to smoke a pipe, and an easy Juice lesson; these made a perfect day for "Baumholtz." He was noted for sparkling after-dinner speeches, and a free-for-all bout with Russian. When he felt the urge to leave an afternoon of Cugat and Calloway for a little exercise, he could whistle a serve by your ear or run your legs off at a game of handball or squash. We soon grew used to his calabash pipe and his poems of praise for the architecture of Frank Lloyd Wright.

Dake



Jim

Tony

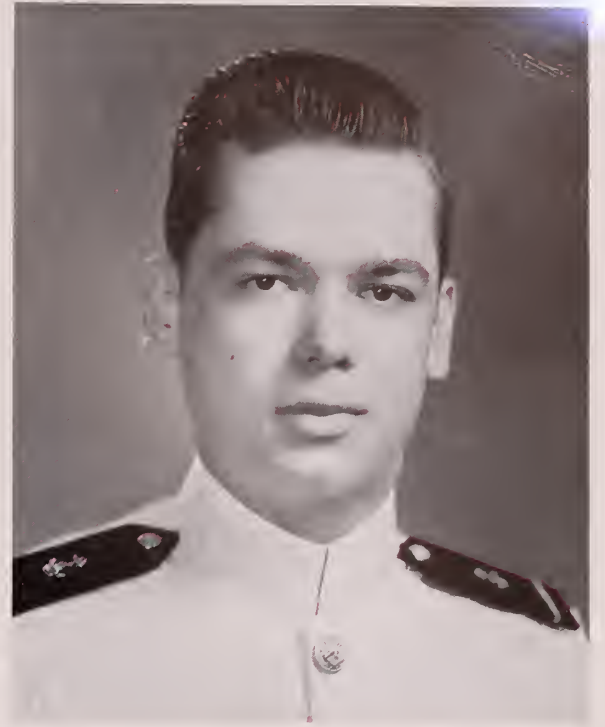


Bob

Robert Eugene Downen

HARRISBURG, ILLINOIS

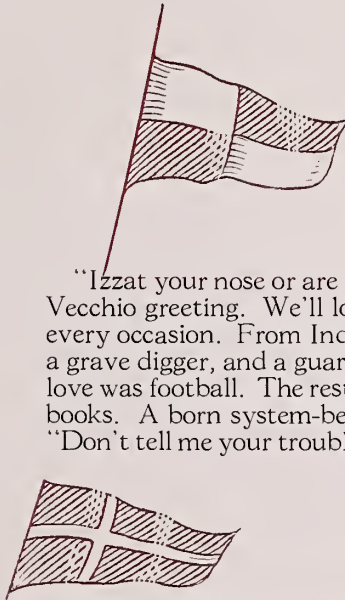
From the plains of Illinois came jolly, friendly, happy-go-lucky Bob. Little did we realize that behind his pleasing personality lurked a passionate hate for Steam books and slipsticks. Not long after the beginning of academic year, we were quite surprised to find this jocund lad tearing page after page from the notable work *Naval Machinery*. In contrast to his hate for Steam, Bob possessed an ardent love for athletics as well as the fairer sex. With the day's routine ended, you could find him in the gym bouncing a basketball, while week-ends he reserved for the more enjoyable sport of dragging.



Demosthenes Paul Dakos

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

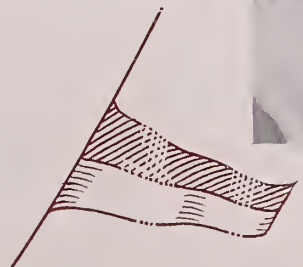
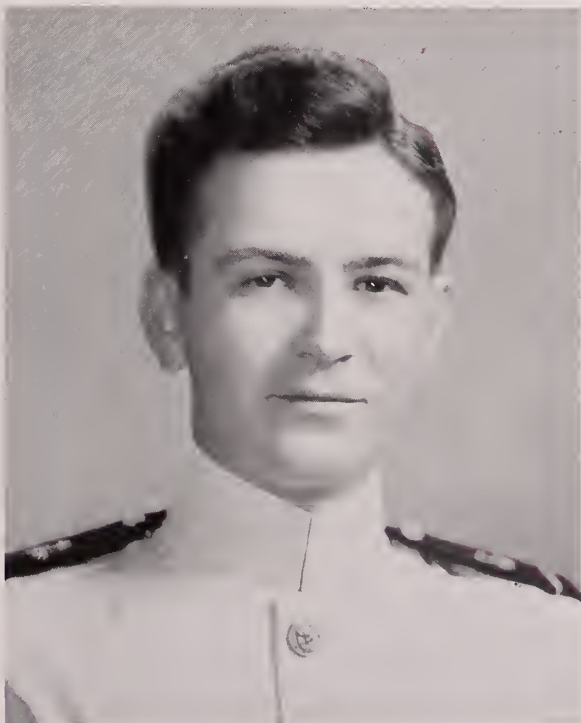
This congenial Greek decided to join Uncle Sam's spoiled and pampered pets while spending the summer months in Crabtown. Bill had the most uncanny knack of taking the wrong side of an argument, but he never admitted defeat. His yen for joking, whether pitching or catching, made him a favorite with everyone. Ladies play a rather important part in his existence, but he never specializes. Dividing his time between academics and fun, "Dake" has had a pleasantly diversified Academy life.

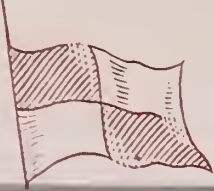


Anthony James Del Vecchio

KOKOMO, INDIANA

"Izzat your nose or are you eatin' a banana?" No insult intended, just a typical Del Vecchio greeting. We'll long remember the Kokomo Kid for his repertoire—a gag for every occasion. From Indiana, and proud of it, Tony was at various times an iceman, a grave digger, and a guard for the Irish at South Bend. At the Academy, Tony's first love was football. The rest of his affection was divided among a hundred girls and a few books. A born system-beater, Tony can handle any situation—I can hear him now. "Don't tell me your troubles, Admiral, I'm no chaplain!"





Robert James Farley

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

"I'm from Kansas, good old Kansas where the tall corn grows." From the time these unique words first carried him into the public eye, Bob was a guy who refused to take a back seat to anyone, no matter what the occasion. He was one of the more savvy boys who didn't need to spend long hours on his academics. But far from being a radiator squad man, Bob banged away successfully on the varsity pistol squad and helped to keep his company on top in sports. His cheery smile and constantly happy nature helped everybody on the more dreary days.



Wilson Farnsworth Engel, Jr.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

By these words ye shall know him: "Math is fruit," and rightly so. We asked the instructor for help, and he asked "Wils." But academics were only his sideline. Boosting that Minnesota football team was important; so important, in fact, that it almost overshadowed his social triumphs. However, after one year at the Academy, "Wils" admitted himself that he felt unnatural without a girl by his side. Yet somehow, amid all this activity, he found time to be a buddy to all of us—except when he gave us a week-end watch. By these things we know him.

Bob

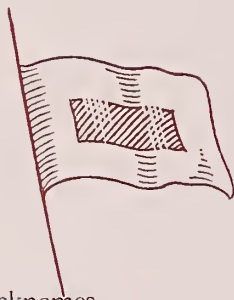


Wils

James Rhodes Maxcy Fisher, II

TACOMA, WASHINGTON

"Piccolo," "Geronimo," "The Little Man," or "Fish"; these were his nicknames. From Washington State College came Jim as proof that dynamite does come in small packages. Naturally athletic, he participated in all sports, excelling in several and always better than average in the others. A snake at heart, he dragged intermittently, but invariably decided the girl back home was the best. Study hour for Jim started with *Colliers*, which was infinitely more interesting than Juice or Steam. He was tops with everyone and helped our three years here run smoothly by.



Fish



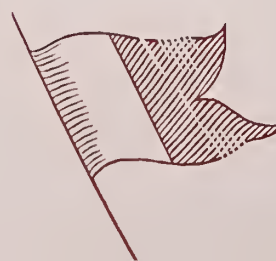
Jay



J Lee Gawlf

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

"Where's Gawlf?" "Oh, give him time. He still has ten seconds." True to form, Grand Junction's steadfast son of the Golden West would come galloping up to a photo finish with the late bell. Yes, Jay liked to take his time. Buttressed with knowledge gleaned from Mesa College and the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, Jay entered the Academy confident that he could beat the system. This confidence was often shaken by the inevitable pitfalls, but he seldom worried. Jay dragged often, wrestled considerably, and played his cello occasionally.



Allan Newton Glennon

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

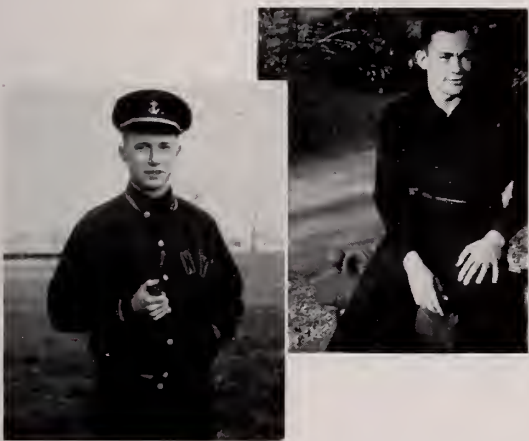
"Rapid Transit" brought one basic idea from the "Windy City" that has governed his life here at the Academy. "Whenever I feel like exercise, I lie down until the feeling passes." As a result, his major "workouts" have taken place on various chess boards. His second love, which breaks through now and then, is adding to his already impressive stamp collection. His love for peace and quiet has driven him towards the undersea service, where he hopes to be rid of the noises and troubles of an earthbound mortal.

Jackson



Allan

Rapid

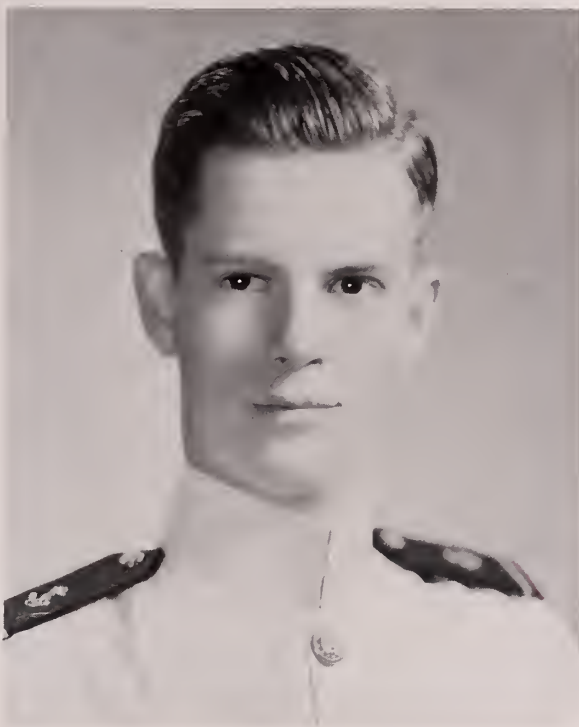


Don

Donald Anthony Heberling

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

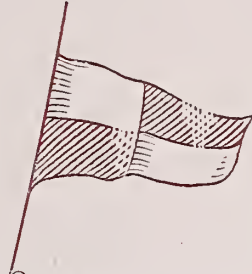
A datebook that never had a last page and a locker door that never lacked a new snapshot were the dominant characteristics of Don's sojourn at the Academy. Although dragging week-ends were indispensable, his lively interest in sports and extra-curricular activities was almost as essential. If the Musical Show, N.A. 10, or Glee Club did not have an option on his spare time, "Hebe" could be found in the gym or sailing. Study hours were the time to write overdue letters, or to study a new method of simplifying academics. Don's disposition, one that always sees the brighter side of life, will always serve him well.



John Joseph Haller

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

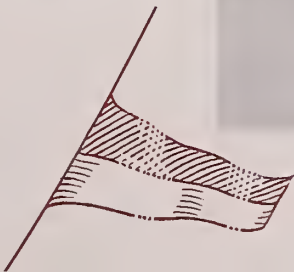
From the "White Spot of the Nation" came Jackson, one of the multitudinous Haller clan, to hold the undisputed position of the "Happiest Man in the Company." Jackson's happy-go-lucky manner and everlasting grin endeared him alike to the plebes, whom he served as a godfather; and to the members of the fair sex from California to Maryland, whom he kept happy via the postman. Equally at home in the boxing ring or the ballroom, Jack will be a good man to have around for either "a frolic or fight."



Robert Jack Hanks

PORTLAND, OREGON

The Oregon country, any book, and his O.A.O. were "Rapid's" main interests at the Naval Academy. They did not deter him, however, from entering actively into the company sports program, his specialty being softball. His other interests were varied, but he was always willing to enter vigorously into arguments on any and all subjects, and he was well versed in a multitude of fields, too. Almost any time we could find him either reading or deep in a dream of home. Yes, we can thank Oregon for giving us Bob, a true friend and swell wife.





George David Howard

BUHL, IDAHO

From the sagebrush seas of Idaho, George came to the Academy with a vast amount of "know how" and a comradely spirit that won him many friends. His redheaded spirit kept him continually at odds with the Executive Department. Wrestling and weight-lifting, gym and golf, and his charter membership in the B. & L. Recreation Parlor and Elbow Society occupied his spare moments and won him several B-robe decorations. Good luck, "Muscles," and may you never lose your zest for living and good-looking blondes.



Lester Grant Hinchcliff, Jr.

OGDEN, UTAH

When wavy-haired, good-natured Grant arrived at the Academy, he brought with him an easy-going Western temperament that was to carry him through three years here with the least possible friction. Although "Hinch" was one of our classmates who was always dragging, his heart remained true to the mountains of Utah. He did more than his share for company athletics and was one of the mainstays of the choir. A staunch exponent of the theory that a leave should always be enjoyed to the fullest, he took Academy life in stride and gained lasting respect.

Muscles

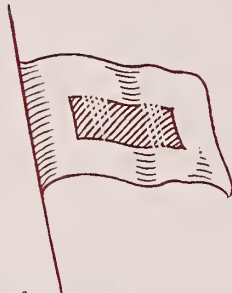


Hinch

Rocco Fred Jacobelli

LEBANON, INDIANA

"Iac," the Academy's best pipe connoisseur, and the country's finest chef, comes from Lebanon, Indiana, with a year of managing basketball and taking care of the girls at Franklin College thrown in for good measure. Once here, he continued his athletic activities by becoming manager of the pin-pushers, and chief ball chaser of the baseball team. Fred doesn't know his own strength, but he will admit defeat to one particular girl. He seems to be happiest when he has loads of nothing to do, which didn't happen too often here.



Iac



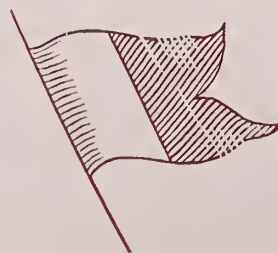
Jamey



Donald Fenton Booth Jameson

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

"Jamey" never missed a word of the *New Yorker* or the *New York Times* and was a disciple of Westbrook Pegler. His endless knowledge of Russian war data and details of current events plagued the plebes continuously. Undaunted by academics, Fenton never attempted less than Russian, the newspaper, and Gilbert and Sullivan at the same time. To satisfy his outside interests, "D. F. B." engaged in activities ranging from yawl sailing to the Quarterdeck Society, and also spent quite some time telephoning for last minute drags.





Dean Richard Johnson, Jr.

CURTIS, NEBRASKA

Doc came to us from the "Cornhusker State" deep in the heart of the Midwest. Used to the wide open spaces and lots of elbow room, he had some trouble at first regulating his six-foot one to the confinement and limited space of Navy life. Things here at the Academy, however, came easy to Doc, and he found time to act as our company representative as well as take an active part in sports. Called "Casanova" by some, Doc has his heart set on a pair of wings, and as an "Eagle of the Navy" he will make a valuable addition to the fighting forces of Uncle Sam.

Radar



Doc

Edgar



Willie

William Killefer, Jr.

WEST CHESTER, PENNSYLVANIA

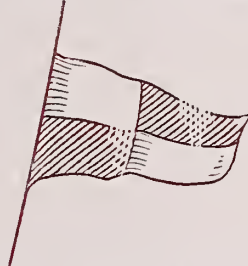
The "Killer" hit Crabtown with so little hair on his head that he was forced to forego his "100-dollar hair cut." With visions of Connie and Scotch foremost in his mind, Willie sailed through academics with ease. Never on the sub squad, Willis was a dyed-in-the-wool man. One of his chief ambitions was to be the G.P.O. of the company and he occupied this coveted position his youngster year. "Killer's" fall afternoons were spent in playing association football, known in the more vulgar circles as soccer.



Thomson Quarles Johnston

SPARTANBURG, SOUTH CAROLINA

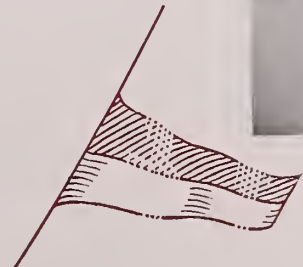
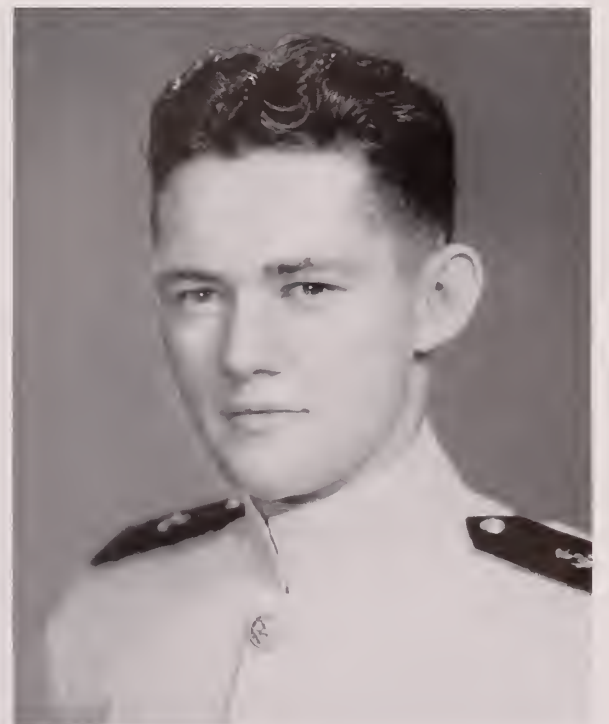
"T. Q." was well prepared for the Naval Academy when he arrived in Annapolis fresh from Georgia Tech. The ex-"rambling-wreck" had not been here long, however, before he was renamed "Radar." Nobody ever knew why! Radar made up in ability and spirit what he lacked in size. One could always find him entertaining the Regiment at the Friday night pep rallies with his usual role of fun and humor. His favorite pastime was making life miserable for his classmates. Always in for a good time, no N.A. regulation ever daunted this midshipman; he liked extra duty, and he was always in there scrapping whether it was athletics or the classroom.



Edward Louis Kennedy

KANKAKEE, ILLINOIS

Well, if it isn't ole Ed Kennedy himself; lantern jaw, Irish grin, and above all, those great big beautiful ears! This stalwart son of a shamrock was transplanted to the banks of the Severn from the little Irish settlement of Kankakee, Illinois. At the Academy he took an active part in everything, spent a lot of time with a pretty little brown-eyed belle, and still managed plenty of sack drills. The Naval Academy avalanche of academics and other forms of torture showed us that "Edgar" is a guy who can cope with the "system" and anything else the Navy can hand him.

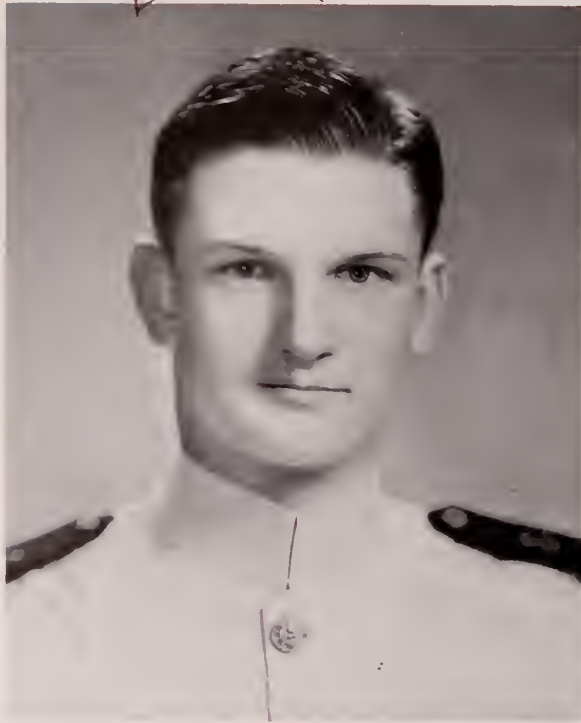




Adam Peter Kulik

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Long before Hollywood put Tom Brown in Brancroft Hall, "Adash" had decided it should be his home for a while. And it was pure determination that got him here. Once in, though, things were different. He derived pleasure from everything, whether it was dragging his battered body back from a lacrosse game, or keeping the gridiron "stats" for the Press Detail. As sports' editor for the LUCKY BAG he has done a tremendous job well. Although not at all averse to dragging, he hardly found time for it, preferring to remain true to at least three lassies back home. Whether it's the Marines or the submarines, we're wishing him luck.



Richard Holmes Knight

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

That wasn't a bull moose we heard bellowing about the plebe wing those days back in the summer of '42; it was big Dick Knight, the pride of old New Orleans. "W. T." showed himself to be a leader even then, and has maintained his reputation since. When Dick came to Annapolis he broke up a long line of West Pointers and started a friendly family rivalry. Chow hound supreme, he managed to tear himself from his sagging sack to bedeck his B-robe with a colorful array of numerals for plebe and Batt sports. Although genial Dick was the butt of many friendly jibes.

Al



Dick

Saul Levine

PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY

Philosophy, newspaper comics, music and of course a woman. Not a very coherent group of quantities, but, taken collectively, they just about define Saul's four loves. Not an individual to be overly disturbed by academics, "Solly", or as he is better known to the New York operators, "Mr. Sullivan, please," has found ample time to devote to his four main interests, including the charming girl friend at N.Y.U. Despite such pleasant distractions, Saul has still managed to worry his handball and squash opponents, and has never yet been known to refuse an afternoon of sailing.

Solly



Dick



Richard Gilbert Liebel

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

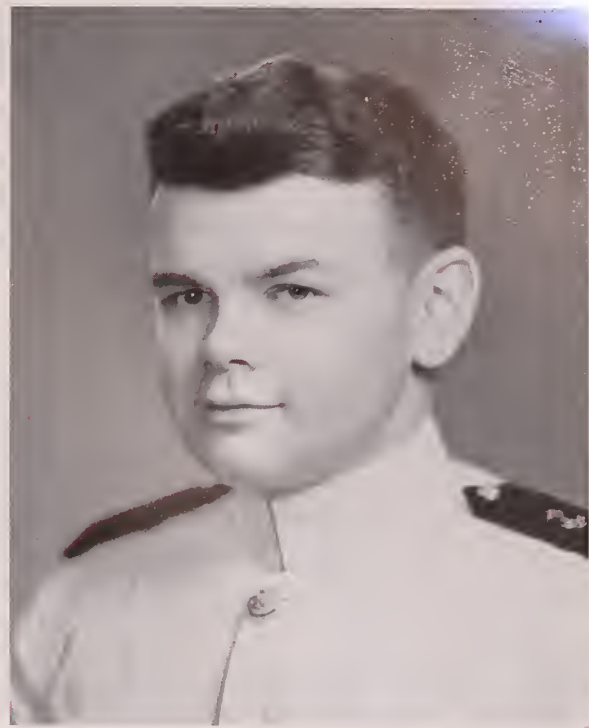
An ardent exponent of the "when in doubt, sack out" theory, Dick spent most of his time proving it. Although his horizontal drills didn't make him grow out of the sandblower classification, they gave him plenty of energy for correcting the pronunciation of his name or challenging the veracity and sanity of the Academic Departments. Small and quick on the trigger, Dick excelled at handball, softball, or anything that required fast action. Drags interested him little, although he was far from being a "Red Mike." On the ball and always congenial, Dick was a classmate to be valued and remembered.



Jack Edwin Loper

COVINGTON, KENTUCKY

Anybody who has ever been to Chapel on Sunday morning knows Jack Loper. He loved to sing, and we loved his singing. "Lope" wasn't a star in athletics or studies, but he was a good athlete, a good student and a good friend. He played hard and studied hard throughout his three years here. His heart was in everything he did, just as it was in every word he sang. Next to vocalizing, Jack's main interest was in eating, as any of his classmates will testify.

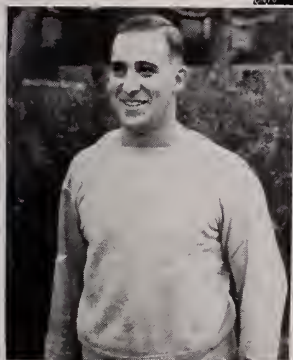


John Edward Lynch, Jr.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

For the few weeks of plebe year, "Babyduck" amazed the upperclasses by giving out with all the right answers before they even finished asking their questions. Light dawned when they discovered he had come from the good old "Arky." However, plebdom never seemed to end for Jack, for he received more running during upperclass years, but he always managed to hand it back with interest. Managing crew took up most of Jack's spare time, but all of his work paid dividends when he was elected varsity crew manager. His greatest ambition is to be skipper of a Navy salvage tug, and we hope he makes it.

Jack



Jack

Leo

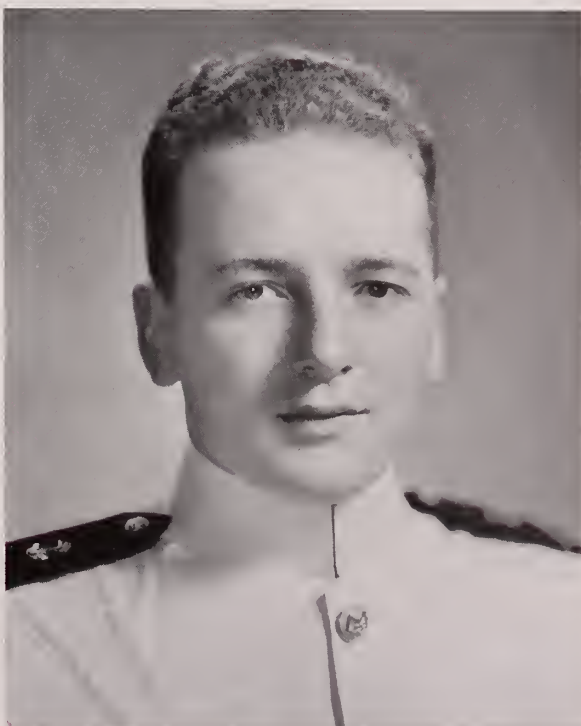


Ski

Edmund Bartholemew Mahinske

HAMTRAMCK, MICHIGAN

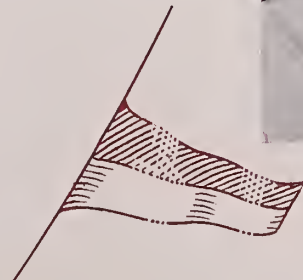
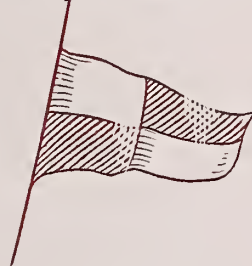
"Ski" gave us to understand that Detroit is just one of the larger suburbs of Hamtramck. That's where he stowed his pretty Russian O.A.O. while he studied her language at the Academy. Ed was a man of tremendous enthusiasms—the one for track leading him from his successes at Wayne University to those he gained here. The energy required for this and his hobby of photography, as well as constant success at academics, was never enough to dampen his buoyant good nature. As a matter of fact, the "Fighting Seventh's" paragon of friendliness will always be the Hamtramck lad with the marcel wave.



Harvey Eugene Lyon

MCCOOK, NEBRASKA

"Leo" has lived up to his nickname; his classmates will remember him as the man ready to plunge into any argument, particularly one on baseball, music, or the merits of the Midwest. "Leo" has been a mainstay in the N.A. 10, the orchestra, and an active sailor during his years at the "Ensign Factory." Also among his extra-curriculars has been dragging, in which he plays the field with great success. We hope to be seeing more of this stocky Lyon, and you can be sure of hearing more of him when he gets to the sub service.





Hezzie Boyd McWhorter

COCHRAN, GEORGIA

"Mac" spent most of his time on his bunk with the sports page, where the Yankees and Georgian Spud Chandler were his heroes. Academics were a necessary evil and he bore their weight with good-natured reluctance. With his quiet Southern mannerisms came a great love for basketball, and he was ready for a game no matter what the hour, that is when it didn't interfere with sleeping time. North Georgia Military College sent him to Annapolis as an R.O.T.C. captain with a saber from his honor company. Always a good soldier and a staunch rebel, he was a great companion and a loving wife.



Irvin Jones McKeand

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

"I'll argue on any side of any question." This quotation fully describes "Mac," the man who never admitted defeat in an argument. Although he pounded the books with zest during his sojourn at the Academy, "Mac" considered this place merely a resting place between the wine, women, and song of successive leaves. Prepped with a wealth of non-reg ways and a knowledge of aircraft, he seems headed for the Naval Air Corps. As a hot-tempered rebel, he had no equal, but he was always ready to play his part in the classroom or on the athletic field.

Mac



Mac

Arthur Valentine Paletti

CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

"Say Art, will you do this integration for me?" This was the usual green signal for Art to show how really simple mathematics could be. The call of the sea robbed West Virginia of one of its most promising mining engineers, for before entering the Academy, Art had spent three years at West Virginia University learning the intricacies of coal mining. Boxing, lacrosse, and an occasional dragging session were Art's main extra-curricular activities. He was also very fond of that favorite midshipman's pastime, horizontal engineering.



Francis Everett Pearson, III

BANGOR, MAINE

"Buzz," ordinarily an amiable, easy-going chap, developed two pet phobias at the Academy. The slightest mention of our hard working laundry would bring a heart-rending, tear-jerking tirade of his three years' struggle to keep a shirt on his back and socks covering his bony ankles; while a swimming drill would call forth all the blasphemy one can learn in a frontier town like Bangor. Academics gave him a rough row to hoe, but his receding hairline bothered him much more than Steam or Juice. "Buzz" was a true friend and his level headed advice kept more than one of us on the right track.

Art



Buzz



Harry Edward Rhoads

GRAY SUMMIT, MISSOURI

Most of us were old salts when this modest son of Missouri rolled into Annapolis, destined to make his pleasant grin and sense of humor something to be envied by all. Obviously from the "show-me" state, "Dusty" could oft be heard to mutter "somebody show me how to get this Steam." Definitely not a bucket, "Dusty" proved to be a diligent worker in both athletics and academics. A year-round mainstay of company athletics, Harry did much to foster a fine feeling of friendliness and comradeship that will always be remembered by his classmates.

Walt



Dusty

Ted

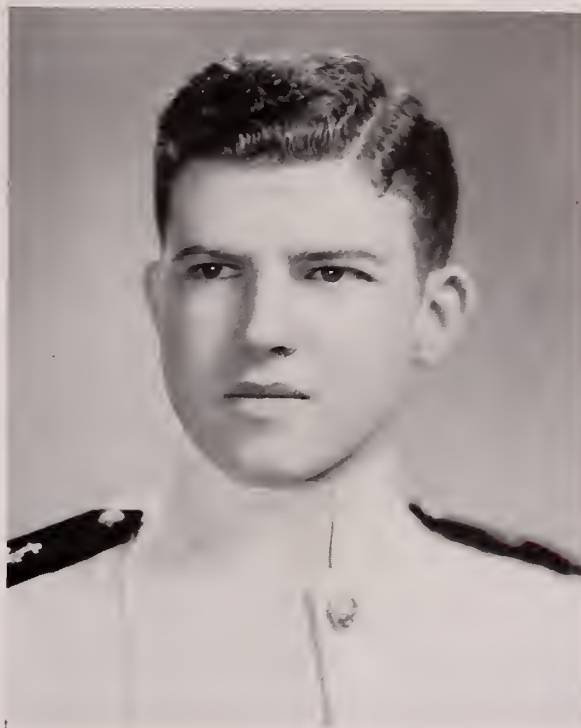


Skiff

Thomas Michael Schifanelli

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Living in Annapolis as he did, "Skiff" didn't have much traveling to do when he came to the Naval Academy. Also he had that rare privilege of being able to see his folks every week-end. During his stay here, "Skiff" was continuously at odds with the Steam Department. Despite his struggles with books and profs, he always wore a friendly grin. His perpetual good humor and ready wit made him a favorite with everybody. His favorite hobbies were squirrel hunting with his Beagle on week-ends and playing first trumpet. The music world's loss is all gain for the Navy.



Wallace Marshall Riggs

POMEROY, OHIO

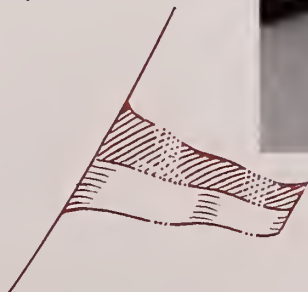
Tall, dark, and handsome—the strong silent type—a perfect description of Walt Riggs. A farmer boy from Ohio, Walt had two favorite diversions. The first was battalion track (all Yankees are good runners, his Rebel wife used to say); the second was singing in the shower. In spite of an almost fatal attraction for ladies, Walt did not let dragging go to his head, often preferring the harmless joys of an afternoon hike. Genial and pleasant, Walt is always ready for a good time and makes a fine companion.



Edward Monell Saunders

ALFRED, NEW YORK

"The Sage of the Fighting Fourth" inevitably became Ted's title, for no man has ever spent the three years in such concentrated seriousness. His gravity was elastic, because it seemed to adapt itself to any activity in which he found himself. He consistently confounded the Academic Departments; after due deliberation he made varsity sailing his sport; and to climax everything he gravely fell in love youngster year. But Ted's friendly good nature amply compensated for his sober side. Since a man makes his own luck, he is sure to be blessed by the best of good fortune.

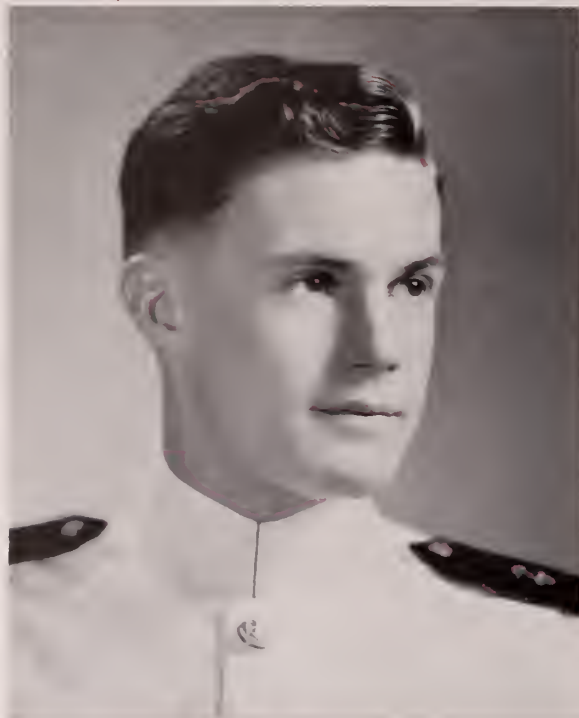




Stanley Gordon Seccombe, Jr.

OXFORD, CONNECTICUT

Andover prepared him, Yale lost him, and Navy was the all-around winner. "Sex" came to the Academy with a goodly amount of salt already in his system, having sailed ever since he was able to walk. Of course, his sailing technique was not the only one he'd developed to a smooth perfection. Many are the drags who will avow that he leaves nothing to be desired. His happy combination of quiet reserve, wry humor, and open frankness, mixed with an earnest desire to see a job well done, make it fairly evident that he'll make a name for himself. In fact, it's what you might call "in the bag."



Richard Yates Scott

PRATT, KANSAS

Few men can be adequately described in one word, but Dick is one of the few. He was an outstanding classmate. Prominent among his extra-curricular activities was his work on our Class Ring Committee. Scotty's favorite sport was swimming, whether in a dash, a relay, or a water polo game. He was also as much at home in a good argument as in a swimming pool, and was one of the Midwest's most staunch defenders. His friendliness and genial spirit made "Railway," or "R. Y.," a popular classmate and a good friend. His outstanding abilities as a leader have made a permanent impression on us.

Sex

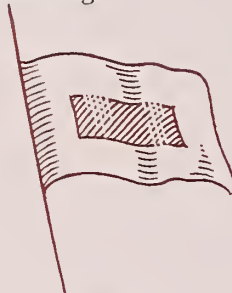


Dick

William Eugene Simpson

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Speed Cone," "Mole," "Simp," or just plain Bill—he answered to any of these names. He didn't always wait to be called, especially if he could be of help to his classmates any time or anywhere. It is difficult to find another man so conscientious, so willing to do his best whether it be on the soccer field, wrestling mat, or in the classroom. These characteristics combined with a ready smile made him ever popular with his friends. However, Bill had his problems. Foremost among these was the question of whether or not he could get to Texas during leave and the ever-present problem of the quickest way to get the Navy wings.



Bill



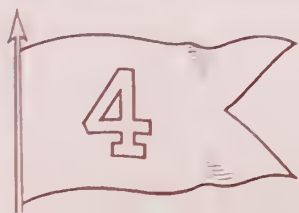
Smitty



Henry Parker Smith

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Missourian to the core, you have to show Parker. Nobody, so far, has convinced him that being ratey, especially as a plebe, pays off, and although they said he was too small for distance running, ask the men on the cross-country squad who saw nothing but his back for three years. "Smitty" still managed to find time for the choir and plenty of dragging. The combination of his curly forelock and ready smile made him a favorite with the "Belles of Baltimore." With him, neatness and organization are habits; habits that have earned him a reputation of always doing a job the right way.



Lorin William Smith

HASTINGS, MINNESOTA

The University of Minnesota lost a somewhat spasmodic athlete when "Smitty" decided to make Annapolis his home. Always out for some sport, he spent his afternoons capering about the greensward in pursuit of physical fitness. Study hours were divided between letters to Margie, psychoanalysis of Steam profs, and two-step solutions to Juice probs that Hemholtz himself would have trouble explaining. An ardent champion of the Midwest, this blue-eyed blond never quite convinced his two New England wives that Indians did not run wild in his homeland.

K. T.



Smitty

Swanny



Al

Albert Horatio Thomas, Jr.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

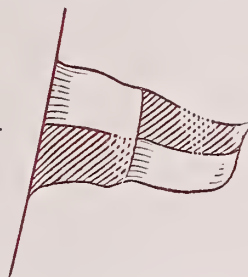
"When did you shave last, mister?" Al was the guy with the perpetual "five o'clock shadow." Running through a galaxy of nicknames ranging from "Eight Ball" and "Little Thomaso" to "Bluebeard," Al went merrily on his way with a smile on his face and a wisecrack on his lips. An ardent son of the Old South and a true Rebel, Al fought the "war" with all comers. The words, "God bless Robert E. Lee," fell from his lips more than once. Al's athletic ability was best demonstrated by the deftness with which he sidestepped all advances of the Academic Board.



Karl Ted Swanson

MOLINE, ILLINOIS

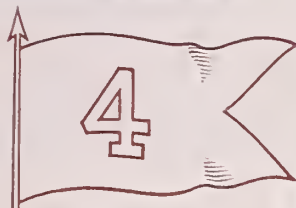
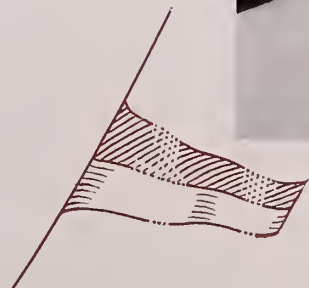
Quiet, but not shy, "K. T." entered the Naval Academy after several years at Augustana College and in the Fleet. Karl's quietness, as many soon realized, covered an independence not always sanctioned by the Reg. Book. The *Open Door's* hospitality and many friends out in town made Annapolis his second home. He had amazing luck at blind dragging, but always considered women unessential, or so he said. A sincere and determined man, "K. T." grew in stature by being consistently himself. Karl believes in the Navy. May it take as good care of him as he will of it.

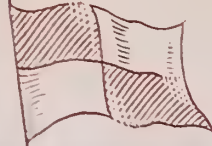


Robert McLean Swanson

VALLEY CITY, NORTH DAKOTA

It was the China Station or the Naval Academy for Bob, who, as fate willed, chose the Naval Academy for better or for worse. A sailor from way back, "Swanny" wasn't to be deterred by Academy complexities. Applying his pet philosophy of combining the maximum of bridge, reading, and sleeping with the minimum of studying, he obtained phenomenal results. Perhaps we better remember him as that salty Gunga Din of the basketball squad, a good shipmate, and a swell fellow.





Alan John Vandermade

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

A disposition as sunny as a June morn, a smile that stretches from ear to ear, a good collection of jokes and songs, and a talent for mixing are "Apples" stock in trade. He tended to shy when he saw a Form 2, but his frequent jousts with the Executive Department left his Dutch nature unperturbed. His friendly face attracted all the plebes who found, as we did, a refuge from the storm of the "system." No fellows, he didn't have a water-coated slipstick, but he must have worked those "Skinny" probs in his head. An admirable combination of intelligence and humor make "Ap" a swell wife, adviser, and friend.



William Erland Thrasher, Jr.

MAMARONECK, NEW YORK

The sailing team received a Larchmont Trophy winner when Bill came to the Academy hoping to draw a preference number high enough to give him something a bit larger than a dinghy in which to sail the seas. Women took up most of his week-ends; phone calls most of his evenings. Academics came hard to him only when extended stays at the hospital were necessary. Russian fascinated him even though it was quite a struggle, but he made sure that he knew all the essentials for striking up a conversation with a Russian countess. As long as there are ships and boats, Bill will be sailing.

Apples

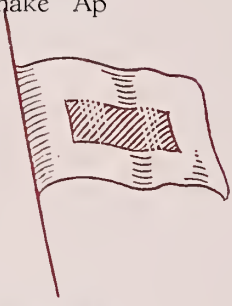


Bill

Xenophon Caldwell Ward

SALISBURY, NORTH CAROLINA

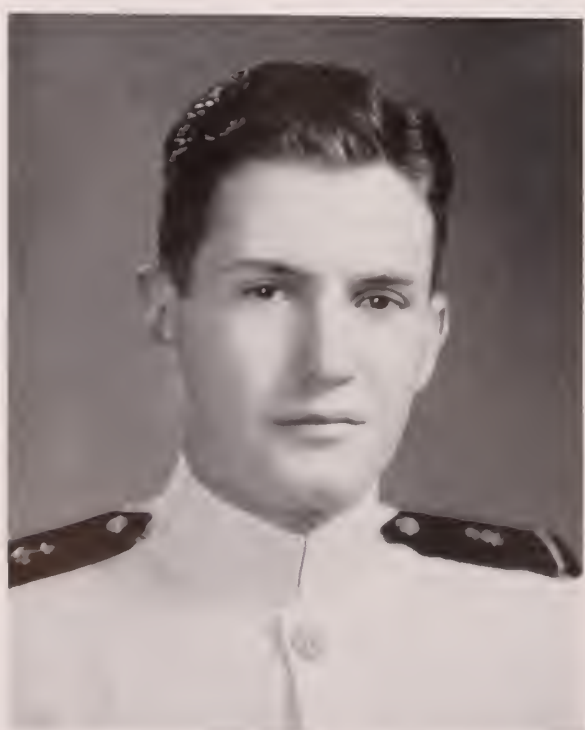
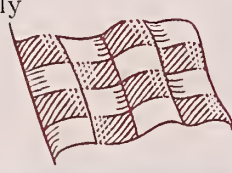
Since "X" first learned to talk his main objective has been to find that girl who would make his life a complete success. "X" was popular and well-known here as he will be when '40 joins the Fleet. Through his industry and initiative he became an expert lacrosse player working up from the bush league. He kept the South on the map, never letting us forget for a minute the beautiful hills and brilliant beaches of God's country, North Carolina. "X" has the dignity and humor of a Southern gentleman merged with the shrewdness of a Yankee trader. Except at the end of the month, he was usually dragging one of his ever-loving girls.



X



Johnny



John William Wells

ARKADELPHIA, ARKANSAS

When above the din of the mess hall you heard "Mr. Speaker, Mr. Speaker" you knew then that Johnny was near. He came to the Academy from Arkansas and two things he never tired of was telling of the beauty of his home state and refighting the Civil War. In his bouts with academics, he came out on top. Johnny has picked subs as his future home—it is doubtful whether it was the extra pay or the unlimited opportunities to "chow down" that attracted his eye—but whatever it was, good luck, boy, and smooth sailing.

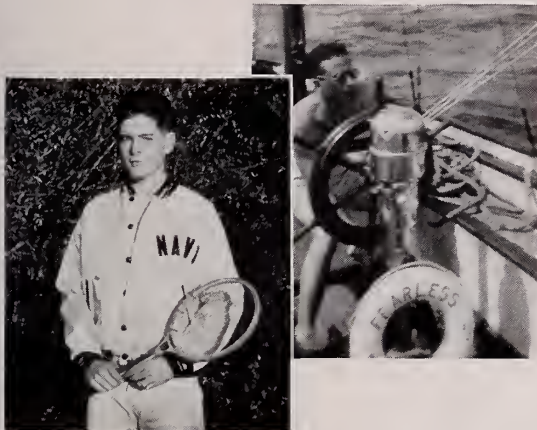


Gordon Lawrence Yeo

BIG RAPIDS, MICHIGAN

George, better known as "The King" came to the Naval Academy determined to make good. By hitting the books on the week-ends that he was not dragging or wishing that he were dragging, he managed to stay a half step ahead of the Academic Departments. Feeling certain that Big Rapids was the only town on the map, he spent many bull sessions trying to convince everyone else of this fact. Gordon was never a member of the radiator squad, and tried his hand at many of the company and battalion sports. A friend of all, he can be sure of having a wealth of close shipmates.

Zip



George

Abbie

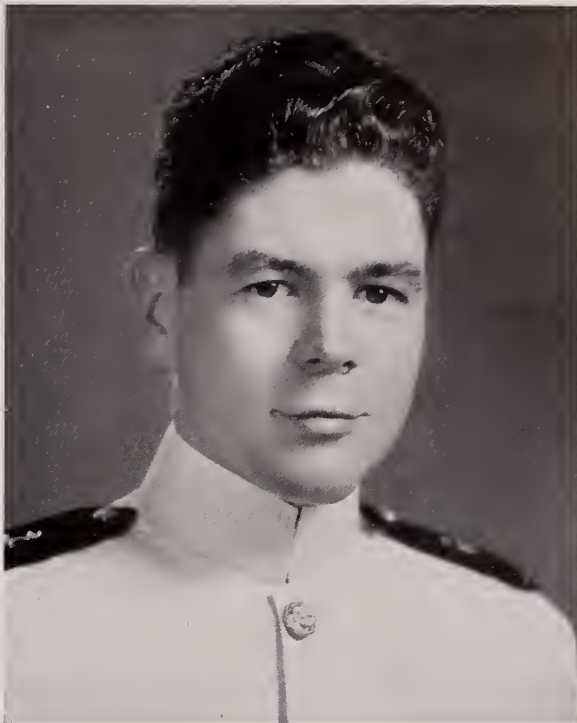


Andy

Samuel Glen Anders, Jr.

ARCADIA, LOUISIANA

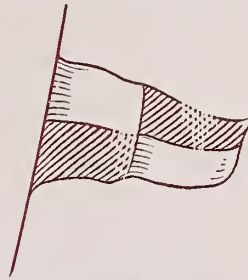
"Andy," hailing from Louisiana Tech, is as hearty as they come. He toured the Scientific courses with comparative ease but met a veritable Nemesis in the Dago Department. A hooper from way back, Andy has a unique way with the women. He was always at the hop on Saturday nights full of life and rarin' to go. Andy plugged for the Regiment as much as he talked for "H.P." and Louisiana. Outstanding features: an honest face and a sincerity of purpose. He seldom became serious but when he did, he went all the way. We're sure that Andy's heartiness will prevail in whatever predicament he may find himself.



Stanley Zipser

CANTON, OHIO

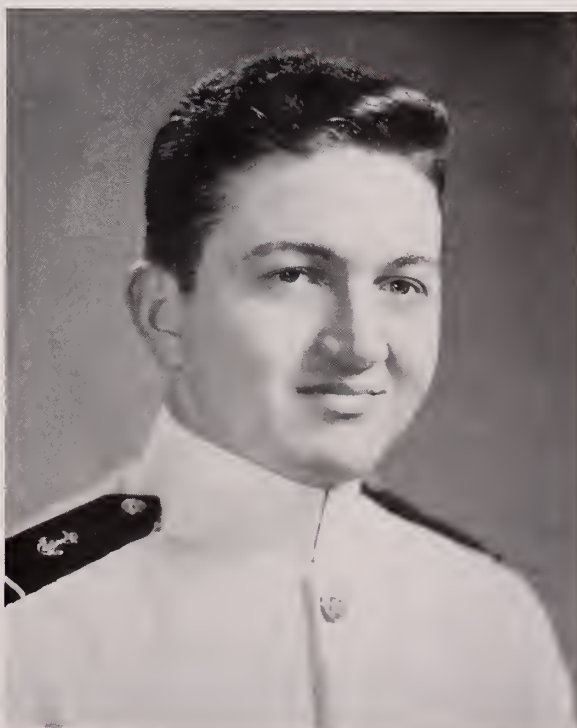
"Hup! Hup! Hey, "Zip," you're out of phase again." It wasn't Stan's fault that he bounced when he marched; his legs were just livelier than those of his classmates. "Zip" wasn't out of phase in anything else, though. His worries weren't concerned with academics in the least; he was usually wondering how he was going to take care of the three or four drags he invariably invited down on week-ends. In some manner, "Zip" solved all such trying problems and still found time to haunt the golf course, help edit the LUCKY BAG, and sail.



Winston Sterling Abernathy

WASHINGTON, D.C.

"Just another class," Abbie would say as the bell called him to formation. His interest was aviation, so attending class was nothing but a necessary evil. A man of few words, Ab devoted many study hours to his National Geographic and Reader's Digest, but an occasional glance at the Steam book supplied him with the "necessary gravy" to fool the profs who looked askance at his efforts. Ab enjoyed fencing more than any other sport, but an occasional pre-reveille jog around the track was, as he put it, "good exercise and plenty refreshing."





Joseph Harold Boop

CANTON, OHIO

Joe came to the Academy with a taste of Navy life as a radioman aboard the "New Mexico." Not quite a "Star" in academics Joe nevertheless managed to stay near the top, especially in his favorite subjects, Juice and Radio. His spare time was always well occupied with such sports as softball or tennis, and despite a Red Mike start during plebe year and youngster summer, he usually wound up dragging on week-ends. Joe will long be remembered by his classmates and friends for his quiet but friendly attitude and for his earnest ability to stick to the job until it is completed.



Adrian Griffith Back, Jr.

HODGENVILLE, KENTUCKY

Entering the Academy from the University of Kentucky, Adgie's life here has been anything but dull. Excellent in academics and even better in basketball and lacrosse, "A. G." has been dubbed Hodgenville's greatest gift to its country since Abe Lincoln. For two years he flashed around the court as varsity guard on Navy's basketball team; and as close-attack man on the lacrosse squad, he showed the Indians a lot they didn't know about their own game. The Regiment and the Physical Training Department will miss "A. G." but their loss will be the Fleet's gain.

Joe



A. G.

Bras

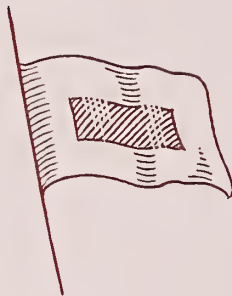


Mal

Ansel Clinton Braseth

GRAND FORKS, NORTH DAKOTA

Maybe North Dakota would do it to anybody, but it's not likely. Clint was more inclined to make his environment meet his standards than the other way around. A friendliness that had made him president of his class in college earned him a wide group of friends at the Academy. His academic score, his LUCKY BAG work, his sailing, and even his dragging testify to the ability and conscientiousness which he contributed to everything he undertook. Bras belittled his accomplishments, but letting the record talk, it's, "Well done, Clint."



Malcolm Cotton Brown, II

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Coming from the sunny beaches and sinful night clubs of Chicago's North Shore, Mal remained essentially a college boy at heart. Despite his small stature, he exhibits plenty of fight in Junior Varsity football and lacrosse. He plans to retire at twenty-seven and live in a Chicago penthouse on a modest fortune of a few million dollars acquired by any method except working. Mal's occasional serious moments reveal a character that will, in between rest hours and meals, make him an asset to the service and a friend to his shipmates.



Joseph Granbery Cannon

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

Uncle Joe is a self-made man. All his unsophisticated, colorful previous life he'd been working toward the Academy—and he's been resting from his labors ever since the day he was sworn in. He's a paper-work expert, and knows just exactly how to express himself—twin abilities that are going to place him in good stead. He also knows the art of relaxing and of Dutch dragging. He has his loves—mail, leaves in Georgia, fireplaces, a white collie, and his youthful, inspiring parents. It'll be an extremely unkind fate that gives him anything besides the idyllic sort of life he seeks.

Tom



Joe

Ed



Hardie

Alfred Harden Coon, Jr.

KINGSTON, PENNSYLVANIA

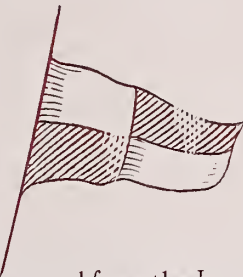
After winning several sailing trophies, Hardie decided to become a "middy." Old Lehigh and Bullis were his stepping stones to success. Academically he usually starred on reexams, but his congenial spirit and likeable personality placed his dragging in the category of superior quality. In sports he favored water polo and sailing, with company volleyball on the side. During happy hours, Hardie could be found either on his sack or in the midst of a political bull session. Without a doubt, his friendly manner, perseverance, and conscientiousness will be great assets in obtaining his ultimate goal.



Thomas Cooper Chitty

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

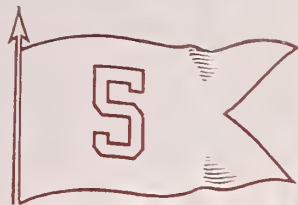
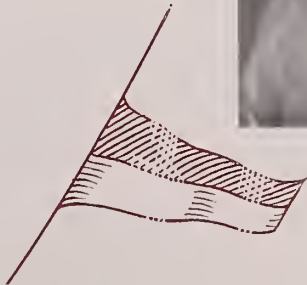
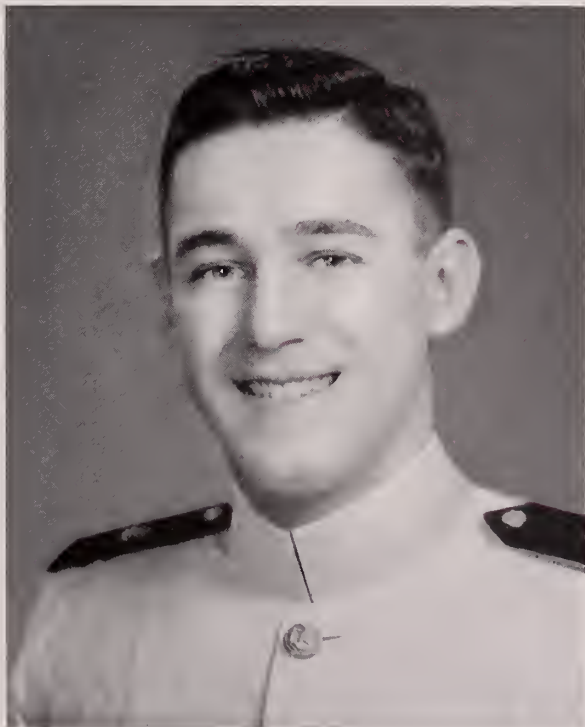
"Taint no swamps in Florida," guarantees the former Ramblin' Wreck from the Land of Sunshine and Ocean Breezes. Tom had to give up his fishing trips here, and spent most of his time at the Boat House. He was a contender for a seat in a shell until he found he could be a manager by eating vitamin pills. Because studying was not his forte, T. C. gave his sack a thorough workout while he recounted tales of C. I. S. chits. Tom's ability to sidestep the flow, as witnessed by his absence from Forms 2 made N.A. life endurable for him.

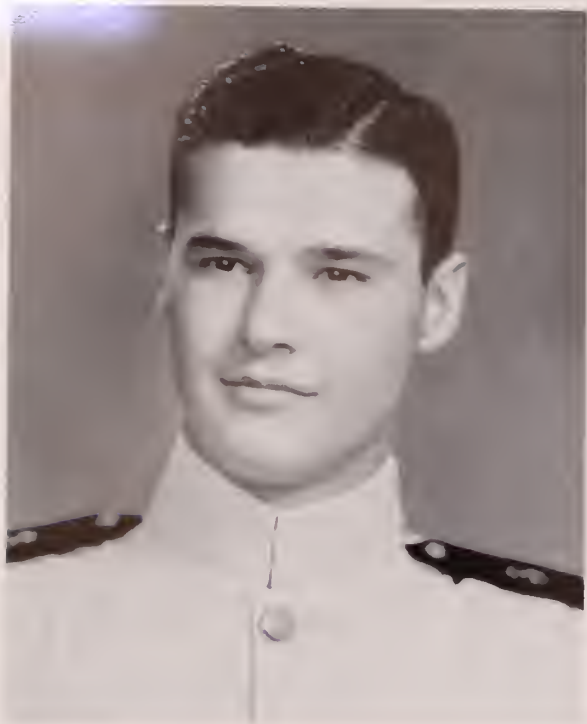


Edward William Cooke

FONDA, IOWA

Ed emerged from the Iowa corn fields equipped with a friendly smile, a helping hand, and the Luck of the Irish. One of the fortunate few who is able to do almost anything with remarkable ease, Ed's only Nemesis was swimming. His beginning in the academic field was unimpressive; however, when the chips were collected, he was a high man. Ed is a stable fellow but still he would be much happier if we had anti-dragging laws, 24-hour rest periods, and green uniforms for St. Patrick's Day.





George Leon Dickey, Jr.

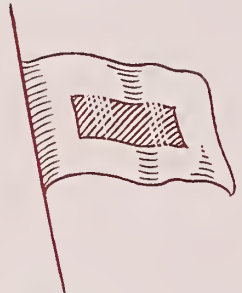
ARLINGTON, TEXAS

Another Texan bit the dust of Farragut Field in the summer of '42 and set upon a brilliant career of matching his wits with the Executive Department and his skills with the academic wizards that haunt this institution. His vigorous attitude laid a wide gravy margin behind him, so that youngster year he could turn to a new field—dragging George's feminine repertoire is limitless. The women succumb to this handsome brute, but he commits himself to none—yet. F. L.'s amorous qualities are divided also among other fields—sailing and boxing; he two blocks 'em both. George says, "Till we meet again, 'Bottoms up.'"

Leslie William Dienst

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Nebraska leased its Legion-picked best citizen to be the first unit leader for the Third Battalion during plebe summer. To a man, the mighty thirteenth will forever remember Les' rendition of "Amen," his sense of humor, and cheerful manner. Les liked his bunk, but it never interfered with his studies which he mastered as thoroughly as bridge. Always on the go, Les found time to sandwich dragging between his many activities. A consistent, helpful roommate, a gentleman with principles, Les will retain the companies of friendships he has gained. "Post, all along."



Russell Stewart Davis, Jr.

CAMBRIDGE, MARYLAND

One couldn't say Russ was lazy; he just disregarded the unnecessary things. He held his own with the Executive and Academic Departments—but at the same time never let his work interfere with a good bull session or a chance for a blind drag. Adept in basketball and tops in tennis, Rusty nevertheless confined his athletic prowess mostly to company and battalion sports. Pensacola holds an irresistible attraction for Russ and knowing him as we do, it won't be long before he's wearing the Navy wings of gold.

George



Rusty

Les



Dud



Harrison Grover Dudley

NORTH EAST, PENNSYLVANIA

For an interesting half hour, all one had to do was mention Rio, and "Dud" would be off on one of his favorite tales. He had a store of good ones too, for he came to the Academy from the Fleet where he had spent an interesting three years of his life. During plebe year "Dud" surprised himself by discovering that he could run. From then on he was varsity cross-country material and a capable track man. In his likes and dislikes he was emphatic and certain, and once he had formed an opinion he was just another bull-headed Irishman.



John Philip Eells

WEST ALLIS, WISCONSIN

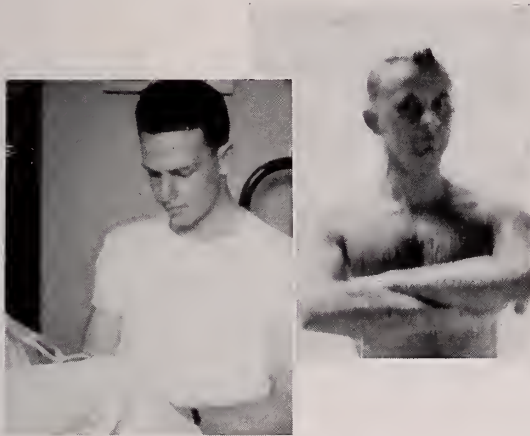
J. P. started trying to beat the system in pre-academy days back in military school. He is convinced that it can be done, so he is true to his motto, "Get all you can out of life." Aside from his activities in crew and football, J. P. goes in for "prof baiting," giving profs a mental workout while providing his classmates with a laugh. He met his match only once—a "j. g." in the Bull Department, who was, as J. P. put it, "Just too d—n sharp." When anyone wants a laugh, J. P. can provide it, but he'll have to be pulled out of bed first.

Cy



J. P.

Fred

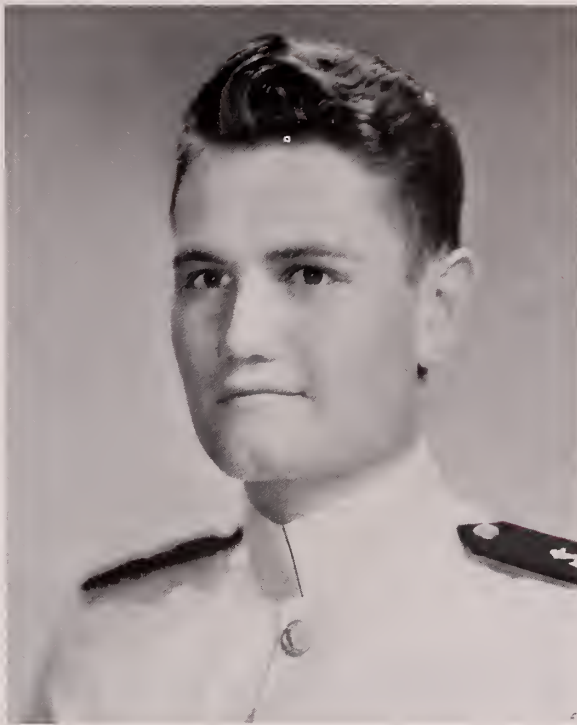


Jim

Raymond James Gear

HUTCHINSON, KANSAS

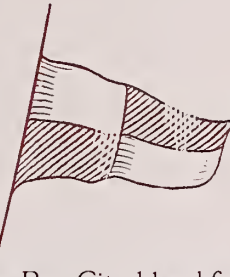
Don't start talking about home states when "Honest Jim" is present, because he's sure to give his all for Kansas. He is easy to get along with, a fact quite well sustained by the great number of friends he has made. Jim had an O. A. O., but not necessarily the same one every month. Although perpetually worried about his academics, he could do a pretty good job without too much work. Whether in baseball or basketball, Jim was always belittling his athletic efforts. He was a stickler for physical fitness, and always keeping himself in the pink of condition.



Cyril Thomas Faulders, Jr.

ELDORADO, KANSAS

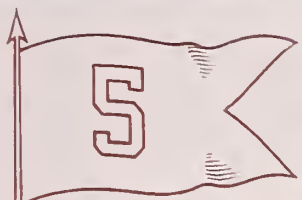
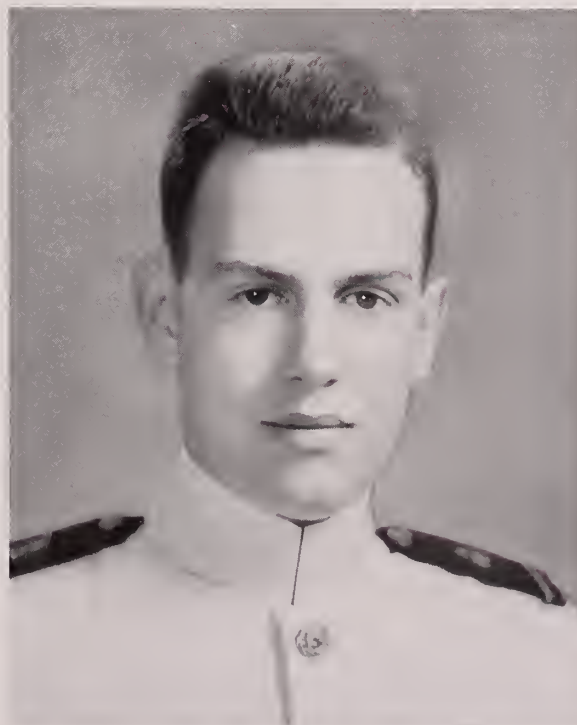
Cy did it and made it look so simple. Academics never mussed his hair, yet he had a big safety factor inside the first tenth of the class. After a detour by way of the canteen, Cy was off to one of the company sports. He managed to carry a few stripes but that doesn't entirely explain why his week-end plans always turned out so well. It may be that his eternal cheerfulness and friendliness along with a crazy, irrepressible sense of humor were factors in the Kansan's social success.

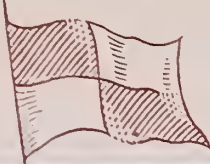


Fred Walter Furland

BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

The Bay City blond first impressed us with a will of his own and a distinctive attitude of unconcern. Very soon though, Fred's two years at college, and, more important, his innate academic ability, proved him to be a real scholar. With a love of things mathematical and a readiness to help, he soon found himself a Mecca for all who had difficulty. We will all remember Fred for his perennial searches for a swimming companion, for his obvious self-satisfaction over his own professed lack of ambition, and a friend to everyone.





Robert Judson Gorton

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Bob, who is an excellent seaman, was stationed at the Naval Base in San Diego before entering the Academy. Since he has been here, he jumps at every chance to go sailing for the week-end even though it meant forfeiting a date with a glamorous drag. We have spent many enjoyable afternoons on the Chesapeake with Bob. Always a willing participant in company sports, his ever-present effort to do things right will make him a fine officer. We will remember Bob for the many nicknames he accumulated while here, among which were "Smily," "Stubby," and "Toad."



Carl Richard Gieser

TECUMSEH, NEBRASKA

We will always remember Dick as that conscientious young man from out of the West. A year at the University of Nebraska made him a wise man, and it was there he discovered his future lay in the Navy. Once his mind was made up, nothing could hold him back. He believed that no task was too great, and he knew that the world of problems facing him could be conquered by perseverance. He played hard and worked hard, and all his friends will remember him as the man always willing to offer a helping hand.

Bob

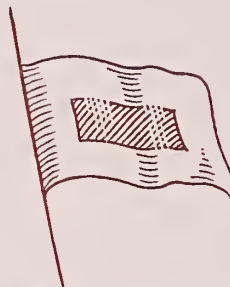


Dick

William Stanton Graham

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

When Bill came to the Academy, he didn't leave home far behind. Being from Baltimore he was intensely interested in lacrosse, made the varsity during his plebe year, and held down an important attack position during youngster and first-class year. Not one to black out other activities, "Cracker" was a staunch advocate of soccer and sailing trips whenever he could find time between his Log stories. Academics gave Bill very little trouble, so he had plenty of time to think about gay athletic trips and dragging week-ends.



Bill



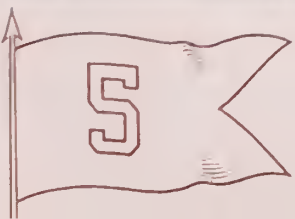
Tom



Thomas Edward Groves

ELKINS, WEST VIRGINIA

Tom was one of those fellows from inland that knew little of the sea and sea life, who through studies and association with those who had experience learned the Navy and increased his desire to be a Naval officer. Though not a varsity man he participated in most of the company and battalion sports with great prowess and zeal. To many Tom was known as a constant getter of scuttlebutt and kept his friends well informed as to the latest dope. As a good sailor he was well occupied on week-ends, and hardly ever missed any of the entertainment or hops.



Charles Howgate Guy, Jr.

MANSFIELD, OHIO

Charlie was one of the more versatile athletes of our class, being a member of the football and wrestling squads for two years and the lacrosse squad for three. While on leave in his beloved Chicago, "Punchy's" forays against the fair sex raised a smoke pall that would hang over the city for weeks. Never a savoir, "Stoop's" academic thrashings were a continual source of amusement, although occasionally his unorthodox methods produced the right answers. When the going gets tough, Charlie is a good man to have around because he never gives up.



Robert Stephen Haley

MASSENA, NEW YORK

Almost everyone thought that Massena was in Sicily until Bob had the chance to prove that it really is in New York State. Only the strong call of submarines could have taken this pugilistic Irishman from the banks of the Saint Lawrence. Bob never failed to take an interest in what went on about him and what happened to others, especially the gentler sex. A notorious sleeper, a diligent reader, spasmodic but unreliable Red Mike, and indefatigable conversationalist, whoever keeps company with Bob in future years will gain a real shipmate.

Bob



Charlie



Apey



Bob



Walter Robert Horner

DUNBARTON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Forsaking beautiful New Hampshire with all its goat's milk, Bob came to Annapolis via the Reserves. A farmer from way back, he considered himself an authority on any and all things pertaining to the "Country," so fairly enough his friends took it upon themselves to put him straight on life as it is in the outside world. During three years in Bancroft, Bob sung in the Glee Club, was cutest chorus boy, played varsity lacrosse, and spent several months over on Hospital Point amusing the nurses. Never at a loss for a cryptic comment on current events, Bob steps out now to the bigger and better things of life.



Arthur Philo Hall, Jr.

MOULTRIE, GEORGIA

Just call him Apey—Ape for short. He's an unreconstructed Ramblin' Wreck from Georgia Tech. He's a musician to the core—headed the NA10 while playing a magnificent piano. He also sings and whistles, especially during study hours. Ape never took a strain academically—but then he didn't have to. He's a curious combination of laziness and energy, and fortunately he knows when to turn to with his all-out side. With has a brain, a body, a sense of humor, and showmanship; he'll be all right in whatever he does, whether it's leading a Dixieland band or pacing a flag deck.



Albert Claude Jones

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

"Ragtime cowboy Joe" echoing through the corridors of Bancroft announced the arrival of Arizona's gift to the Naval Academy. The three-year battle between Ace and the Academic Department was never one sided, but from the start it was apparent that he would emerge the victor. Always one to provide a cheerful note when the routine came a little dull, his friendly grin and cheerful disposition are sure to be appreciated in the future as much as they have been by his many friends at the Academy. Ace's ability and determination insure the fulfillment of his ambition to wear the Navy wings.



Oliver Thomas Johnson

OKEMAH, OKLAHOMA

Just ambling along, never taking a strain, that's O. T. He was in the Naval R.O.T.C. for two years at Oklahoma University, where he became very much interested in the Navy and thus entered the Naval Academy. O. T. takes the academics in his stride; although he did have a few tough rounds with the Dago Department. He has a natural affinity for dragging and hasn't done so bad for himself along that line. O. T. has a disposition that has won him many friends and we feel that these friendships will grow stronger with the passing of time.

Ace

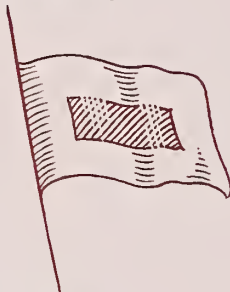


O. T.

Andrew Lewis Jones

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

"Andy" hails from Norfolk, but his friends never held it against him. Having spent most of his life on the Bay before coming to Navy, Dandy took to sailing and has been going strong for three years. No savoir, yet no bucket, this lad was forever helping his wives to pass by virtue of tremendous gouges he compiled for the exams. A notorious dancer "A. L." seldom had any trouble holding his own with the fair sex. Just keep "pulling that jib" as expertly as in the past, Andy, and your sails won't be luffing in the future.



Andy



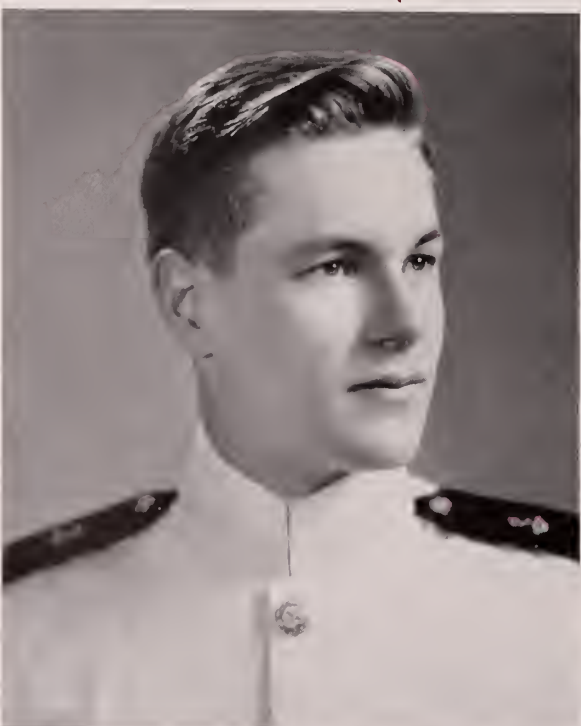
Klop



Hugh Christian Klopfenstein

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Klop" was never one to take a back seat in anything. His career before and after entering the Academy exemplified his ability to be in the middle of things. Even with profs he had the reputation of being the "jolly good fellow." Week-ends with his "Queens" were the things that Klop really lived for, and sailing and track took up his leisure time when he wasn't violently engaged in some bull session. He made the most of his chances here, a trait which will never cease helping him in the unsettled future.



Justin Edward Langille, III

LEESBURG, FLORIDA

Up from the Land of Eternal Sunshine, Black Jack came to our "Country Club" after three years of military life. Discipline was old stuff, and experience plus personality soon made Jack a leader in '46. Not a varsity man—except in the gentle art of Star boat racing—he nevertheless participated in various intramural sports. Jack was at his best as Sailing Master of the Academy's largest yacht, the "Freedom." Wearing his oldest dungarees, taking a trick at the wheel, keeping his ship all-a-taunt-o, and sailing smoothly, Black Jack lived the life he loved.

Chuck



Black Jack

K. I.

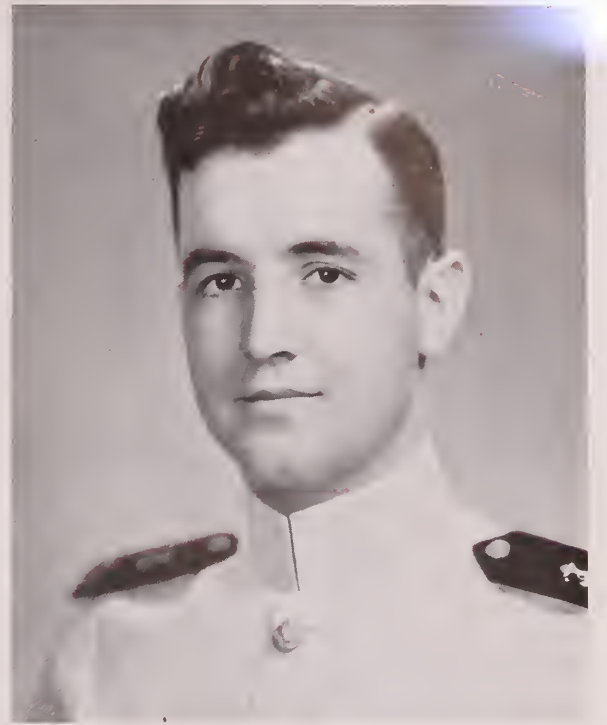


Gook

Robert Bryce McMurdo

WHITEFISH, MONTANA

Out of the deep, dark hills of Western Montana, after fifteen months in the Fleet (although he never saw the deck of a ship until his first Y.P. drill), came "Gook." He brought with him an inexhaustible supply of tall tales about "fur-bearing fish," "side-hill murks" and the like. Whenever you heard a loud, robust laugh, you knew that "Gook" was around. Sack drills, dragging, beating the system, and the commando course were perhaps his favorite pastimes with an occasional game of cribbage thrown in.



Charles Collette Mauldin

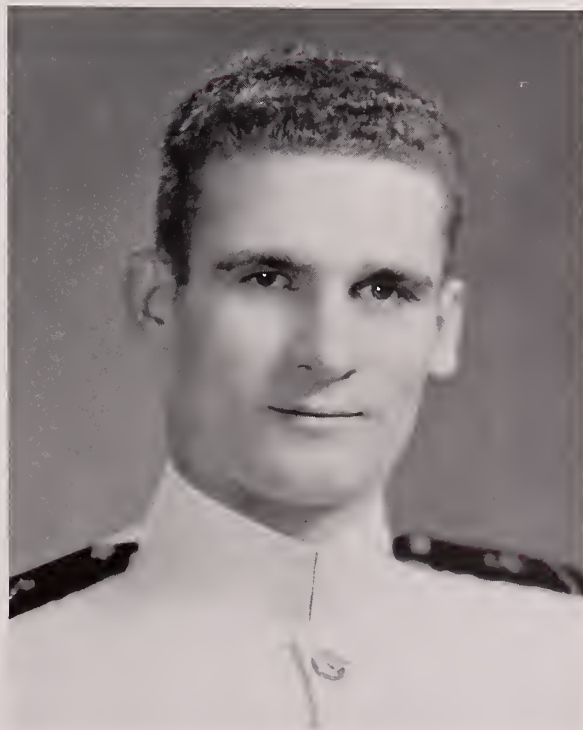
COLLINS, MISSISSIPPI

"Chuck" to his acquaintances, Collette to his girl, and "Swamp Fox" to his friends, "C. C." came to the Academy via the U.S.S. "West Virginia." A real sailor, he commanded the "Crocodile" on many of her forays and put in sailing time on the yawls. In his own words he "took no strain" but nevertheless he did all right both academically and with his drags. A Rebel and proud of it, the Swamp Fox speaks without an accent. His chief vice is taking large numbers of poor photographs and claiming they are good!

Kenneth Ivor McKay, Jr.

TAMPA, FLORIDA

Hailing from the peninsular state, "K. I." was an ardent fan of fishing, sailing, and sunshine. He managed to combine all three of these while spending week-ends sailing on the "Freedom," one of the Academy's class "A" yachts. According to him, everyone knows that Florida's oranges are the largest, and our hardest job was stemming his flow of Chamber of Commerce propaganda. Whenever the weather was bad, "K. I." could be found in a card game, or enjoying some of that greatly appreciated bunk time.

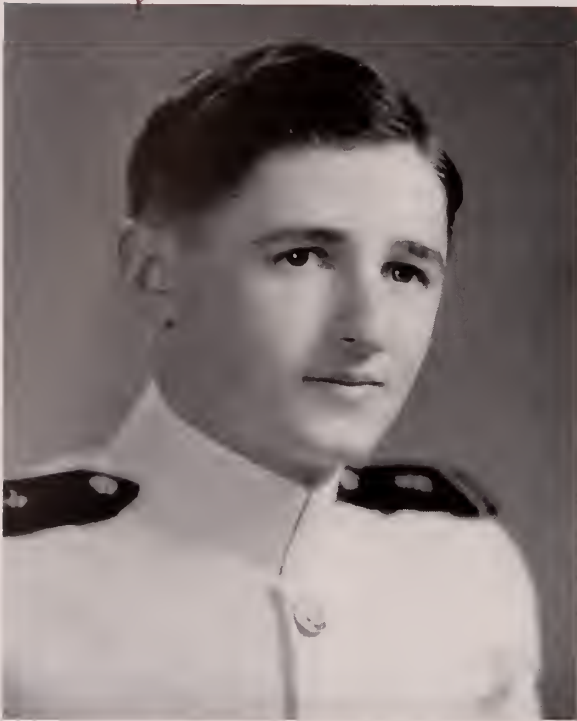




Forrest Corry Parry

CEDAR CITY, UTAH

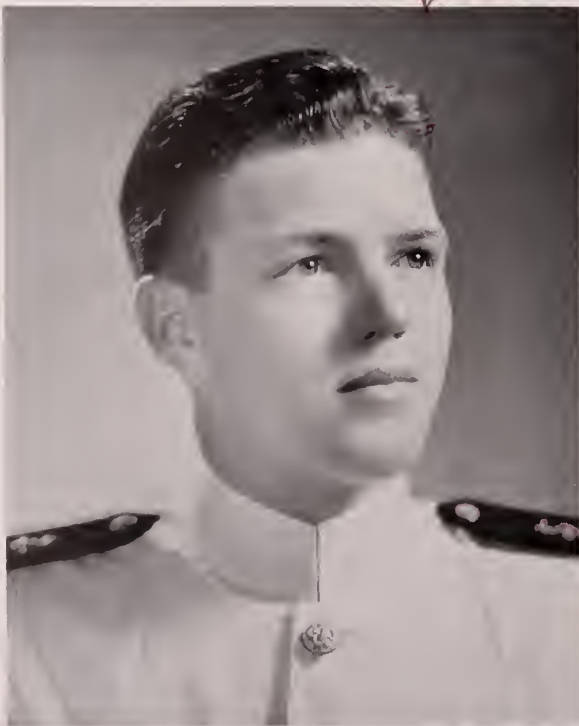
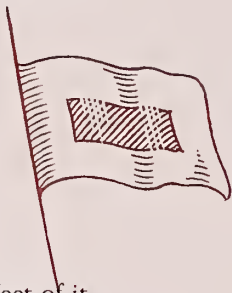
Forrest made a reputation for himself in the Steam Department immediately after coming to the Academy. In his own words, "I couldn't let those 'cut-throats' get ahead so..." The departmental professors recognized his ability with a, "Go see Mr. Parry, he knows more about this course than I do." Branch Agricultural College of Cedar City had done its work well. An ardent follower of everything concerning aviation, he was a potential flying hero when he received his appointment to the Naval Academy. There is still that burning desire for flying that only time can fulfill. We hope it does.



Bernard Piotrowski

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

Coming down from the North country where "snow" meant three or four feet of it, Pete was never quite able to enjoy this Maryland weather. Some twenty months in the Fleet gave Pete that easy-going attitude which has won him many friends and helped him with his five-card bridge. He didn't have much trouble with the Academic Department, but was unable to get the Executive Department to agree with him on a few issues. No, Pete isn't a Red Mike, he just exists from one leave until the next, when he can really live.



McFaddin Moise

SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA

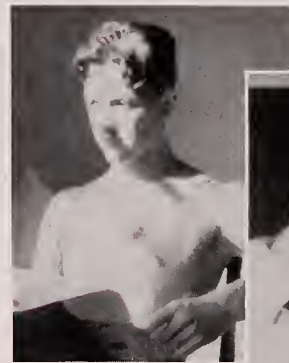
Navy's soccer and basketball teams received most of "Mac's" attention. He played on the plebe, junior varsity and varsity soccer teams and on the plebe basketball team. Far from being a Red Mike, Mac dragged to all the hops, usually a different girl to each. The Academic Department cost Mac some worry during plebe year but he successfully crossed every river with the rest of us. Mac's encounters with the Executive Department were fewer than average, due to two years of previous experience at Clemson College.

Forrest



Mac

Pete

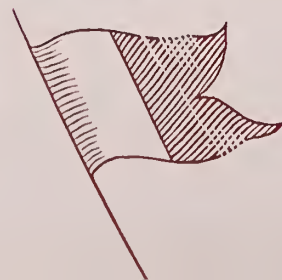


Frank

Frank William Rogers

MOUNTAIN VIEW, OKLAHOMA

After two years on the campus of Oklahoma University, Frank decided he would like to see a bit of the world. This hard-working lad entered the Naval Academy to fulfill an ambition. He brought along the natural trait of all Westerners—that of being a good conversationalist. In all bull sessions Frank was there holding his own against the boys. Academics didn't come easily to him, but concentrated effort and the ability to apply himself to the task at hand placed him in good stead. His sack, company athletics, and reading were Frank's main sources of relaxation and enjoyment.



Robert Henry Royer

ABILENE, KANSAS

Bob came to the Naval Academy with some definite ideas pertaining to academics, extra-curricular activities, and women. Nor did he fail in any of these ambitions. Being a modern Demosthenes, he excelled in debate and all forms of public speaking. His afternoons were spent in the wrestling loft or on the handball courts. His typical week-end included dragging a sweet young thing from Washington. Bob hopes to get submarine duty upon graduation. However, no matter what service he enters, his smoothly rounded character will insure immediate success.

Jim



James McKinnon Smith, Jr.

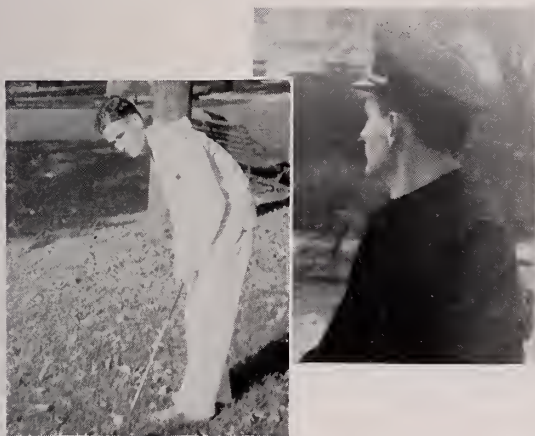
LOCKPORT, ILLINOIS

Leaving the indifferent civilian days in Lockport and the "accent" at Harvard, Jim quickly adjusted himself to the ways and means of the Navy. When not running cross-country, this auburn-haired Illinois native was usually indulging in his favorite recreation, sailing. Jim particularly enjoyed the social life and rarely missed a hop or a show. A certain letter, a White Sox victory, and a little chow made any day bright for him. If Jim makes good his ambition, the future will see him skipping his own carrier.



Bob

Frank



Sully

Bruce Millen Sullivan

CORSICANA, TEXAS

One of the few Texans not a member of its Chamber of Commerce, Bruce is living proof that Texas does produce good men. After spending one year at the University of Texas, Sully was able to take academics in stride—even occasional onslaughts from the Bull Department failed to dampen his spirits. Although participating in a number of company and battalion sports, he still found plenty of time for sack drill. If ambition, loyalty, and a strict sense of duty count in this Navy, then Bruce will be an officer equal to the best.



Frank Tandy Street, Jr.

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY

If you happen to be looking for Frank and he isn't out on the cinder path, probably it's a week-end and he's out dragging with Klop. But if there's a room down the hall where you hear lots of laughing and shouting—try there—you'll probably find him. Frank and fun always go together. When the academics got tough or extra duty became plentiful, Frank's smile and sly Kentucky humor were ever ready to give a lift to those of us who allowed our worries to get on top.





Kenneth Albert Wade

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

Among the boys who whoop it up in Bancroft Hall, one can always single out our boy, "K. A." Never a complaining note was emitted from Ken as people thronged to his room to borrow the daily necessities. Women never bothered him and he never bothered them; the only thing he dragged to the hops was himself, and that was in a mad effort to get the punch with the cherries in it. There was never a dull moment for the companions of "Carefree Ken," the man who luffed his way through Juice. "K. A." will never slow down as long as there is spice left in life.



Emory George Tiffany

DURANGO, COLORADO

Blond, stocky, smiling, athletic, that's Tiff. A large part of his time at the Academy was spent athletically reclining at the hospital recovering from various injuries received while indulging in sports. Academics were always first with him although he was not a savoir. One of the best liked men in the company, he was afraid of neither work nor responsibility. Inclined slightly to be a Red Mike, he could, on occasion, be one of the better wolves. He was a swell classmate and will be the type of officer we like to have as a shipmate.

K. A.

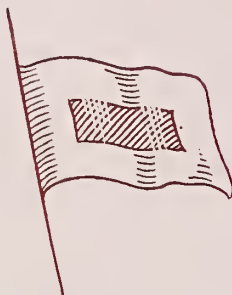


Tiff

Stoddard Stone Waldron

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

An Army brat gone Navy, "Gabby" started out for West Point, and ended up in the Academy. Strangely enough, he liked it. He gained valuable infantry experience by toting a rifle in Uncle Sam's Army for a year. His quiet, unassuming manner limits the number of his comments, but his level head and analytical mind make all his contributions worth consideration. He made lacrosse and wrestling serve as the main outlets for his restless energy and passion for exercise. A Red Mike only because of the remote location of his O.A.O., "Gabby" spent most of his leisure time in athletics and good books.



Gabby



Hiram



Harry Clegg Walker

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

When a deep monotone, "What's the word, mate?" resounded throughout the mighty portals, it could have been none other than Hiram. Starting in academics plebe year H. C. reached the heights in Math and the depths in Bull. Harry's pride and joy are his numerous Gawjuh Peaches which provide ample subject matter for his photographic aspirations. Harry enjoyed sailing especially when there wasn't a "game." With an unusual knack of getting to the base of a problem, coupled with his perseverance and ability to make sound decisions, Harry can do well in the days to come.

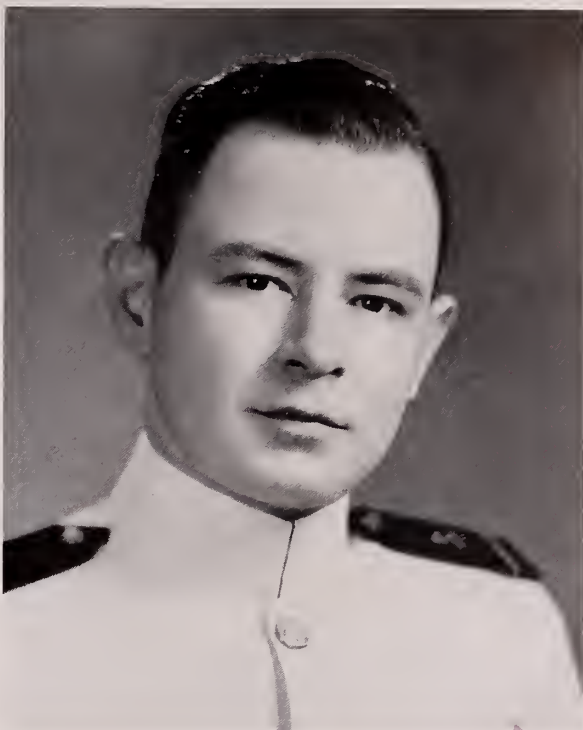


James William Wallace

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

Ahhh! Cuba Libres and Florida Nights. A wide grin, a tall story, an appreciation of life's finer things (women), a craving for more sleep, and a loyal plugger for his home state; that's Bill. A sand-blower de luxe, never without a cute drag every week-end, letters came first and academics second. Extra-duty was something he seldom knew, for he always had one eye on the Executive Department, and besides he didn't like to march. A savoir in Spanish, and one of the best dancers in the Regiment, Bill proved to be an amiable friend who was always doing things for others.

T. B.



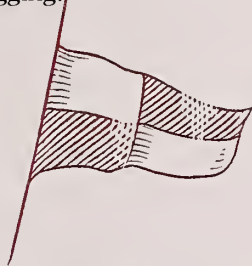
Thomas Bunyan Watt, Jr.

HARTSVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

When Southern gentlemen answered the Academy roll, "T. B." refused to be omitted. Setting his sails for Uncle Sam's Navy via Annapolis, his determination managed to overcome the academic obstacle course—occasional trees in Math being offset by his delight in Bull and Juice. A veteran of several musical shows (three years in Glee Club, Symphony Orchestra, and Choir), a quarterdeck oratory enthusiast, as well as an active member of the '46 LUCKY BAG Photo Staff, he always seemed to find ample time for participation in those favorite of all extra-curries, "chowing down" and dragging.



Bill



Donald Lambuth Weldon

HENDERSON, KENTUCKY

Don is a good natured Southerner who would never let anything trouble him very much, much less the Academic or Executive Departments. His most noted characteristics are blond hair, gray eyes, and an enormous capacity for absorbing the most complicated steam diagrams. "Don Juan's" greatest problem at the Naval Academy was trying to decide whether to sail the "Freedom" or drag one of his many lovely gals on week-ends. Don makes a dependable friend, but take my advice and never tip his cap down over his eyes or step on his well-shined shoes.



Don



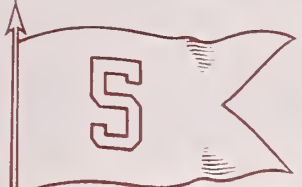
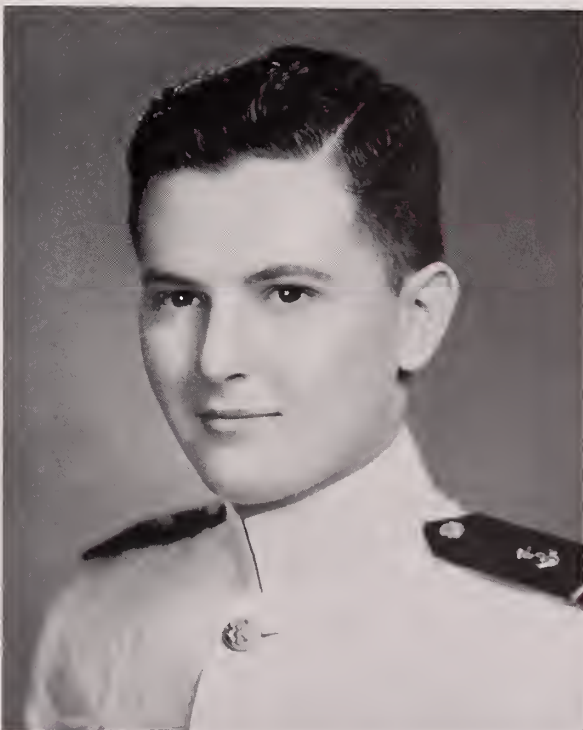
Whizzer



Lloyd Rudasill White, Jr.

TEXARKANA, TEXAS

Whizzer can't remember just when he started angling for an appointment to the Naval Academy; however, it was probably about the time he was teething on Naval History books. Lloyd began his long climb to the Admiral's stars by attending Texas A. & M. for two years before entering the Naval Academy. He was never troubled by the books but always displeased with the Academic Department. Each new term brought the problem of whether his managing ability could best be used in sports or on the regimental radiator squad. Lloyd's knowledge, love of the Navy, and ambition of life-long service will serve him well in the Fleet.





Joseph Robert Winslow, Jr.

ROBERSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Joe was known throughout the Regiment for being the only man who could speak Spanish with a Southern drawl. His negative flair for Steam was counter-balanced by an unusual ability in the less technical Bull. In the sports field, Joe achieved success in boxing and swimming, both of which he enjoyed to the utmost. On the week-ends we most often found him in the drag line at the canteen. His good looks and smooth dancing made him a hit with not only his drag, but also all his friends' drags.



William Howard Williams

ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

An academic proficiency par excellence, slight in stature but far above the average in athletic ability, an amiable nature and a ready smile, a lover of sports and games—by these thoughts shall we remember him. After three years at the University of West Virginia, Bill entered the Naval Academy and enjoyed success in all of his efforts. In spite of his slow, easy-going appearance, he possessed amazing powers of concentration with which he was able to get things done. A true friend, Bill was ever-willing to help a classmate through an especially tough prob.

Joe

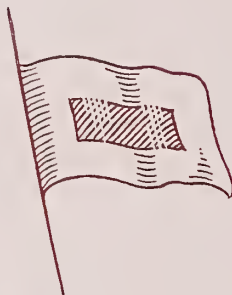


Bill

Robert Lester Wright

GILLETTE, WYOMING

After two years of flying at the University of Wyoming, with Mechanical Engineering as a sideline, Bob came to the Academy with the idea of furthering his flying ability. Once here, however, Bob turned his talents to sailing, became a member of the varsity team for two years, and was sailing master of the "Freedom" during first-class summer. Academics were the least of his worries, so Bob spent most of his study hours writing to the O.A.O., the remainder helping his not so fortunate classmates. His happiness will be complete only when he wears his Navy wings.



Bob



Marty

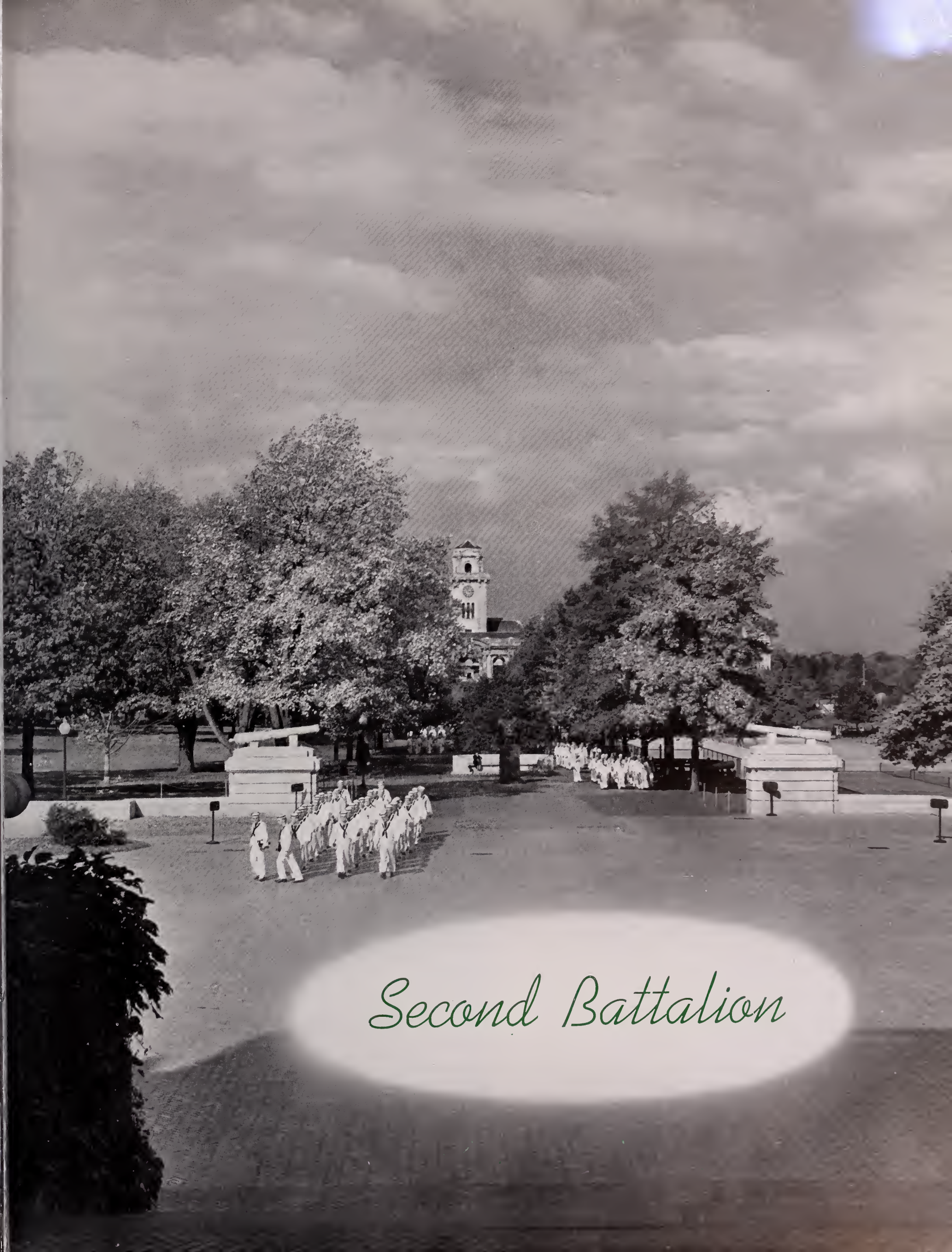


Martin "M" Zenni

DAYTON, OHIO

The Fleet's loss was the Academy's gain when Marty came to us from the U.S.S. Maryland. While here, "Zip" was no hogger of radiators. He was interested in all sports, and participated in many. During plebe and youngster years he and the Steam Department differed on the old "sketch and describe," but when the chips were down, he came through. "Zip" put his whole heart into anything he did, including both studies and sports. His favorite sayings, "se la guerra" and "es mucho yo" will long be remembered by his many friends.





Second Battalion



Fall Term

Battalion Staff Battalion Commander: F. S. Haak, Jr.
 Second row: C. A. Riehl, R. H. Gautier. Third row: D. F. Rodgers,
 F. B. Koch, A. H. Gaehler

Company Commanders

Tenth Company
 H. M. Stiles

Ninth Company
 O. L. Carey

Eighth Company
 K. R. Lampton

Seventh Company
 J. A. Paul

Sixth Company
 C. F. Turk



Winter Term



Battalion Staff Battalion Commander: H. A. Watson
Second row: D. W. Smith, S. L. Candler. Third row: W. N. Corrigan,
B. M. Atkinson, J. R. McGrath



Company Commanders

Tenth Company
G. M. Bard

Ninth Company
W. S. Spangler

Eighth Company
C. A. Taylor

Seventh Company
E. A. Decker

Sixth Company
D. T. Conover



Richard Stuart Baird

ROSELLE, NEW JERSEY

"Fin out, Mister!" and with these words another plebe would bite the dust—"Rabbit" saw to that. Week-end dragging for pleasure's sake was out of the question, for he was kept well under control by "Claudia." Most of his time was spent on the briny deep of the Severn. The handling of all classes of sailing craft came as second nature to him. Dick was always one week-end ahead of the Academic Departments: sailing through their courses with great ease. Dick will be remembered for his serious nature and satisfaction in a job well done.

Robert Louis Brady, Jr.

UPPER DARBY, PENNSYLVANIA

To "Zeke," the place "Upper Darby" connoted all and everything. Coming to the Academy with a good background, Bob never allowed academics to daunt him; he always seemed to feel that sack drill was the easiest way to solve weighty problems of Juice and Math. "Zeke" spent most of his time writing or courting his O.A.O., but he still had time to show his ability in soccer, track, and boxing. Versatile and popular, he is sure to get along whether it be cans or battlewagons.



Bert Milton Atkinson, Jr.

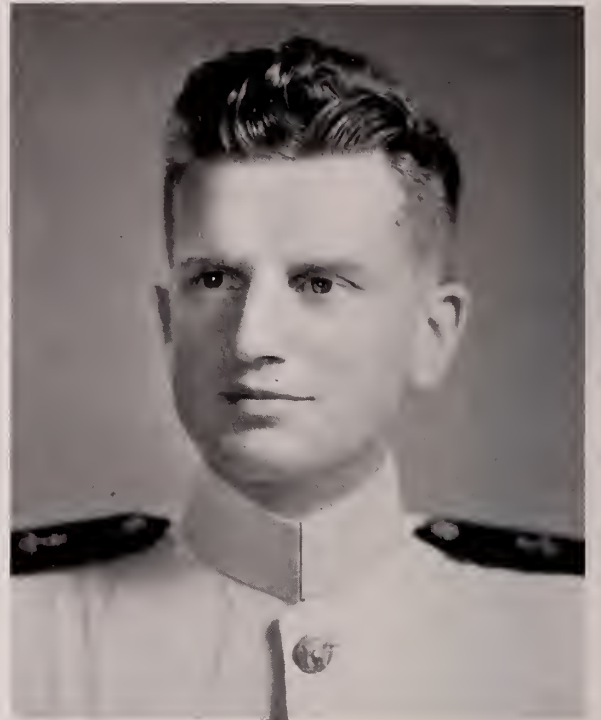
PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

Before pledging the blue and gold, this Army junior early learned a self-discipline that has made him outstanding among his classmates. An excellent athlete, Bert high-jumped into I.C.A.A.A. championship which made him invaluable and not-soon-to-be-forgotten in Navy track. Behind his smile glows a distinctive and winning personality which is exceptionally pleasing to the fairer sex and admired by us who are proud to be his shipmates. The Academic Department met its equal in Bert's dogged perseverance which is sure to carry him into the top of a splendid career.

Rabbit



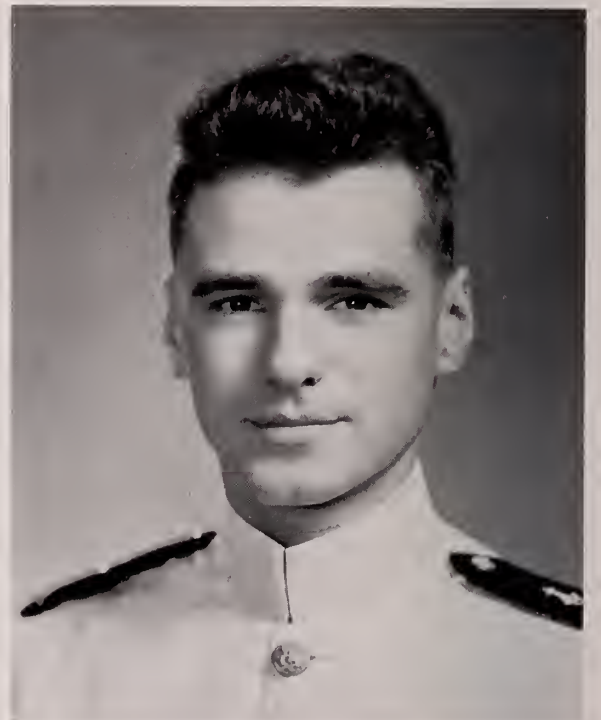
Bert



Sam



Zeke



Sherwin Batten Brown, Jr.

WOODSTOWN, NEW JERSEY

"Sam, what kind of weather are we going to have next week-end?" With his barometer, sling psychrometer, thermometer, weather maps, and charts, this was the man who kept us posted on the best week-ends to drag. Two years of service as a radioman striker aboard tin cans plus a couple of summers on merchant vessels gave Sam a broad general knowledge of the Navy—which many a plebe had occasion to find out. Having come through the Navy prep school, Sam had learned the prudence of putting first things first, and made academics his primary concern.



Robert Bernard Brumsted

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

It was inevitable that this genial lad from Milwaukee, with a last name like Brumsted, would be dubbed "Dagwood." From Marquette University "Dag" started his journey to the "promised land," bringing with him an imperturbable nature, an ample supply of food, and his one great phobia—a fear of lack of sleep. These three things best characterize his sojourn at the Academy. He did, however, manage to arouse himself during the year to play a bang-up game of soccer. But to "The Boys" he will always be a "liberty hound" and local chow provender.



Ace



Dagwood



Bill

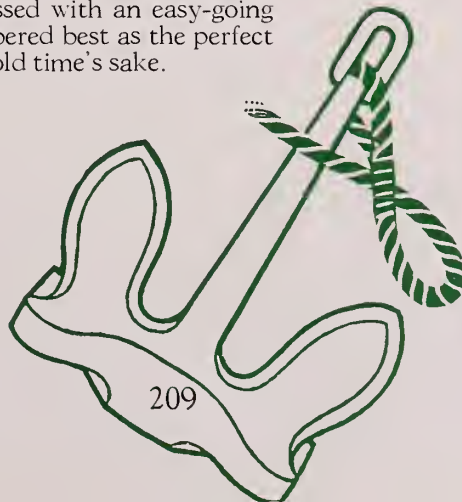


Soup

William Patrick Cantwell, Jr.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

Coming to the Academy straight from the Citadel, Bill has yet to be convinced that the North won the War. A decided extrovert, "W. P." was one of the few individuals destined to lead by example rather than by virtue of authority. Bill loved his liberty and was always the first ashore and the last to return. Blessed with an easy-going Southern nature and a deep love for sleep, Bill will be remembered best as the perfect Southern gentleman sitting in the shade and sipping a few for old time's sake.



Arde Adolph Burki

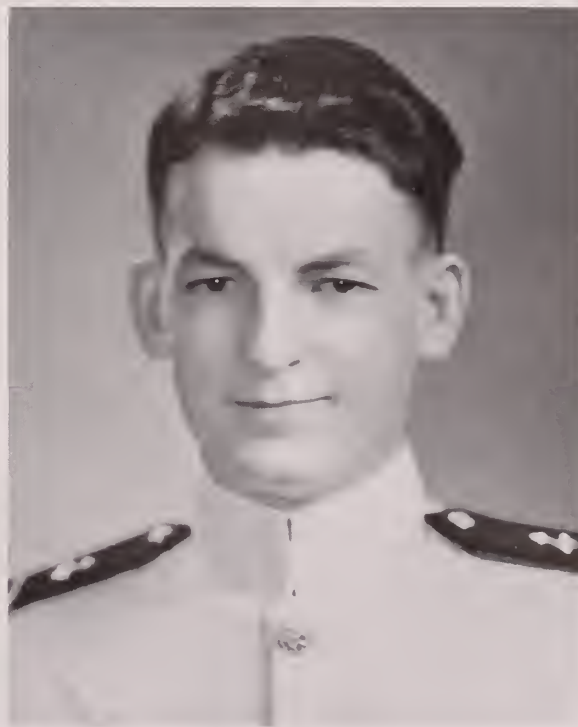
ST. ALBANS, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

It didn't take long for "Ace" to establish a reputation for himself as a big time operator. Although he continually peddles a pathetic tale of woe, his classmates soon learned to take his words with a grain of salt. This precaution applied to his self-claimed aversion to athletics, since his three years of football spoke for itself. Always ready to pull a "quicky," he could always arouse himself to do a bit of hustling when the occasion arose. Known by his friends as a very jubilant classmate, he has made himself an institution in his company.

William Eugene Campbell

WICHITA, KANSAS

"Soup," after spending a year at Wichita U., came from the golden wheat fields (?) of Kansas to the U.S.N.A. to start his career as a sailor. Bill had a hard time keeping out of the reach of the plebe year Bull pros but in his youngster year he stepped out to hold his own. Gym took the greater part of his time and he did a mighty good job as a tumbler. His other main activity was cheerleading, and he did such a fine job that he was elected captain of the "Rah Rah" boys his first-class year.





Donald Thompson Conover

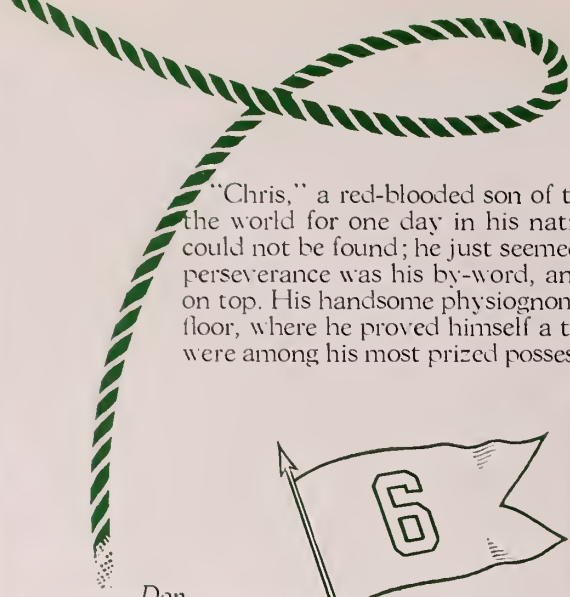
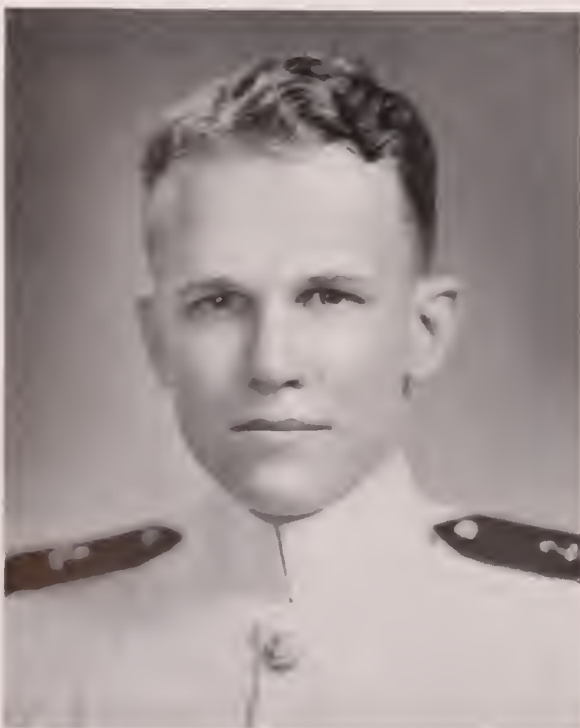
BROOKLINE, PENNSYLVANIA

A blue-and-gold lad with a ready grin and smooth line. Don eased into the Academy from Pennsylvania and has been jumping numbers ever since. As business manager of the *Trident* and head of the stage gang he carried on a ceaseless campaign against his only enemy—the last minute rush—and many a curtain would never have been raised in Mahan had it not been for his ready hands. Renowned as the regimental cupid and indefatigable correspondent, Don's character is best illustrated by his spirited leading of the "hubbah—hubbah"—on the field and off.

John Preston Critchley

MIAMI, FLORIDA AND NEW YORK, NEW YORK

"Critch" was one of the first to leave Dartmouth's campus to study war. A great believer in convenience, he accomplishes all he can in the shortest possible time; often cuts his way through a fellow fencer in order to get to his shower more quickly. His routine is regular, but he manages to keep seven airplane notebooks up to date, read one hundred and fifty books a year, and still find time for two movies a week-end. Travel abroad, and English lineage have been well-blended to make "Critch" a poised gentleman with a touch of dry wit.



Morris Anthony Christensen

BILLINGS, MONTANA

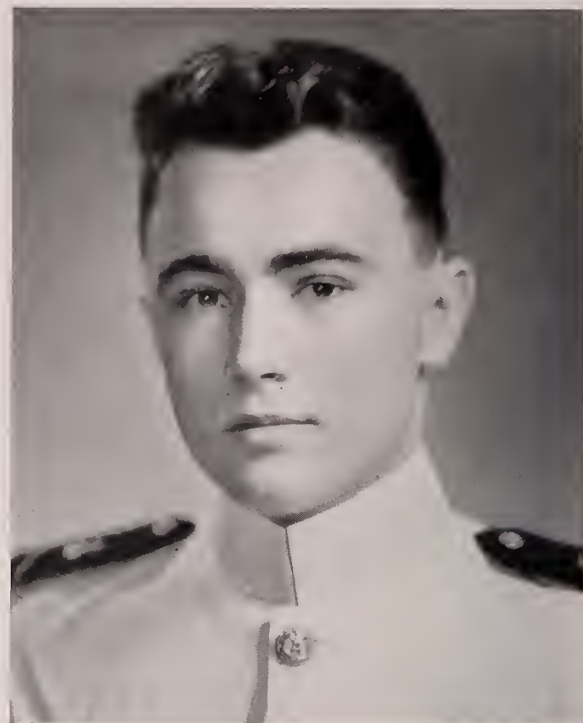
"Chris," a red-blooded son of the West, would gladly have traded all the books in the world for one day in his native mountains. A more friendly and likeable chap could not be found; he just seemed to get along. Though academics never worried him perseverance was his by-word, and he stuck by his guns for three years to come out on top. His handsome physiognomy was often seen in a lacrosse helmet or on the gym floor, where he proved himself a top-notch athlete. Many friends and a catching grin were among his most prized possessions.



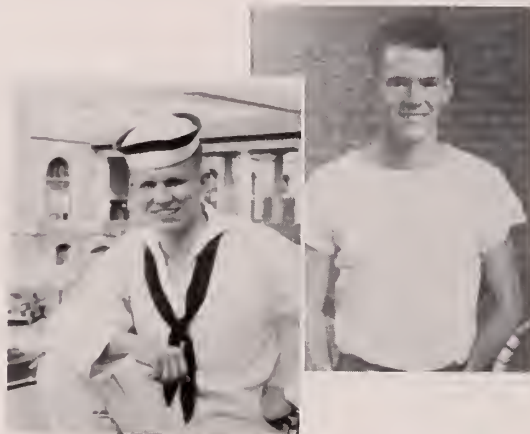
Don



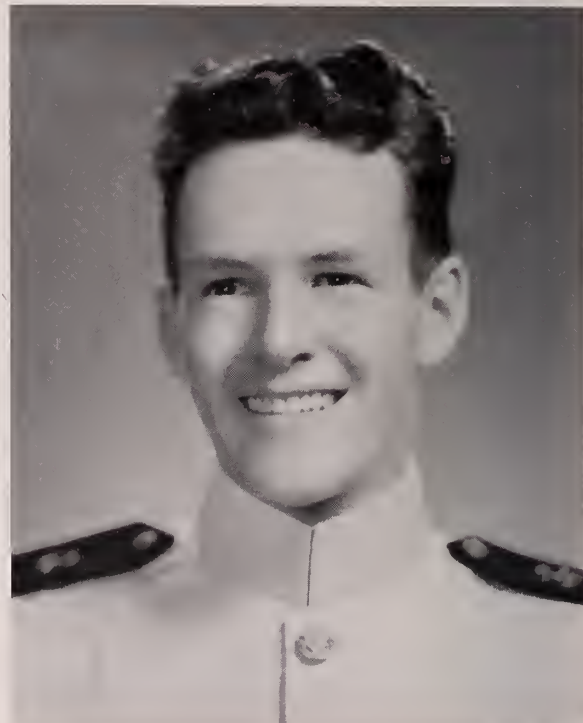
Chris



Dick



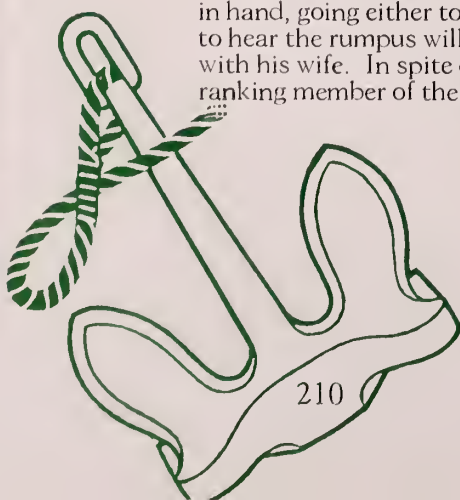
Critch



Richard Harold Daly

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Dick arrived here from Newton after having two years at Boston College. His ridicule of his roommate's New York dialect stopped abruptly when the gang discovered his Bostonian accent. During his free time, he could usually be seen, racquet in hand, going either to the squash or tennis courts. Those who have lived close enough to hear the rumpus will remember his slide rule duels and study hour wrestling matches with his wife. In spite of his lean appearance, others of us will remember him as a high ranking member of the ancient and honorable order of chow hounds.



Richard Allen Everist

SIoux CITY, IOWA

Despite an inherently honest nature, "Rick" is a deceiving character, for, although aspiring to a Naval career, his thoughts are wrapped up in a midwest ditch digging concern and we suspect he joined the Navy to get some professional tips from the Seabees. Albeit hailing from the Corn Belt, he is a salty dinghy sailor and is right up with the cognoscenti academically. R. A. possesses the enviable trait of being able to take it on the chin (which is frequently the case when he drags blind despite his hollow claim of being a misogynist) and comes back game as ever.



Frenchy

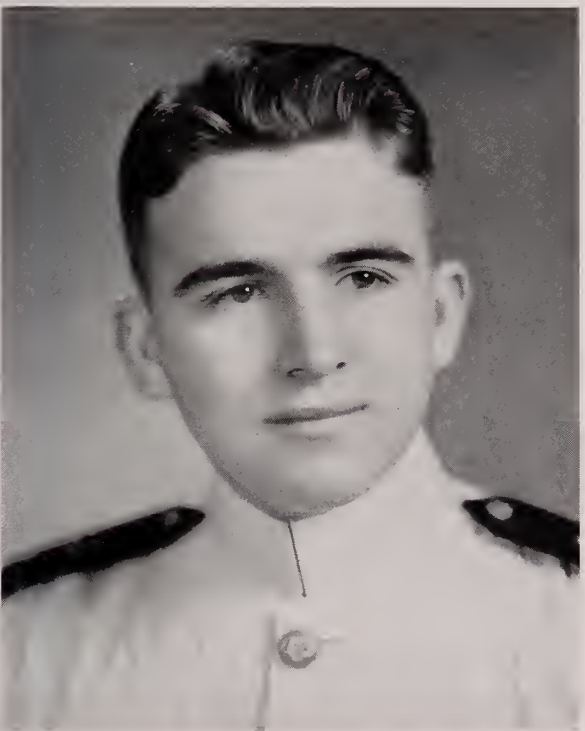


Rick

Hoot



Norm



John Claude Gibson

ATLANTIC CITY, NEW JERSEY

From the boardwalk to Bancroft is the true story of "Hoot." He had quite a time passing his physical entrance exams because of his height, but he assures us that they let him in because he was from Jersey. Sailing and various inter-company sports took up most of his afternoons, and his evenings were spent in trying to make his wife obtain his own assignment sheets. "Hoot" acquired an early reputation as a social slasher, but we'll always remember him for his famous last words, "And I want you to know that I'm not the shortest man in the Regiment, either."



Charles Temple Fontaine

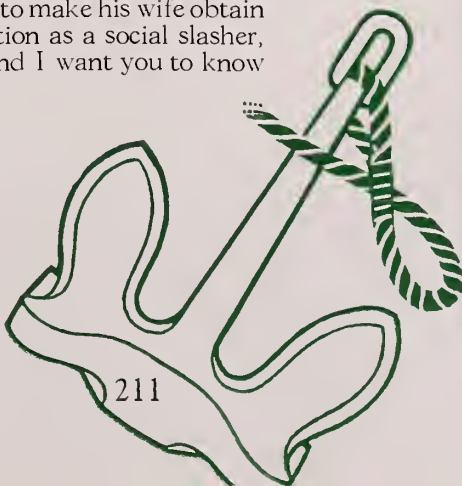
CLARKSDALE, MISSISSIPPI

"Frenchy" is a sharp lad from the Delta, always talking about Mississippi, quick to say, "Go back and rap for your change." Being handicapped by good looks, a quick smile, and a sparkling personality, he is an ideal target for the girls. Known from Annapolis to Clarksdale, and from Boston to Norfolk, he will have to go some to make the future live up to his past. Serious only when he has to be, Charles is liked by all who know him.

Norman Fred Geer

JASPER, MICHIGAN

Three years at the University of Michigan convinced Norm that he knew enough Math to figure out any prob that might arise, but he couldn't understand why this didn't help him in Bull themes and Dago. However, study hours were happy hours for him, except when his classmates enlisted his always-available aid. Norm's affinity for handball and soccer kept him busy during the afternoons. We hope that three years at the Academy have altered Norm's previous regret at not having finished his Chemical Engineering course at U.M.





Frederick Newton Glaister

PORTLAND, OREGON

One of the two men in '40 to have seen action before entering the Academy, Fred came directly from the South Pacific. Although he had not attended any prep school or college, Fred's two years as a fire-controlman proved invaluable in technical subjects. He was often approached by men of all classes with questions on Naval subjects or with a desire to hear about the Navy in action. Highlighting his career at the Academy was the publication of Alden Hatch's book *Heroes of Annapolis* in which several of Fred's more interesting experiences are related.

Walter Gorak

ALLIANCE, OHIO

"If you guys want to get some time in the Navy, stand over by my locker and absorb some salt air." Walt's classmates often availed themselves of his knowledge acquired during three years in the Fleet. A hard worker, a lover of classical music, and a good athlete, he found the academics comparatively easy, always standing high in his class. Though professing an indifference to women, Walt had his share of admirers. Quick to champion the cause of the enlisted man, Walt will be the idol of every man in his division.



John Gilbert Giedt

LEOLA, SOUTH DAKOTA

Foresaking the pleasures of South Dakota's outdoor life, J. G. used the University of California's N.R.O.T.C. unit as his passport to the Academy. His new classmates found him capable and helpful, and many were the times his room was invaded by groups of them in thirst of the knowledge he could give them. "Up," as his Leola friends knew him, placed academics secondary to correspondence. The best description of his attitude would be his favorite phrase; "Men, this is Letter writing night." John will be best remembered as a gentleman, and the possessor of hair that was prone to be vertical.

Fred



Up



Burnie



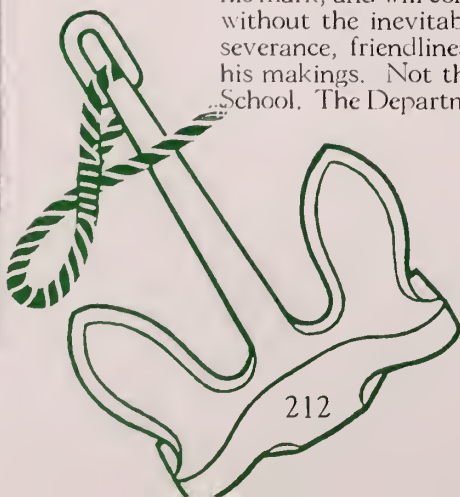
Walt



Burniel Knight Greenwood

HASTINGS, NEBRASKA

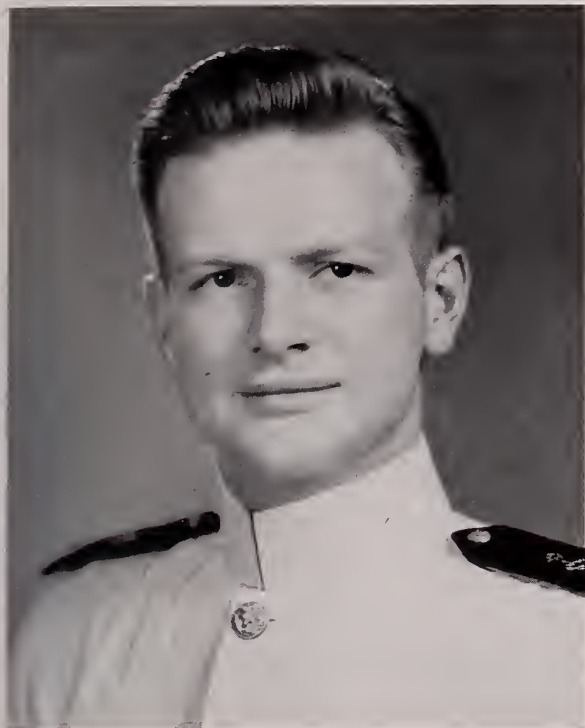
Whether it was handball, basketball, tennis, golf, or soccer, "Burnie" was always willing to finish out a team. This amiable favorite son of Nebraska came here, made his mark, and will continue to make good. No study hour was ever complete for Burnie without the inevitable letter to Mom, his favorite girl. The good qualities of perseverance, friendliness, sincerity, and faithfulness were incorporated unstintingly in his makings. Not the least of his activities were the Choir and the Chapel Sunday School. The Department of Faith and Morals loss is the Navy's gain.



Charles Henry Griffiths

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Arriving at the Naval Academy after two hilarious years of college, "Chuck" quickly resigned himself to the routine of plebe summer. His strong personality and ambitious character soon rated him high among his friends and with the Executive Department. Since then his main diversions have been football and beautiful women, and he has had considerable success with both. Always ready to expound on the glories of his "Podunk," his stories might sometime seem fictitious but never uninteresting. Above everything else, he is a real friend and shipmate.



Lover



Chuck



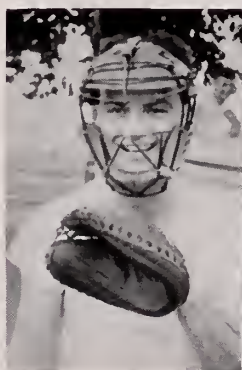
Gus



Augustine Walker Hampton, Jr.

ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA

The Florida beaches contributed an educated toe when they sent "Gus" and his bare feet to the Academy. His favorite occupations were playing football barefooted in the mud, and chowing down while listening to his jive records. "Gus" always wanted to learn how to sail, but when the opportunity presented itself, a bridge foursome, a bull session, or a basketball game ruined his good intentions. Although "Gus" was not a star man, he had plenty of time for scrapping on the athletic field, and dragging beautiful women.



Ham



John Gordon Hamby

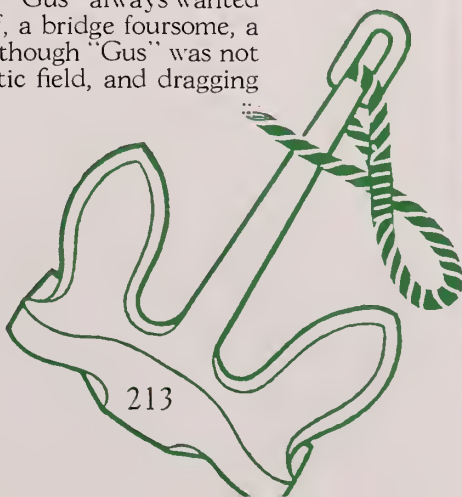
DAWSON SPRINGS, KENTUCKY

To "Lover," academics meant only those necessary but nauseating sessions that had to be waded through to the week's end when he could get a drag by his side. Just to prove that academics were fruit, "Lover" took an odd delight in whiling away study hours doing correspondence work in advanced mathematics from his previous Alma Mater—University of Kentucky. Next to dragging, his strongest passion was for argument about everything, anywhere, anytime. If "J. G." doesn't decline the rank in favor of a Kentucky colonelcy, he should make a swell admiral.

Howard Arthur Hammell

RUTHERFORD, NEW JERSEY

Coming from a state that according to him is really "on the ball," "H. A." has not told us as yet how the Jerseyites ever get the word. He had a typical trait of yelling just before formation, "Hey, Mate, what's the uniform?" Taking an interest in radios, he has designed his own, and has great pride in his knowledge of what's wrong when they're not working. "Ham" prefers aviation and is planning on becoming a pilot, but for now he is content to build and break his model airplanes.





Jerry David Heath

LAWRENCEVILLE, ILLINOIS

Whenever a third for a trio, a fourth for bridge, or a fifth for basketball was needed, "Smokey" was the man. His fondness for movies—at least two a week—was surpassed only by his steadfast devotion to his O.A.O. Anyone visiting "Smokey" during study hour was more likely to find him writing letters or reading a book on anatomy than at his Naval studies. Quiet, reserved, easy-going, yet with a devilish gleam in his eye, "Smokey" managed to win a host of friends.

Donald Fredrick Hellwinkel

MINDEN, NEVADA

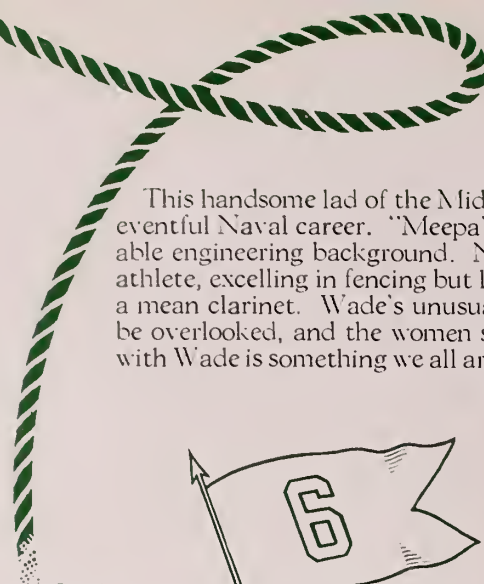
"Brick" brought with him to the Academy a few sprigs of sagebrush and a lasting sense of humor. He always cherishes the thought of once more making the Carson Valley his home and finding that certain Western Miss. Since he arrived on Severn's shores, he has endeavored to develop those qualities which are inherent in a leader. Casting aside minor skirmishes with the Academic Department, Don found time for his fill of sports. Soccer, basketball, and other diversions found him ready and able. From his first "Okay, Sir" to his last "Aye, aye" Brick will carry on.



Wade Lawrence Hardy, Jr.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

This handsome lad of the Middle West with a pleasing personality is destined for an eventful Naval career. "Meepa" came from Purdue University where he gained valuable engineering background. Not only one of the savvy boys, he is also an excellent athlete, excelling in fencing but his talents do not stop here as he loves swing and plays a mean clarinet. Wade's unusual luck in drawing 4.0 drags is something that cannot be overlooked, and the women seem to fall hard for those dimples. Being shipmates with Wade is something we all are looking forward to.



Smokey



Meepa



Bill



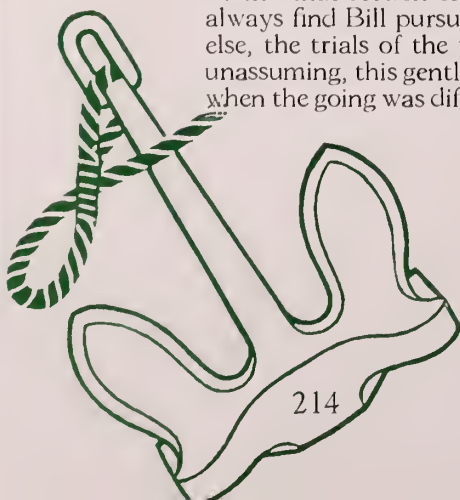
Brick



William Edward Huddleston

ARKADELPHIA, ARKANSAS

From the last word in the "reg" book to the newest story in the latest magazine, Bill knew them all. This easy-going lad from the deep South was always willing to defend that section of the country against any and all arguments. You could almost always find Bill pursuing his favorite sport on the basketball court. Like everything else, the trials of the various Academic Departments failed to worry him. Quiet and unassuming, this gentleman could always be counted upon for the essential information when the going was difficult.



Joseph Argonne Jackson

SANK CENTER, MINNESOTA

After two years of chemical engineering at the University of Minnesota, Joe decided that the Navy held a greater fascination than test tubes. A yarn spinner from way back, Joe could balance his pipe on his chin and talk up a good hurricane. Some of the yarns might have been slightly tall, but they were wonderful time-killers. An untiring photographer Joe probably used up more film than any six other classmates, and has a magnificent scrapbook to show for it. Minnesota doesn't have any salt water; so naturally Joe is especially anxious to see the world from the bridge of a can.



Jim



Joe



James Henry Janson

LAGRANGE, TEXAS

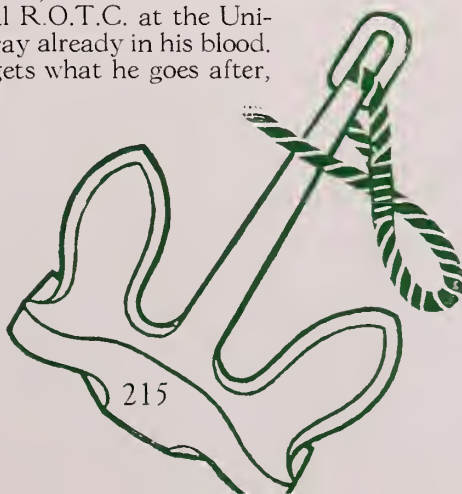
Jim was one of the "Fleet boys." Having braved several years of shipboard duty and a tough course at N.A.P.C., he came to the Academy well qualified as a potential Naval officer. Known as not being overly energetic, he was possessed with an easily awakened interest in the unique, which has earned him a just reputation for originality. This was manifested by his hobby of tinting photographs, a pastime which made him popular among his classmates. Always ready to do a favor for his friends, "Jan" may be poor, but never unhappy.



John "L" Kent

PITTSBURG, TEXAS

"Falstaff" the boys called him, and that was one nickname that was well earned. Besides living up to expectations in that field of endeavor where he earned his nickname, John shouldered the job of vice-president of the Radio Club, and still found time to make photography his sideline. Having been in the Naval R.O.T.C. at the University of Texas, he came to the Academy with a little salt spray already in his blood. The Naval Air Corps is his goal now, and since he usually gets what he goes after, we'll probably see him in a F-7-F before long.



Falstaff



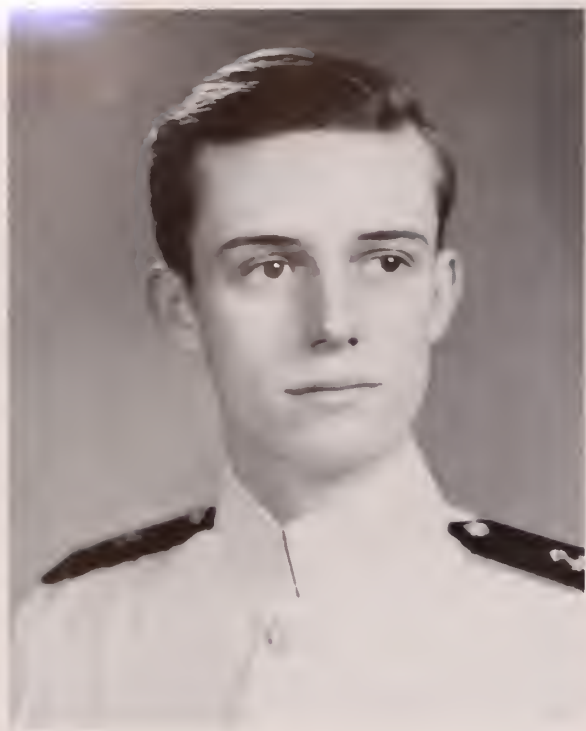
Sunshine

Joseph Bentley Jones

LOUISBERG, NORTH CAROLINA

Any other name for this sparkling son of the sunny South than "Sunshine" could never have done him justice. He is one of the few who can rise at reveille with a smile and end the day at taps with a jazzed rendition of the "Song of India" on his harmonica. Jonesy's two years of Fleet duty were of great value to him in his Academy career and should assist his bright blue eyes, wavy blond hair, and winning personality in making the place in the future that is his.





John Clyburn Langford

CAMDEN, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Long Jawn" is imbued with a fanatical worship for the god Morpheus, plus a gastronomical capacity that causes minor famine among those who browse with him in the same pasture. Lest his worst fears be realized and he become a slave to his will power, John is a staunch champion of the theory that the mentally alert and physically fit are those who never burden themselves with exercise, for he says, "Consider the lillies how they grow, they toil not, they spin not, and yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

Donald Benjamin Lindsay

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

From the city of beer came this swashbuckling gentleman Don shortly found that the military life was not entirely suited to his sensitive nature, but he finally agreed to stay. Well versed in racy anecdotes and snappy repartee, he kept the boys rolling for three years. He managed to glide along with a minimum of discommodate despite frequent imbroglios with the Great Tribunal. Never without a hot deal on the fire, "D. B." was happy in the most adverse circumstances and succeeded in making life enjoyable at the "factory."



Long Jawn



Gubby



Robert Milton LaBarron

HORNELL, NEW YORK

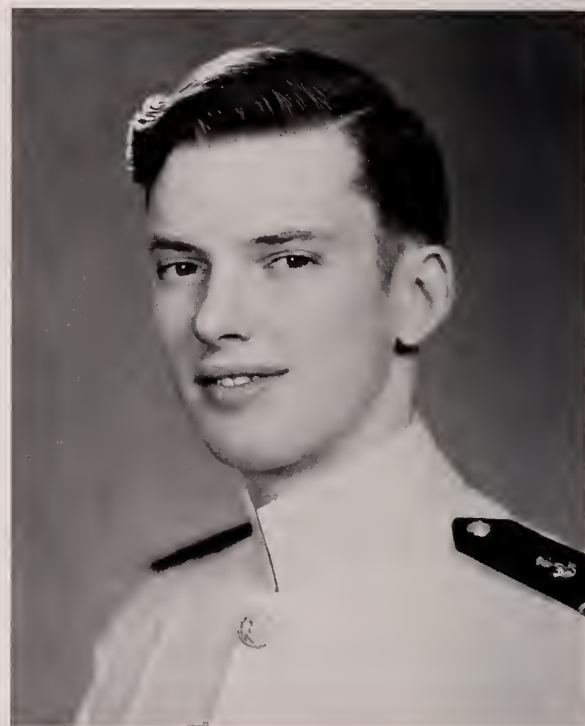
This proud son of New York State was variously known to us as "Gubby," "La Bee," "The Count," or just plain LaBarron. Afternoons usually found him working out in the wrestling loft or working up a foam in the swimming pool. His frequent companion was a camera and many excellent "shots" in the Log were his work. It was not uncommon for entertainers to stop the show so he could get his pictures. Those who lived near enough will remember his daily pleadings with the mate for mail. He likes good music, good conversation, and, above all, good food.



Mac



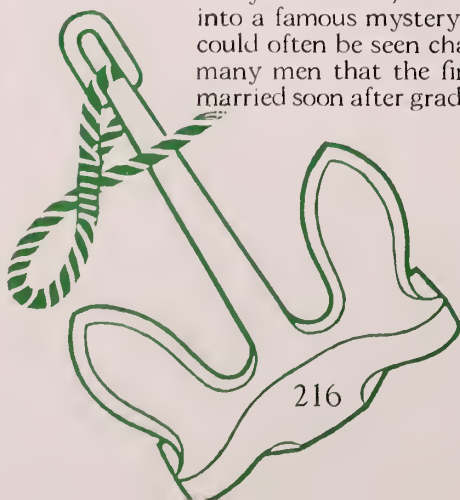
D. B.



Albert Preston MacDonald, Jr.

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Having an obsession for dragging, "Mac" is always hard to find on the week-ends. On sunny Sundays he displays his love for mother nature by tramping through the Maryland woods, but on rainy days he is seldom seen. Where he goes has developed into a famous mystery. The handball courts have a great attraction for "Mac"—he could often be seen chasing the little black ball around the court. Here is one of the many men that the financial officer referred to when he advised us against getting married soon after graduation.



Brockenbrough Mott

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

"Brock" spent his plebe year breaking all of Navy's swimming records in the backstroke, and never slowed down after that. Youngster year was just a continuation, and as first-classman he topped this "pool-churning" career by being elected captain of the swimming team. A firm believer of no permanent entangling alliances, he was always ready for a blind date, despite a few unlucky experiences. An ardent enthusiasm and a capacity for diligent labor, whether at studies, swimming, or dragging, will always be an asset to him.



Tom

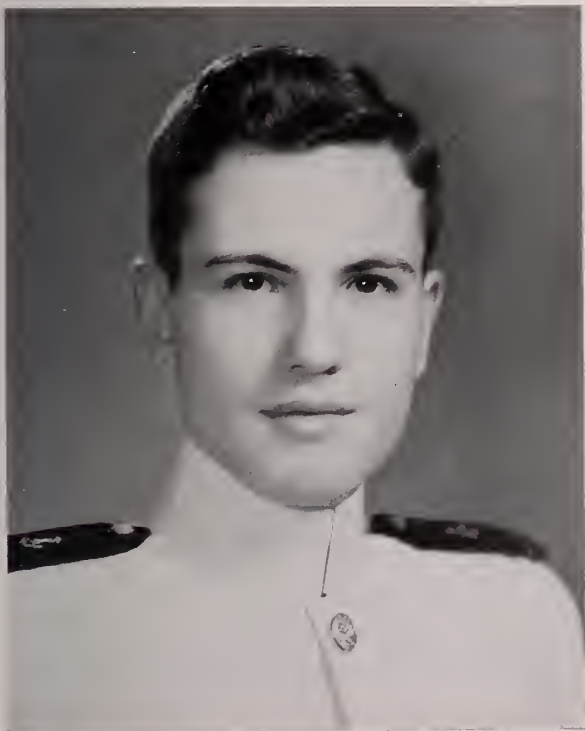


Brock

Rose-nose



Lobo



John Edward Renn

CLEVELAND HEIGHTS, OHIO

Before he got the word, Johnny was headed for West Point, but unfortunately for the U.S. Army, he chose the Navy. Tall, good-looking, and straight as the proverbial ramrod, Cleveland's sacrifice to the Naval Academy has won friends everywhere he is known; for if it be a scuffle or a seance, John is a lad who can be relied upon to keep things going. Like the rest of us, Johnny has had brushes with the Academic Department, but an unflinching sense of humor has enabled "Rose-nose" to continue to bounce back smiling, ready, willing and still able.



Thomas Lee Peace

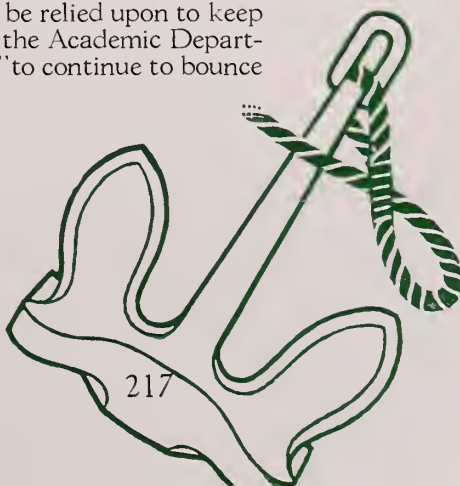
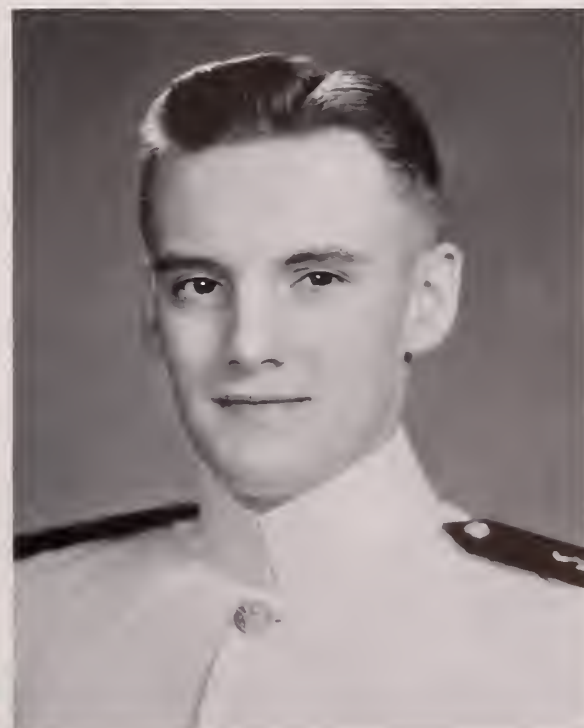
BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

Tom had his choice between a commission in the Army and being a midshipman in the Navy, and his decision is obvious. The previous military experience did prove to be very helpful. Gifted with a special knack for making friends, especially among the ladies, "Hunk" never lacked for social activity. During the winter months he kept busy with the gym team, and he could often be seen flying up the rope over in the gym. If the South is ever in need of a staunch and ardent supporter, they will always have one in Tom.

William Richard Reekie

KEENE, NEW HAMPSHIRE

The soft voice and brown eyes may have fooled some people, but we know that "Lobo" can get madder at more things in less time than any other six men in the Regiment. Possessed of a cynical wit, Bill has combined this with his drawing ability to turn out some fine cartoons for the *Log* and *Trident* calendar. The rangy New Hampshire Scot, commonly known about the hall as the "Chaplain," swears that no spot on earth can compare to his native northern mountains, and by now we're convinced. Keep us in mind, lad, when "ye've gang awa'."





Paul Albert Schwemley

MARION, OHIO

"Doc," a favored son of Ohio, realized a lifetime of satisfaction in three years of bull session. Where conversation was lacking he was ever-ready. A happy-go-lucky soul with a heart as big as a house and the smile to go with it. Dragging, to Paul, was fine but more often than not he just didn't get around to it. Though he never lost his heart to a "snare and a delusion" he had many other activities. Foremost among these was athletics, for basketball and golf were his most favorite pastimes.

Leroy Barker Shrade

MONMOUTH, ILLINOIS

This diligent lad from the farm plains of north-western Illinois brought with him a keen sense of humor, diligence, and industry. Tall, strong, and with a mop of easily identified blond wavy hair, he was something of a dreamer with his head in the clouds. Unaccustomed to the confines of the Academy, he anticipated graduation from the day he entered "Elby," as he came to be known, had rather serious bouts with academics, but there was never any doubts in the minds of his classmates that he would come out on top.



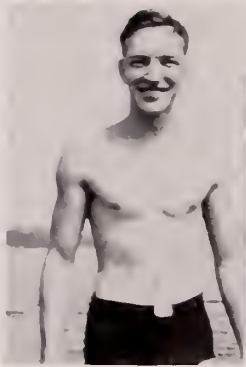
Douglas Fletcher Rodgers

BELOIT, WISCONSIN

Doug's manly physique earned him many aliases such as "Superman," "B.B.B.," and "Da Papa." Doug proved during his stay that the system wasn't unbeatable for he led a charmed life in his encounters with the Academic and Executive Departments. Noted for his capable and frequent navigation of the dance floor, casual observers thought him a snake, but it was just his way of enjoying life. Doug rounded out his afternoons working with football, crew, and track squads or in his capacities as Masquerader and chairman of the pep committee.



Doc



B. B. B.

Dody



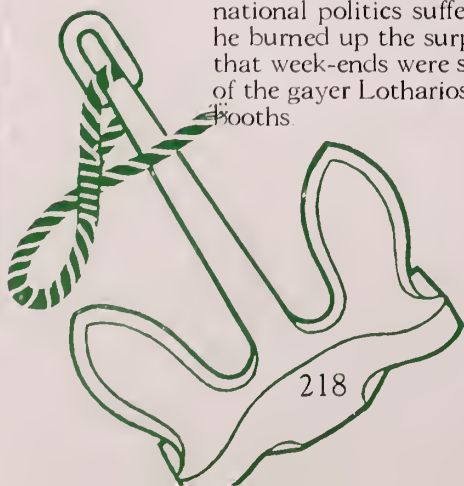
Elby



Joseph Samuels Sinclair

NARRAGANSETT, RHODE ISLAND

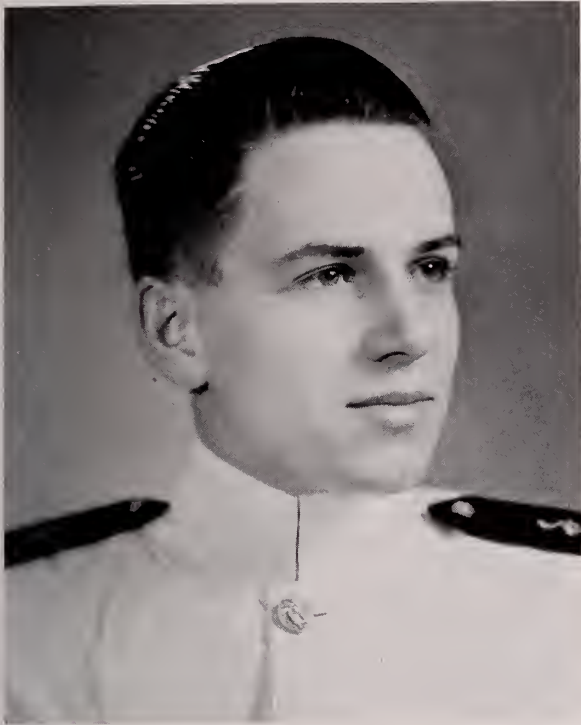
Though capable of high scholastic honor, "Dody" preferred to pass his days in a more glib fashion. Possessing a sharp wit and having a passion for repartee, he liked nothing better than to indulge in friendly banter. A fondness for good swing and international politics suffered by his afternoons spent in varsity lacrosse practice, where he burned up the surplus energy which he did not expend in studies. His firm belief that week-ends were solely meant for dragging impressed upon all that Dody was one of the gayer Lotharios, and ultimately made him famous for sojourns in the telephone booths.



John Marvick Swanberg

SISSETON, SOUTH DAKOTA

"Swanee" comes from the wide open spaces of South Dakota. Even though he had the misfortune of having to spend several months of his plebe year in the hospital, his perseverance and hard work have pulled him through his academics with a comfortable margin. A natural westerner, "Swanee" exhibits a great love for horseback riding, and on many a Sunday afternoon you would find him galloping through the woods of Annapolis. His even temper has made him many friends in the Regiment.



Cal



Swanee



Carl Frank Turk

AURORA, MINNESOTA

Whenever "Cal" broke out his trumpet and started playing, it wasn't long before a crowd would gather round. This rare combination of musician, athlete, and student had a genuine interest in both long hair and jive, and his versatility was proved by his ability to perform equally well on the piano, violin, and trumpet. When not playing basketball, his favorite sport, "Cal" could always be found busy at a game of bridge. His willingness to help, sense of humor, and talent for entertainment will make him long remembered by his classmates.



William John Vogel

ELMHURST, ILLINOIS

Although he had never seen the deep blue sea, but had often looked out upon Lake Michigan, Bill decided to leave Valparaiso University with its wine, women, and song to enter a strictly masculine atmosphere and the U.S. Navy. He hadn't been here long before his easy-going manner and jovial smile became well-known. Never troubled much by the Academic Department's efforts to confuse midshipmen, he did, however, have dealings with the Executive Department and the famous Form 2's. As he neared the end of his years at the U.S.N.A., one could hear a plebe say, "there goes a friend."



Bill

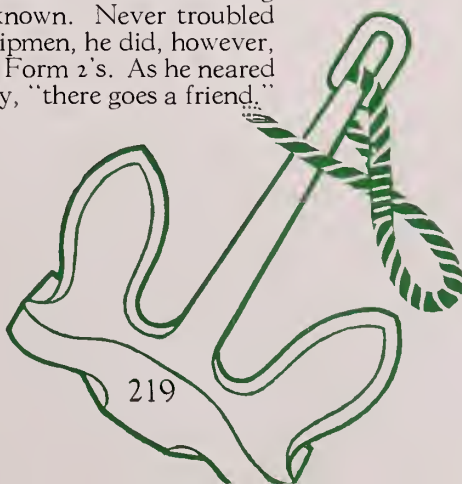


Red

Harlan Malcolm Twible

GILBERTVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

Harlan, called "Red" by all, came from a typical New England town. After spending two years on a pre-medico course at his state university he enthusiastically changed to a military life. To the girls of Annapolis area he was a "Red Mike" but not with the girl of his heart with whom he had daily correspondence and beautiful plans for the future. At the Academy nothing was laborious for him and his spare time was spent cultivating a congenial smile and genuine humor.





Allan Edward White

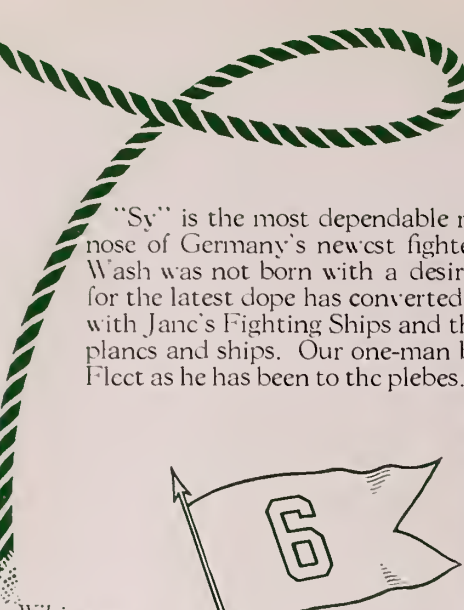
PLATTSMOUTH, NEBRASKA

From the waving wheat fields of Nebraska to the Severn's banks came Al, seeking fame and fortune in the Navy. Academically Al stood well in his classes, except for a neck battle with the Math Department. Leisure hours were divided between track, various extra-curricular activities, and his special hobby, photography. Gifted with a natural charm, Al had his female fans, but had eyes for only the girl from back home. Al's earnest desire to get ahead will carry him far aboard ship or in the air arm, for which he seems to be headed.

Daniel Thomas Wieland, Jr.

SUNBURY, PENNSYLVANIA

Danny came to Annapolis straight from a power line construction gang, equipped with a satiric sense of humor and a lusty appreciation of life. His worries never began until the week-ends, when his frantic protest that "this time it is the real thing" indicated that Danny was operating again. He spent his leisure time grunting in the wrestling loft, or puffing through the steeplechase course. Not sure yet which branch of the Navy he's going in for, Danny's still eager to get in the fight.



John Lange Wash

SPARTA, WISCONSIN

"Sy" is the most dependable man in our company. How many cannon are in the nose of Germany's newest fighter? Need a magazine or a book? See "Sy" Wash. Wash was not born with a desire to star in academics or athletics, but his passion for the latest dope has converted his room into a company library. Not being content with Jane's Fighting Ships and the World Almanac, he has six notebooks on the latest planes and ships. Our one-man bureau of information promises to be as useful to the Fleet as he has been to the plebes.

Whizzer



Sy



Sig



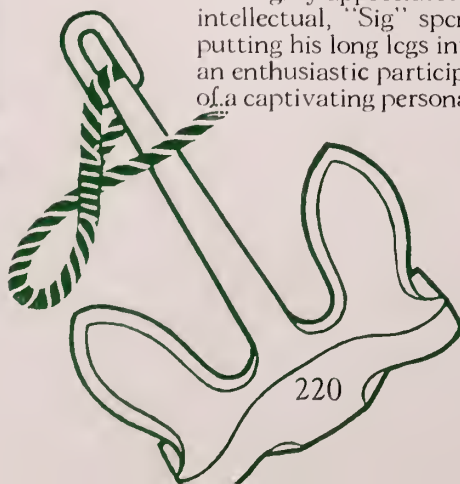
Danny



Seymour Yalen

HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT

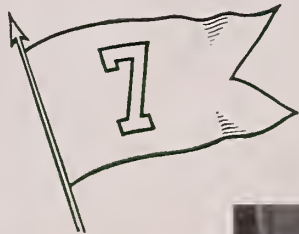
Seymour Yalen, known by his friends as "Sig," "Scce," or "Seamo," was the academic shining star of his company. Always willing to aid less savvy classmates, "Sig" was highly appreciated by the recipients of his generosity. Definitely not the dormant intellectual, "Sig" spent his recreation periods playing a mean game of handball or putting his long legs into effect on the soccer field. Seymour's being a music-lover and an enthusiastic participant in informal debates added to his versatility. The possessor of a captivating personality, Seymour will gladly be welcomed into the Fleet.



William Baldwin Barr

CINCINNATI, OHIO

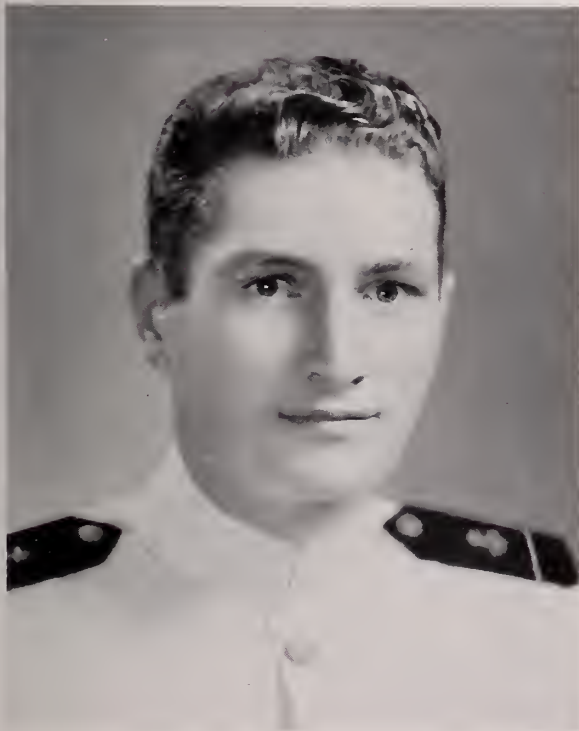
Bill came out of the heart of Ohio into the open arms of the Naval Academy with a clarinet under his arm and an invaluable affinity for Math and Juice under his size 7 9/8 hat. His friends made Bill's room their headquarters for extra instruction in Juice, and also came to enjoy that talent that made his "bottle band" a hit in the Musical Club's show. Willie's term here was seldom complicated with drags, but the disinterested mask of a Red Mike fell off whenever a Navy nurse passed by.



Rod



Bill



Fillmore Beall Buchanan

BELTSVILLE, MARYLAND

The Class of '46 owes few men more than we do Buck, for he helped design our class crest and then later as chairman of the Ring Committee, he executed a "coup de main" and secured our rings for us. Buck came to the Academy from Severn School where he had started a brilliant career in lacrosse only to give it up in favor of books. Besides being a versatile athlete, he is also an accomplished artist, having contributed many drawings to the Art Club. Buck's ambition to graduate is only superseded by his determination to acquire Navy wings.



Buck



Ben



Roderick Charles Bonner

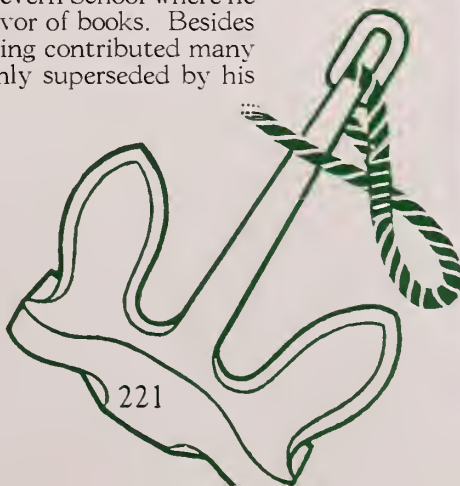
CARLINVILLE, ILLINOIS

A gyrene from way back, Rod came from the Fleet with the fixed intention of obtaining a second lieutenant's commission, and no amount of persuasion will convince him that the Navy can compare with the Marines. When not reading a copy of *The Leatherneck*, Rod is usually in a boxing ring or at his desk reading today's editorials on tomorrow's Steam. Although he is the antithesis of a Red Mike when on leave, his social activities never interfere with his studies. Rod never pays much attention to the system, and it has given him very little trouble.

Benjamin Mosley Britain

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Three years ago an impressment detail from the U.S. Naval Academy made a sweep of Texas. It returned with one steer, a small keg of beer, and Ben Britain. Within his first week at the Academy Ben acquired the nickname, "Sackback." In spite of this natural inertia, he played good basketball and boxed with a Texas style all his own. "Sackback" daily swears an aversion to womankind and yet he owns an ample roster of eye-catching "acquaintances." When Ben is finally striped, he will click his spurs together and yell, "Whar's the airplanes?"





Quincy Key Campbell

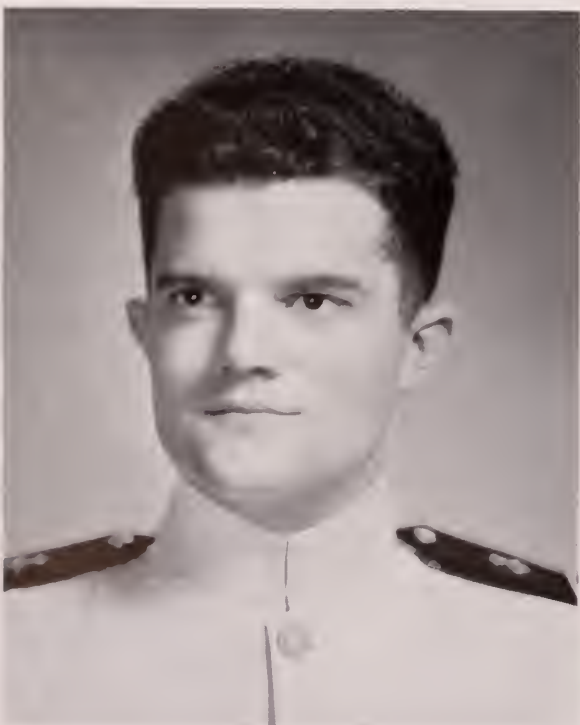
SIDNEY, OHIO

"Soup" came to the Academy from Ohio's Miami University, and after three years here has never been awake to see a taps inspector turn off the lights. When not sleeping, he whiles away the time writing letters, dragging, and devouring "pogey-bait." "Quince" readily departs from his life of ease, however, to take part in any or all sports, particularly regimental boxing and football. With agility in mental gymnastics, he is determined to be a top-notch submarine officer and has all the necessary qualifications to succeed.

Austry Ward Clifton

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIFORNIA

Beneath that heavy growth of chin foliage lurks a ready smile and a quick wit. Always good natured, Cliff is ever-willing to join in the fun. Studies were no hill for this climber; and the Exec Department was no obstacle during his sojourn on the Severn. During the afternoons we could usually find Cliff swimming for the battalion, knocking homers in the softball league, or engaging in vigorous "sack drill." All wool and a yard wide, we will long remember his ability to take a ribbing and to dish one out.



Soup



Herk



Cliff



Big Al



Herbert Ernest Camp

VERNON, TEXAS

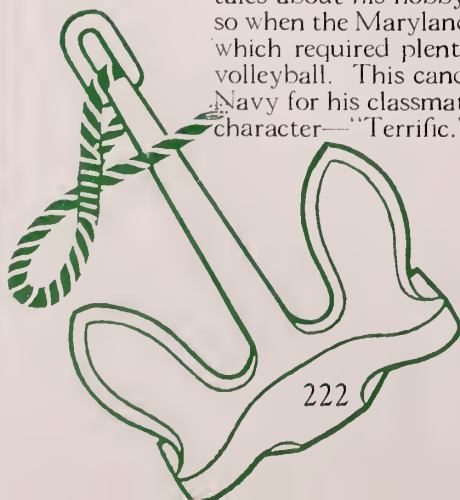
"Herk" thinks the only reason the "Yorktown" went down was because he had to leave her. Endowed or acquired, "Herk's" self-confidence is of the advantageous variety and his aggressiveness and good nature have won him wide popularity. Basketball claims him as a three-year participant, and tennis was another favorite with "Herk." He always had time to sail, be on the Reception Committee, help in company sports, and indulge in dragging. We all agree that Herk's presence is always a pleasure and advantage.



John Alvin Davis, Jr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

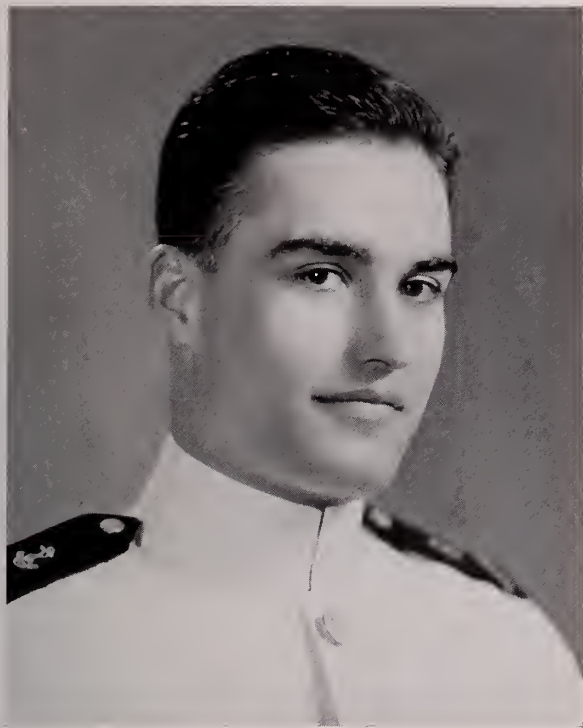
"What d'ya say big fella?" will ring out in the memories of his classmates as reminiscent of the days when Big Al roamed the corridors of Bancroft modestly spreading tales about his hobby—beautiful women. "Hubba" hailed from Southern California, so when the Maryland sun was shining he was to be found participating in those sports which required plenty of sunshine and not too much exertion—sailing, tennis, and volleyball. This candidate for the diplomatic service will really "star" in this man's Navy for his classmates agree that his own pet adjective is the summation of Big Al's character—"Terrific."



Edward Albert Decker

PORTLAND, OREGON

Sailing, sleeping, starrng and flying; these were the joys of Ed's Academy life. Somehow or other, he missed joining the Air Corps, but he never left any doubt in our minds that he intended to return to his first love someday. Meanwhile, he even moved his bed next to the window so that he could see the planes fly by without straining himself. Being mechanically inclined, "Deck" kept the radio and phonograph in order with string, rubber bands and a minimum of effort. Recalling our association with him will bring forth many pleasant memories.



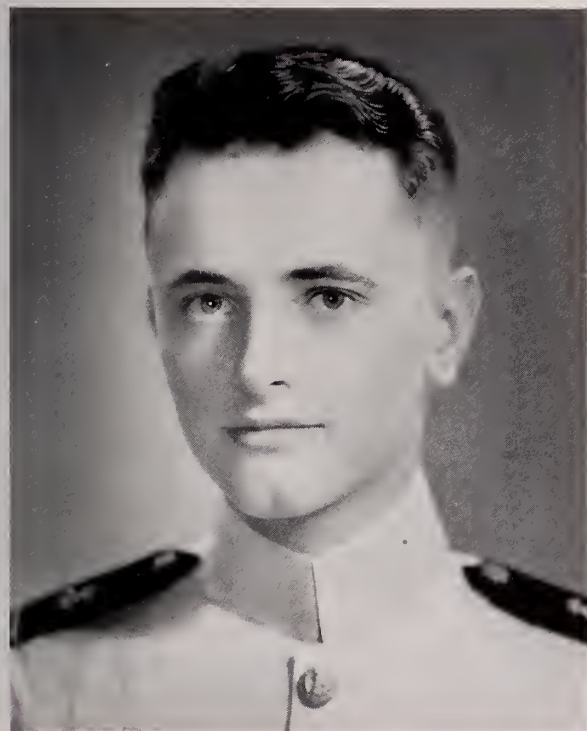
Bill



Deck



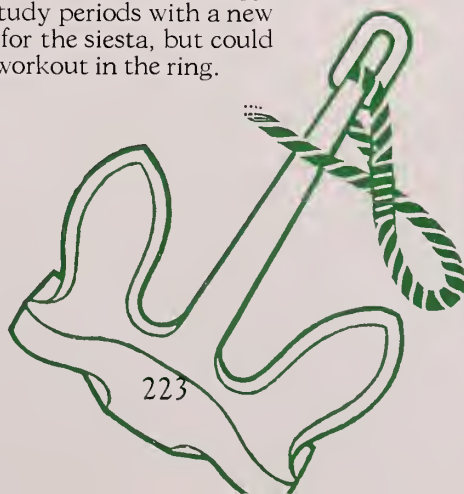
Bob



Robert Lloyd Ellis

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Bob will always have a host of friends wherever he goes. Indicative of his calm, easy-going, and friendly manner was his slow Virginia drawl. In academics, sports, and as our company's class representative, he showed a great store of latent energy. Academics were secondary to "Eight"; he preferred to spend study periods with a new novel or magazine. Like all Rebels, Bob had a great capacity for the siesta, but could always be roused out for a fast game of squash or a few rounds workout in the ring.



William Kahlen Doty

AT LARGE

Annapolis, along with Alaska, Panama, and many other military posts, was just another home for this diminutive Army brat. Not content with winning his numerals in both lacrosse and fencing, Bill was constantly challenging his wives to a wrestling bout. Bill's joining the Navy was a constant source of distress to his Army father, West Point brother and Annapolis roommates. Because of his stature, he figures that he could never see anything without a periscope, anyway, so he plans to put in for one, with submarine attached.

Edmund Henry Ellis

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

"Stand Navy down the field"—"What's the speed, armament, and range of our newest secret fighter, mister?" Ed greeted each new day as another chance to spread a little of his love of the Navy and to argue the advantages of dragging every week-end. A savvy man in Bull and U.S.N. A.R., his timely suggestions often kept his wives out of the E.H. and G. underbrush and off the Executive Department's daily popularity form. The track team and the "swimming club" claimed much of E. H.'s spare time, but his true loves will always be the Navy and California women.



Ed



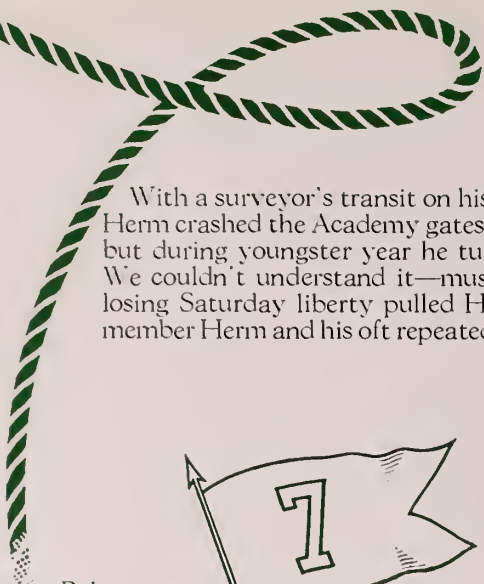


Robert Wilson Finlay, Jr.
WASHINGTON, D.C.

Born and reared in the District, appointed from Arkansas. Bob now claims California as his home. At the tender age of 19 he brought his six-foot-two hundred-eighty-pound frame to the Academy. Plenty of athletic ability combined with a strong attraction of slumber kept him in company rather than varsity athletics. A quick grasp of things practical and a keen memory for detail placed academics behind letter writing and novel reading in his schedule. Always ready with a story and a smile, Bob will find plenty of listeners and plenty of friends in the Fleet.

James Warren Foust
GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

From Penn State's Nittany Hills came "Brother Delt Foust," staunchest advocate of the smoother ways of life. Trading his pork-pie for the briniest of caps, Pinky took to the straight and narrow with a vigor and acquired a most enviable store of professional knowledge. Versatility personified, Jim did his job well and found time after work to beat hides for the NA-10 and wrestle with Coach Swartz's "elite of the loft." With an eye on destroyer duty and aviation, "Foostie" is still window shopping for a girl who likes dancing, pipes, huge sharpie ties, and plenty of confidence.



Herman Joseph Estelman
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

With a surveyor's transit on his shoulder and a little black address book in his hand, Herm crashed the Academy gates. Plebe year restrictions slowed him down somewhat, but during youngster year he turned on the steam and became the company snake. We couldn't understand it—must have been those soulful eyes. Only the threat of losing Saturday liberty pulled Herm through the swimming tests. We'll always remember Herm and his oft repeated words, "Well, fellows, next term I've gotta study."

Bob



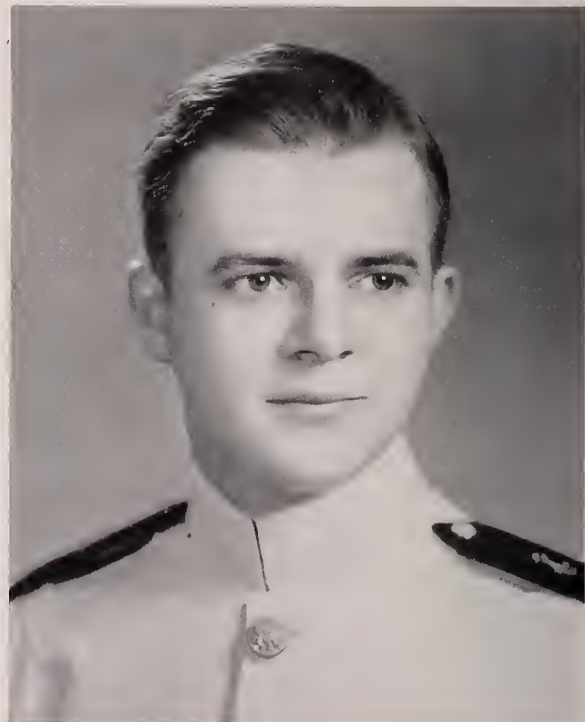
Herm



Errol



Foostie



Herbert Eldon Fridge
BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA

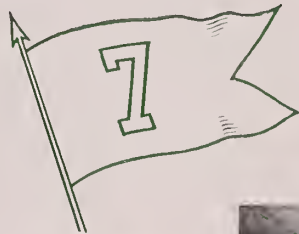
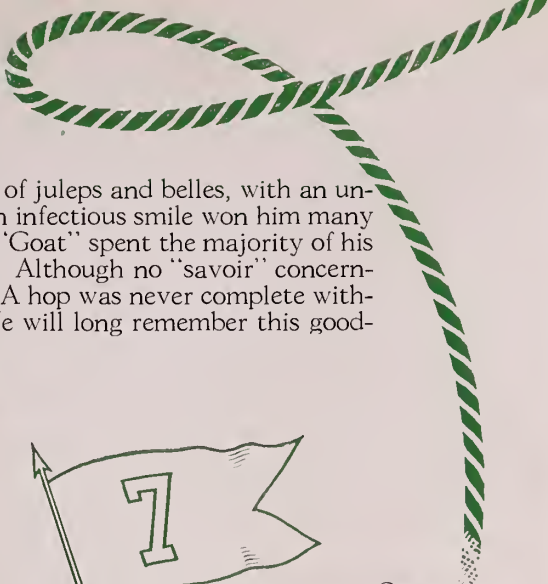
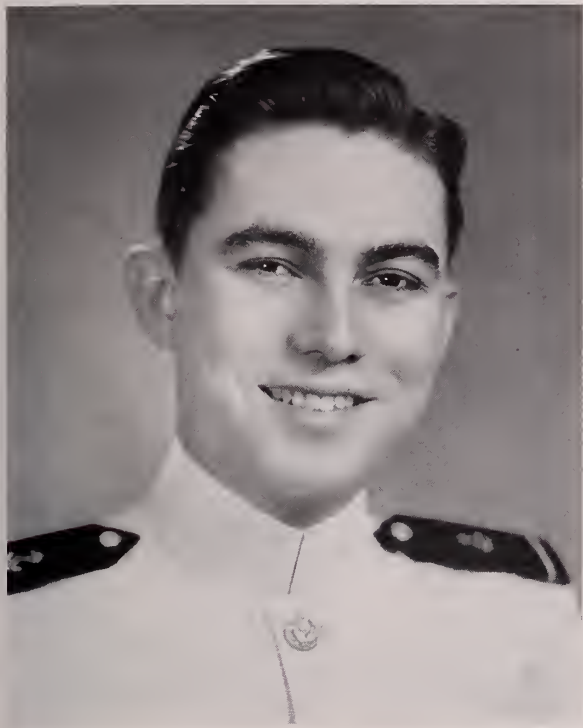
An easy-going Rebel, "Errol" occasionally laid aside his magazine and ever-present cigarette to give one of his classmates the "straight dope" on the subject for the next period. A "savior" in academics, he abhorred the thought of violent physical exertion, preferring instead to "get in shape" on ketch trips. If a choice between Scotch and women had to be made, women didn't stand a chance—though "Errol" readily admitted that he preferred a pleasing mixture of the two. Endowed with a passion for perfection, Bert will doubtlessly spend the major portion of his life searching for that perfect combination.



Robert Henry Gautier

PASCAGOULA, MISSISSIPPI

"Mond" came to the Academy fresh from the land of juleps and belles, with an unsurpassable love for life and people. This love plus an infectious smile won him many friends. An athlete and musician of no small repute, "Goat" spent the majority of his spare time on the track or practicing with the NA-10. Although no "savoir" concerning academics, Bob won his stars in social activities. A hop was never complete without him and one of his numerous beautiful drags. We will long remember this good-natured, easy-going boy from the deep South.



George



Mond



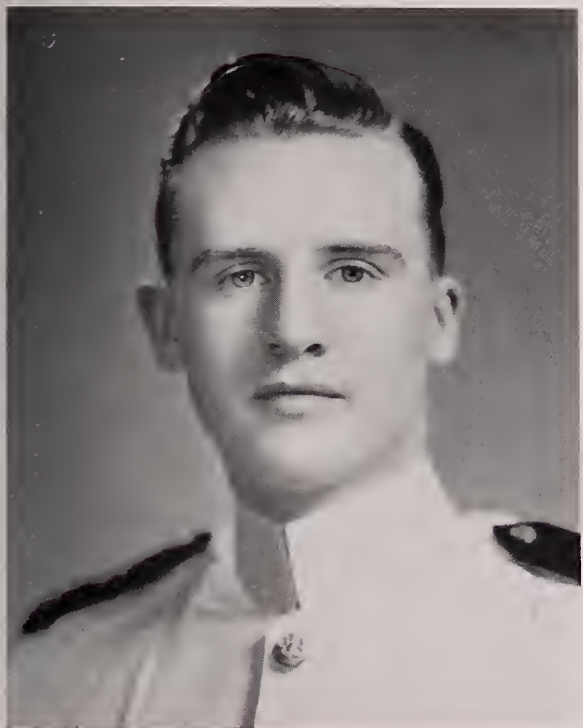
George Hodges Glass

UNIONTOWN, ALABAMA

George was one who really knew how to enjoy life. It didn't matter if things were going wrong, "Fight" was having fun, and it was fun to be with him. "George" left the Uniontown Belles to enter the Academy with other countrymen and damn-yankees, and did well by the deep South here. He was a cheer leader and a track manager, definitely not a "Red Mike," a lover of jive, and savvy when he wanted to be. If everyone received as much pleasure, just out of living, as "Hashi" did, midshipmen would lose their favorite topic for discussion—mainly, gripes.



Frank



Hank

Henry Graefe

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

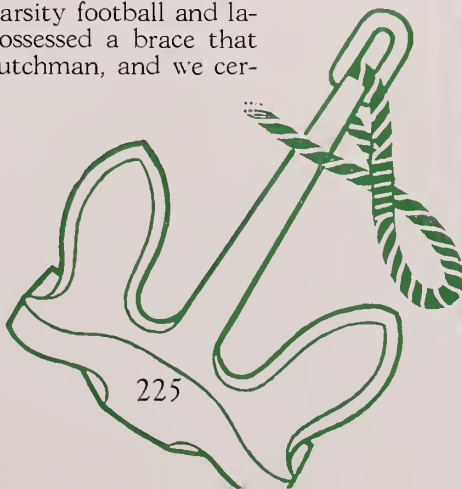
After three years of preparation at Harris Teacher's College in St. Louis, "Hank" came to us in quest of an engineering education and a career in the Navy. A lover of the finer things in life—good books, great music, and excellent food, to say nothing of the beautiful women and fine liquor—"Hank" will go to great lengths to expostulate his defense of the high forehead and a generous girth. "Hank's" disarming smile, genial countenance, and easy manner mark him as a smooth operator and place him at the center of the party, winning friends.



Frank Sutherland Haak, Jr.

LEBANON, PENNSYLVANIA

"The name is Hawk, Sir!" An ardent supporter of his Pennsylvania Dutch—from Lebanon wurst to beer—he was always ready for a good argument. Often known as "The Jaw," he could often be seen with his jutting "Holmes" pipe. Frank was an adept athlete, as could be shown by his constant activity in varsity football and lacrosse. Always concerned about duties and discipline, he possessed a brace that astounded sub-squaders. Submarines are magnetic to this Dutchman, and we certainly hope he achieves his ambition in this field.





William Newton Highsmith

NAHUNTA, GEORGIA

Bill has the unique distinction of having fiery red hair and eyes to match. His easy-going affability, good humor, and rosy outlook on life were a striking contrast to the Irish pugnacity which he displayed in the boxing ring. Despite numerous blows from both the Academic and Executive Departments, the "Wrangling Wreck" always kept his chin up and a smile on his face. Bill took things easy and never exerted himself until the chips were down, but then he could always go to work and get results.

Donald Eugene Holben

JACKSON, WYOMING

Hailing from the Wyoming ranges of Jackson Hole, the end of the old "Owlhoot Trail," this rugged ex-cowpoke laid aside his books at the University of Wyoming to heed the call of the service, and his one ambition is to return to his true love, the Gyrenes. Besides taking time out at the gym to keep himself in shape and develop his forty-inch chest, Don managed, without too great a strain, to stick in the top fourth of his class. Quiet and modest, Don knows what he wants from life, and his friends join in hoping that he gets it.



Harold Adolph Hamberg

LONOKE, ARKANSAS

"Hal," "Dave," "Meatball," or just plain "Hammie" hit the Naval Academy in true razorback form. Fresh from the land of the Ozarks and beautiful women, Hal showed the Navy what really could be done with a 150-pound mass of muscle. Never content unless using his powerful right arm, Hal tossed his way into varsity honors with the football, baseball, and javelin. His spectacular passes in football and at women made him the idol of many an American beauty on the East Coast. Always grinning and full of jokes, "Hammie" is our man for a celebration or a fight.

Bill



Hal



George



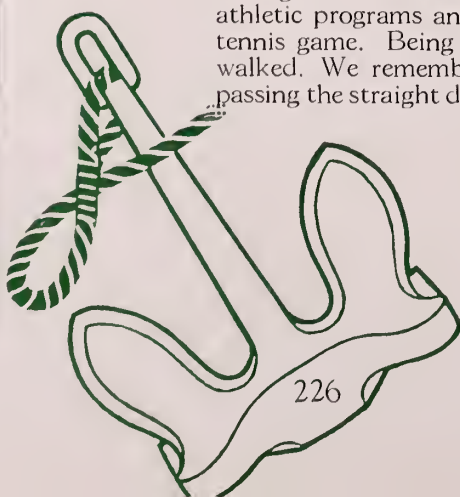
Don



George Edmund Hosey, Jr.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

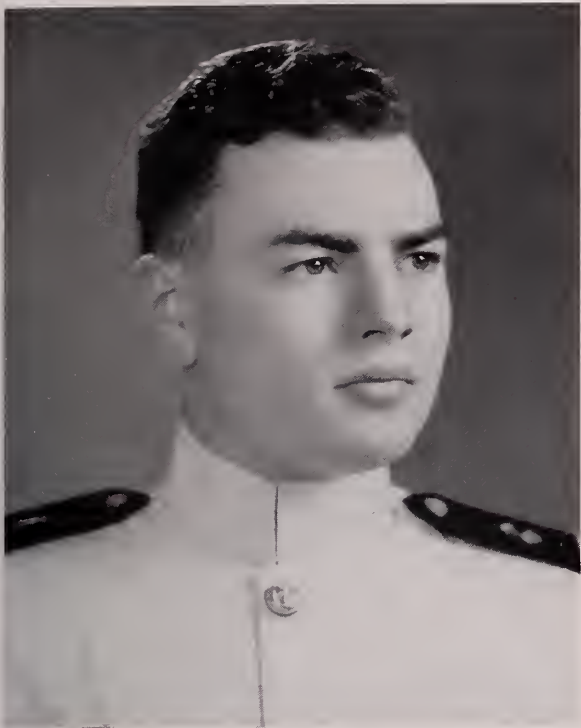
With two years of T. C. U. under his belt, George tossed off Academy academics with no great personal strain and managed to pull through a great number of his classmates, among which was his wife. George enthusiastically did his bit for the company in the athletic programs and found time to brighten up an afternoon with a volleyball or tennis game. Being the son of a lawyer, George talked off more demerits than he walked. We remember him best, presiding over a frenzied pre-Bull exam session, passing the straight dope on to "Red and the boys."



John William Haupt

MARION, OHIO

After a two-year stopover at Ohio University, Jack came to the end of his trip at Bancroft. Once here he immediately started two collections: one of numerals and letters from lacrosse and basketball coaches; the other of brunettes from Washington. Academics weren't fruit, but hard work brought him grades that were far more than passable. This combination of athletics, academics, and women kept him so busy that he never had enough time to get into trouble. Come June of '45, the brunettes' loss will be the Navy's gain



Stan



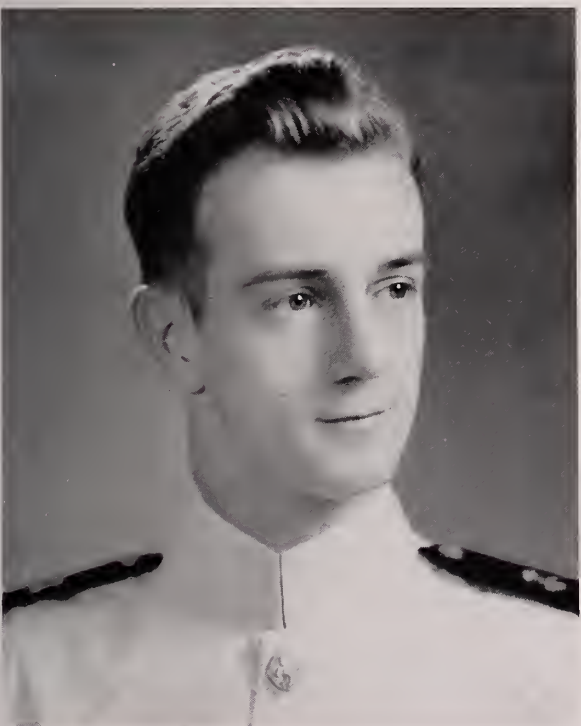
Jack



Frank



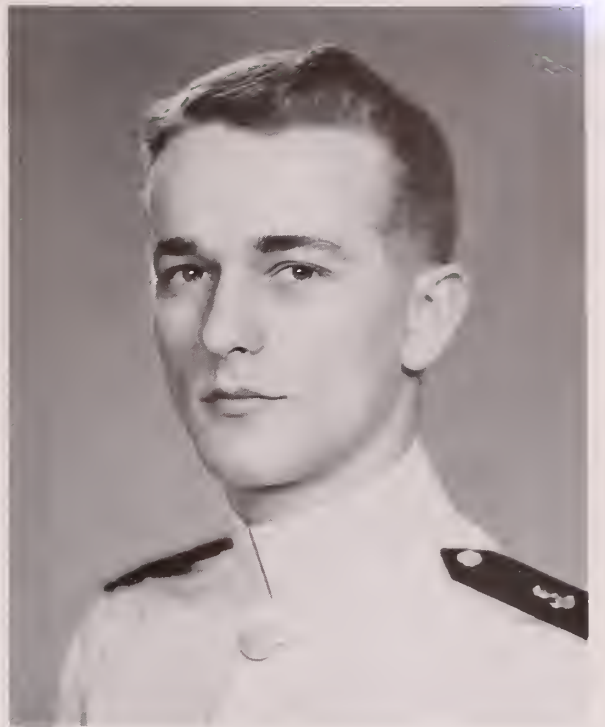
Pete



Francis Michael Lavelle

SCRANTON, PENNSYLVANIA

Out of the coal lands of Pennsylvania came this smiling Irish lad with a fighting Irish heart to leave behind him an enviable record in both company and regimental boxing. Frank's toughest fight came, however, with the Academic and Executive Departments. After trading lefts for three years, Mike slipped in a right with a clever bit of head work and took the decision. Always dragging, Frank brought down a never ending parade of consistently beautiful women to the delight of his classmates and himself. Frank's methods of introducing humor into the routine made him ever popular with his classmates.



Robert Stanley Hutches

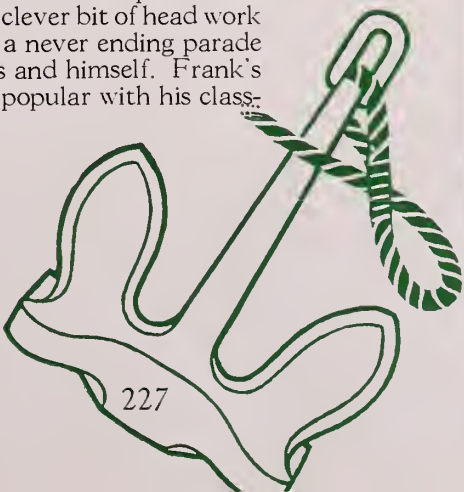
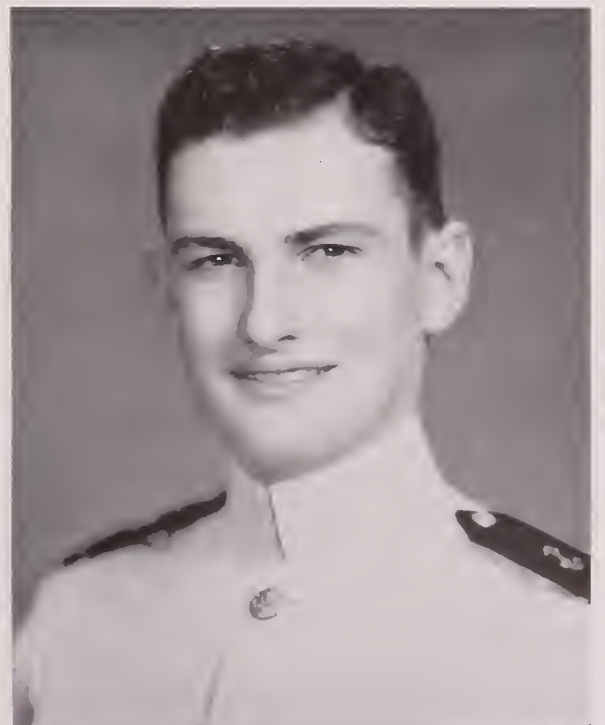
GARY, INDIANA

After high school, Stan received an athletic scholarship at Michigan State but soon gave up any form of physical exertion, to devote himself to his studies. Recommendations by former teachers led Stan to a three-years absence from his O.A.O. and an unusual devotion to his work. Stan's philosophy as a plebe built itself around an aversion for athletics; he made the most of weekend ketch trips to "get away" from it all. Stan, a star man, could always be found reading a book or magazine and was ever-willing to help others with their academic woes.

Peter William Johnson

VERMILLION, SOUTH DAKOTA

Pete was born and bred in the hilly lands of South Dakota, and derived his humor from his Midwest home. It has often been said truthfully that he could make a pun of anything that he heard. There are people who are endowed with artistic talent, and Pete is one of these. He could play the clarinet and boogie piano as well as draw cartoons, which he often did to the dismay or joy of his classmates. Easy-going, mild-tempered, and resolute in purpose, Pete usually accomplished what he set out to do, and we feel confident that few things in life will ever faze him.





John Mascenik

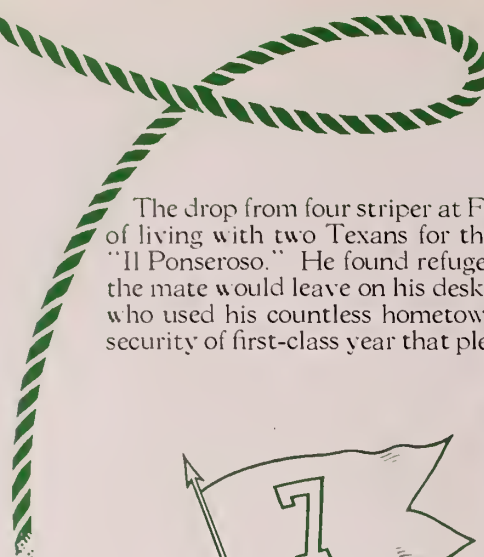
FORDS, NEW JERSEY

From high school via a year of working before coming to the Academy, Johnny waded through the task of academic life with little difficulty. Known to all for his constant cheerfulness, generally shown by his off-key singing and whistling, and for a cigarette or pipe in his mouth, Johnny worked with endless energy and succeeded in his academics. Even more in his line were sports. He excelled in soccer and played various company sports. Apparently a Red Mike to those not in the know, Johnny has his reason, and she's sufficient.

Howard Andrew Mather

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

What "Howie" lacked in height he made up in energy. Plebe year found him wearing Math stars, lolling about the exclusive E. D. Club's shed, sporting soccer numerals, and being chased by irate Texans, goaded on by "Ham's" staunch stand for Jersey. First-class year he traded in plebe numerals for varsity, and Math stars for a yawl command on the breezy Chesapeake. When not working on the LUCKY BAG as printing editor or beating the Executive Department out of a frap, "Howie" was holding his hand at the latest "Board of Directors" or enjoying life in general.



John Ross Lindsay

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

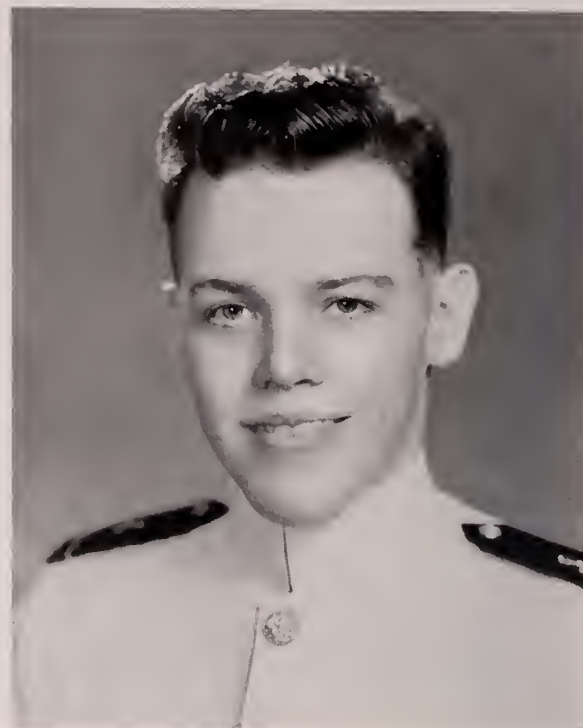
The drop from four striper at Farragut to plebe at the Naval Academy and the strain of living with two Texans for three years brought a despondent "Life is Over" from "Il Ponsoero." He found refuge in the fencing loft and behind the big piles of letters the mate would leave on his desk. Plebe year turned out to be fruit for a Navy Junior who used his countless hometowns for spoon bait. It was, however, the aristocratic security of first-class year that pleased him most.



Johnny



Jack



Mac



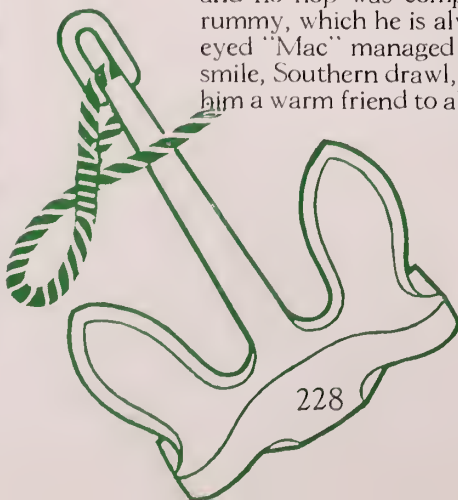
Howie



Robert Emmett McCormack, Jr.

ALBANY, GEORGIA

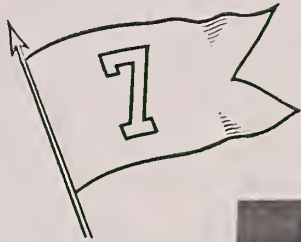
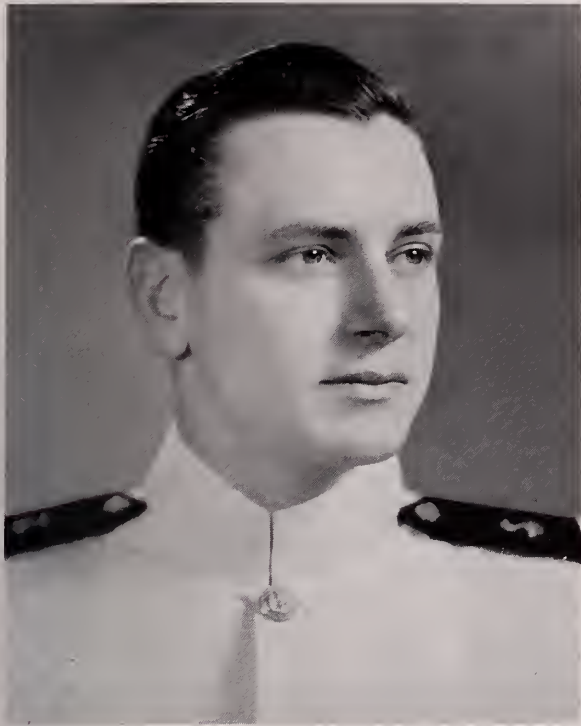
Ever since "Mac" reported here, took off his zoot suit, and put on his first pair of shoes, eating, sleeping, and dragging have been the most important things in his life, and no hop was complete without his "wolfing." The Irishman's only vice is gin rummy, which he is always willing to play, and seldom loses. Yet curly-haired, blue-eyed "Mac" managed to keep above the middle of our class in academics. His ready smile, Southern drawl, and easy-going way of taking both good and bad in stride make him a warm friend to all who know him.



John Adams McKinney

HUNTSVILLE, TEXAS

"Long John" once told a classmate that of the 5,000 people living in Huntsville before he left, 4,999 were convicts, and that he, all by himself, had been the student body of Sam Houston College up on the hill. But that was a rare occasion; on any ordinary day he would tell you that Huntsville was superior in everything, good or bad. Tex always took his ambitions one at a time, living from leave to leave, but also looking forward to graduation day when he would set out to look for that bonanza he so often talked about.



Moldie

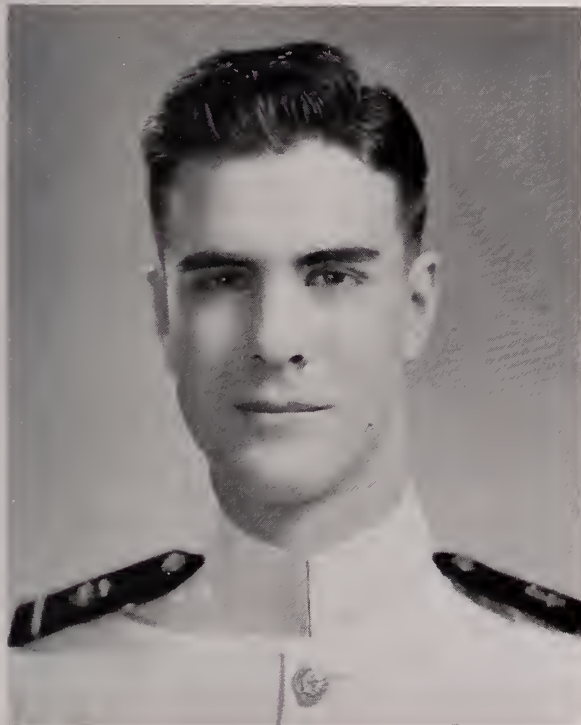


Tex

Mo



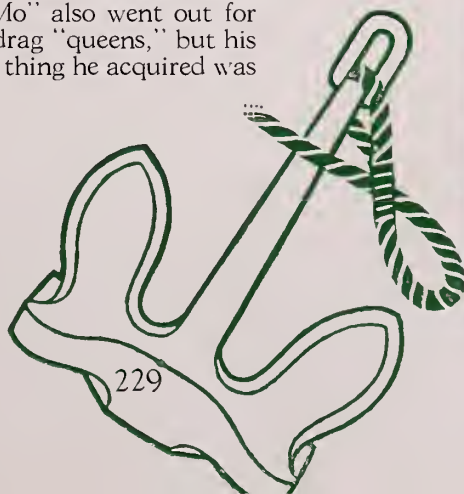
Monty



Lester Moore, Jr.

SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA

No midshipman applied himself more assiduously to academics than did the "Mo." However, he didn't let this keep him from participating in sports or indulging in sailing on yawls whenever possible. Rowing on the battalion crew team, he was in no small part responsible for winning the regimental championship. "Mo" also went out for the favorite sport of midshipmen, dragging. He didn't always drag "queens," but his batting average was around .900, which isn't bad. But the best thing he acquired was friends. In this Les batted exactly 1.000.



Theodore Wendell Moldenhauer

LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

When "Moldie" changed his last fuse on the "Big E" and swapped his hammock for a Bancroft bunk, he immediately hung out his shingle. "California Chamber of Commerce: 350 days a year are suitable for taking pictures in Sunny Southern California." Short, rugged, and bronzed, his greatest delights were dragging, swimming, sailing, and dancing, and very few were the hops that he missed. With his numerous tales of surf-board riding and his cheery greeting for everyone, "Moldie" spread a little of his California sunshine in the dark corridors of Bancroft.

Brooke Montgomery

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

A Navy Junior and a profound lover of the Navy, it was only natural that "Monty" entered the Naval Academy. His chief interests were sailing, pistol-shooting, and reading *Time* magazine; however, not being adverse to feminine companionship, he always dragged when a good opportunity presented itself. He is not only high in class standing, but also exceptionally high in the esteem of his classmates. Always dependable, considerate, helpful, and energetic, "Monty" has all the traits necessary for a successful Naval career.



Robert Benjamin Moore

LAUREL, MISSISSIPPI

Having all traits of a "true Rebel," Bob came to the Academy knowing that the South won the war. Easy-going, somewhat industrious, and more or less a savoir, life at the Academy was no strain for him. At all hops, "Moe" was seen in the stag line figuring ways and means to "wolf" his classmates' beauties. After Bob's experience as coxswain in the racing shells he has decided to view the world through a periscope or from a cockpit. Thoughts of beauties, rest, and mint juleps will always bring to mind the little "Southern Gentleman."



Thomas Lawrence Moran

BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT

"The hard-bitten New Englander with one hand on the Bible; the other on your throat." This is our fiery-haired Irishman, "Big Tom." Before coming here, Tom studied medicine at the University of Vermont, taking enough time from his cadavers to join A.T.O. Although his huge frame and a Navy bunk weren't made for each other, the "Big Fella" liked horizontal duty. Food and arguments he never turned down. His robust sense of humor, dependability, and exactness, however, make him welcome in work and play.

Douglas James Nankervis

ELY, MINNESOTA

Out of the wilds of Northern Minnesota, Ely's favorite son came to the Naval Academy to make a name for himself. "Nan," "Doug," "O'Leary" all attest to his success. He was a Red Mike, deriving all his joys from fat little boxes from his folks. Any afternoon, he could be found in a varsity crew shell out on the Severn. This, along with the nightly wrestling bout with his roommates providing the major portion of "O'Leary's" athletic program. Shipboard life will be enlivened by his tales of life in the big woods.



Robert Oren Newbern

DES MOINES, IOWA

Bob left the tall corn state for a pair of tailored blues and a salty flat hat along with duty on the U.S.S. "Maryland." When the day arrived that his skipper called for admiral strikers, there was "R. O." at the head of the line. After winning his numerals on the plebe swimming team, his fancies turned toward the gentle art of dragging, adhering strictly to a "look before you leap" policy. Now its back to sea again, "R. O.", with all the best wishes from your wives and friends who will miss you and your never-ending sea stories.



Tom



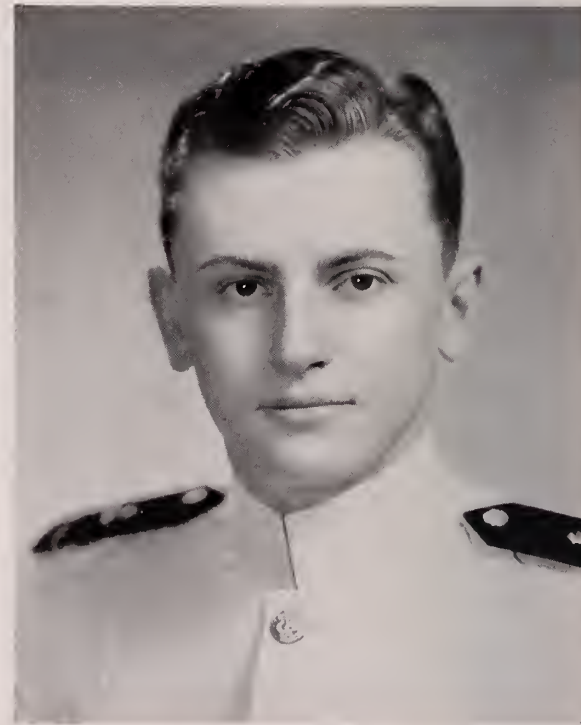
Bob



Doug



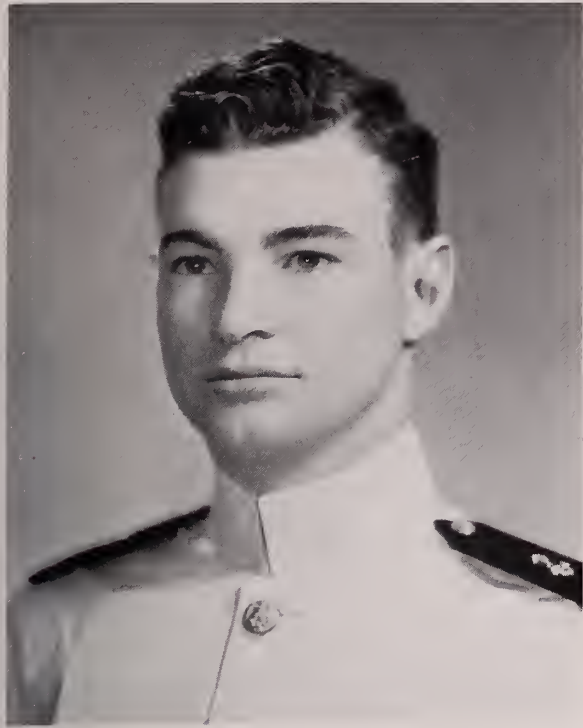
Bob



William Jack Nicol

JACKSONVILLE, TEXAS

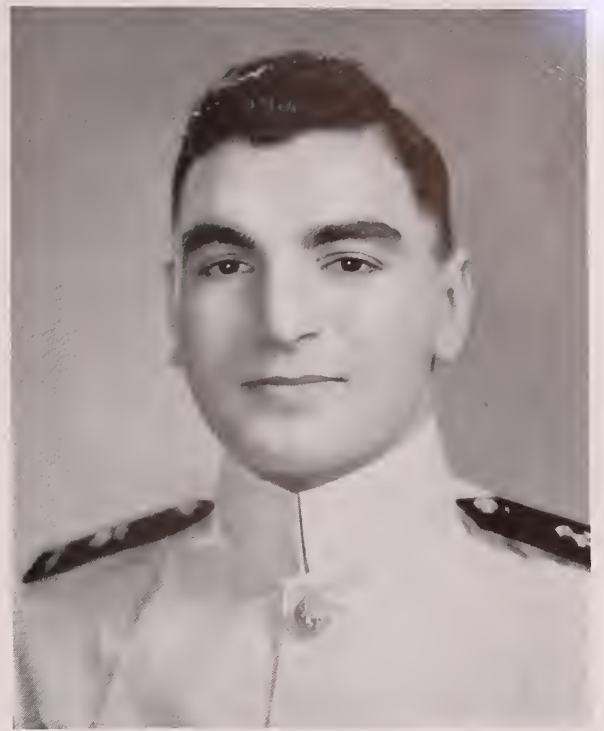
Spread out that map of Texas, and look down in the Eastern section. Yes, Jacksonville, that small spot in the land of gods. You know it, for from that metrop by overland stage, via college station, came Nic. You must know of the Aggies, of the blue sky, and of the remaining wonders of the world. They gave us a man of principles. Wool should not be worn next to the skin, collars are evil, and sports spoil life. The height of the well-developed man is absolutely five nine, and any strain is unnecessary.



Big John



Nic



John Alexander Paul

OAK PARK, ILLINOIS

Naturally big and loud, "Big John" does everything the way he plays football: hard but clean. He has a great capacity for work when there is no way of avoiding it. Johnny stands about the middle of his class, and before any P-work many savois usually come to his room for counsel and advice. His activities vary all the way from varsity guard to the Stamp Club. His principal hobbies are dragging, listening to his favorite song maestros, and sailing. He's strictly the kind of guy we want on our team when the pressure is on.



Rosey



Perk

Jack Bert Perkins

ABERDEEN, SOUTH DAKOTA

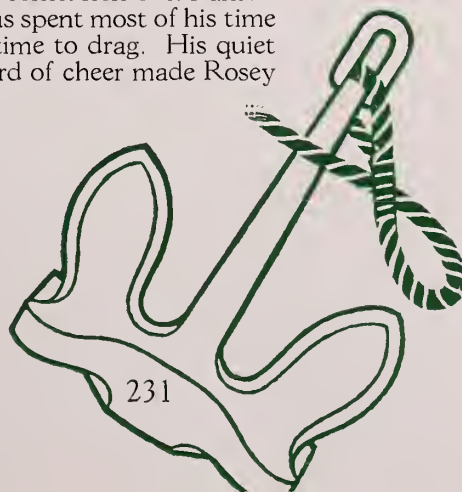
Perk came via the U.S.S. "Pennsylvania" to trade in his 3/c fire-controlman's buzzard for the honorable rank of Midshipman 4/c. His fond desire to become a flier nearly made him a victim of the system during youngster Bull. Afternoons sometimes found him working out in the gym, but many more found him sailing or flying model airplanes. Although Perk enjoyed submarine school one summer's leave, his wives know that only a pair of wings will ever satisfy him; and to this we say, "Bon voyage and happy landings."

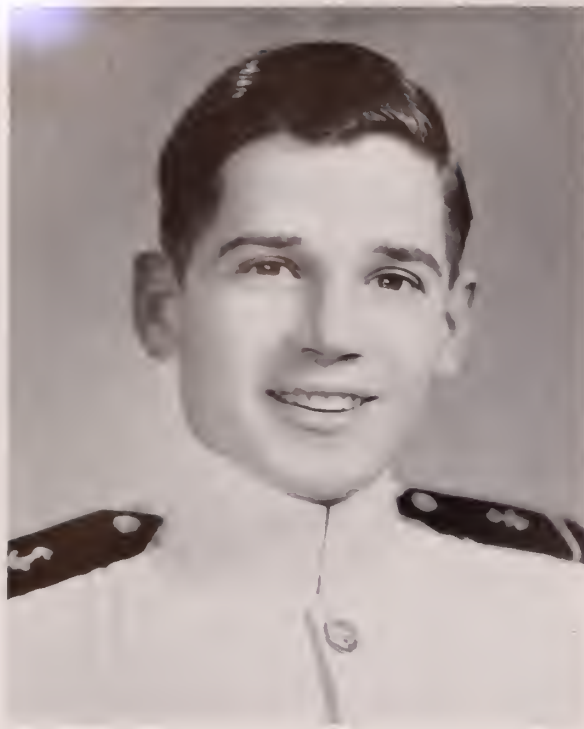


Marwin Irving Rosenbloom

WASHINGTON, D.C.

If spinning long sea stories goes for making a good sailor, here we have an Admiral. But alas! he was a "gyrene." Rosey's ambition to come to the Academy has been long standing, and he directed all his efforts to the successful conclusion of his ambition. Tall, black-haired, with a keen sense of humor, Rosey has spent most of his time eating and eating. Between meals he squeezed in sufficient time to drag. His quiet sense of humor, sincerity, and willingness to pass along a word of cheer made Rosey many friends at the Academy who wish him well.





Denis Snider

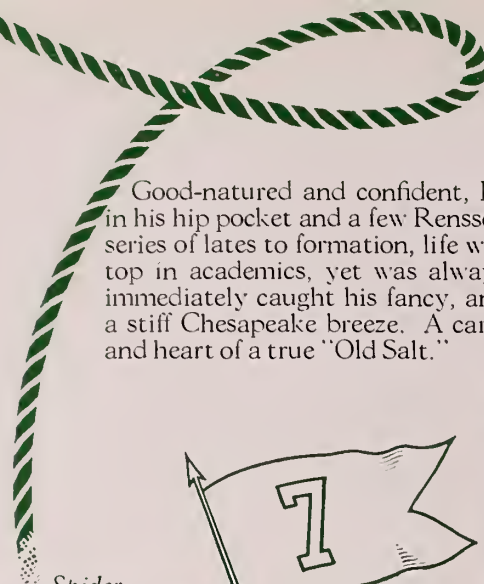
TERRE HAUTE, INDIANA

We thought Indiana was corn country 'til we met "Spider." Loquacious on the glories of Mid-western life, the "little fellow," or "Teeny Hubba," soon showed his ardor for big city stomping. Two years in Rose Polytechnic made academics no hindrance to Dennis' enjoyment. His glib tongue was faster than Cupid's arrows, so he's still free to make feminine hearts jump. His main interests were liberty and softball, "Spider" was a big thing that came in a little package. Jack Armstrong, the All-American boy, had nothing on "Teeny Hubba."

Karl Ewald Sommerlatte

ALLIANCE, OHIO

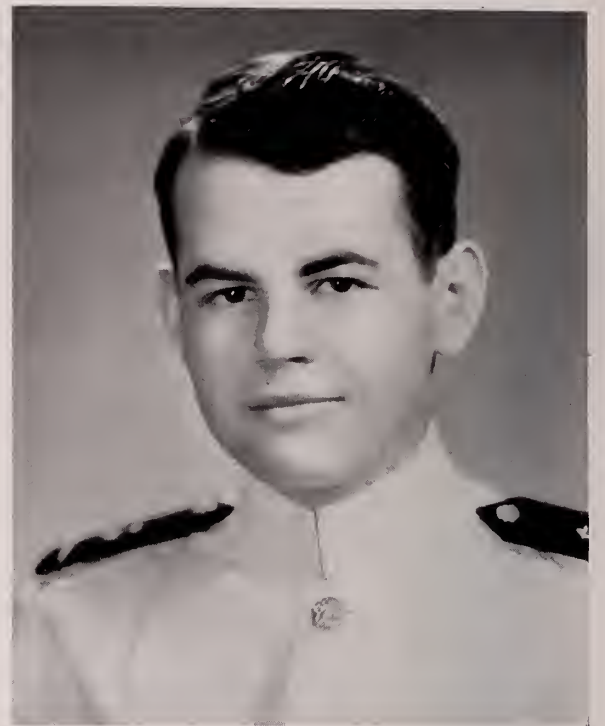
Ohio scores again! Born in Indiana and reared in Ohio, Karl is well-known in innumerable Mid-western towns. After coming to Annapolis, his residence changed to Florida, but the Midwest is still his home. Karl, having earned a Bull degree before entering the Academy, is one of the few who rarely lost arguments with Bull profs. In his spare time he pulled many a "bucket" up onto the velvet. He concentrated on dragging, and kept in physical shape by occasional indulgence in intramurals. With U.S.N. after his name, Karl steps forward a proud officer.



Spider



Don



Donald Wanamaker Smith

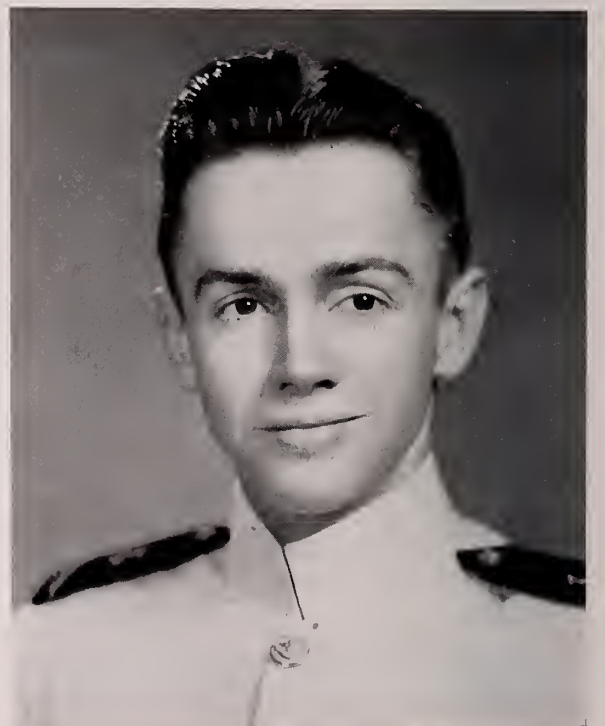
BETHLEHEM, PENNSYLVANIA

Good-natured and confident, Don came to the Naval Academy with his sliderule in his hip pocket and a few Rensselaer Poly textbooks in his suitcase. Except for a long series of lates to formation, life was pleasant for him on the Severn. He stood near the top in academics, yet was always at ease and willing to help a classmate. Sailing immediately caught his fancy, and he liked nothing better than skipping a yawl in a stiff Chesapeake breeze. A career at sea was a happy choice, for Don has the zest and heart of a true "Old Salt."

Cess



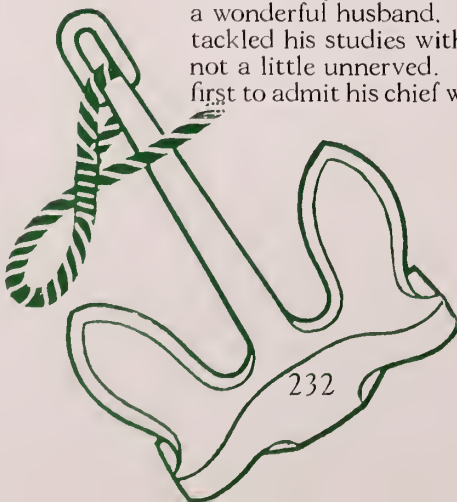
Karl



Richard Elbert Stockwell

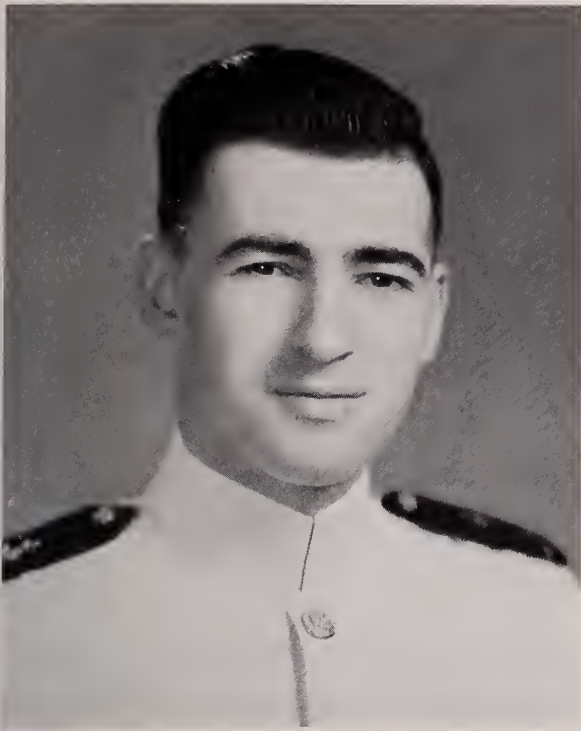
BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

Not to have known Cess would have been to miss half the fun of being at the Academy. Mimic, poet, philosopher, fencer, marksman—his strongest convictions were that the Boy Scouts is America's greatest institution and that he would make some girl a wonderful husband. Dick could play any sport well and though he was no star, he tackled his studies with a characteristic vigor that left his instructors breathless and not a little unnerved. His frankness was at times appalling to us all and he was the first to admit his chief weakness—a love for his friends' chow.



John Arthur Sutherland, 11
LAKE FORREST, ILLINOIS

Sutherland, one of the oldest men in the company, quickly chalked up an enviable career in basketball, football, track, and other "incidental" sports that will long be remembered back home. He was one of the reasons our company basketball team remained an all-time regimental champion. Competitors in company steeplechase, military track, and cross-country found "The Jack" unbeatable. Academics did not prevent his making friends, and many remember his guiding them through the "Windy City."



Little Hubba



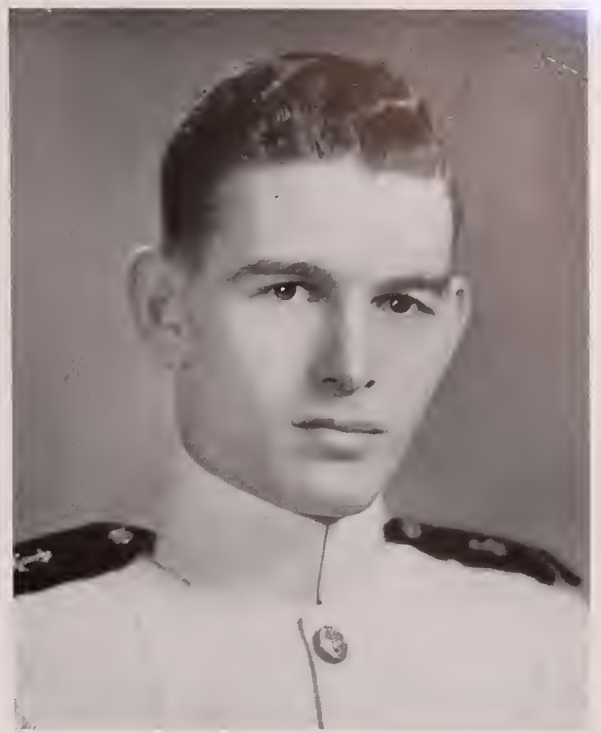
Jack



Rosie



Dave

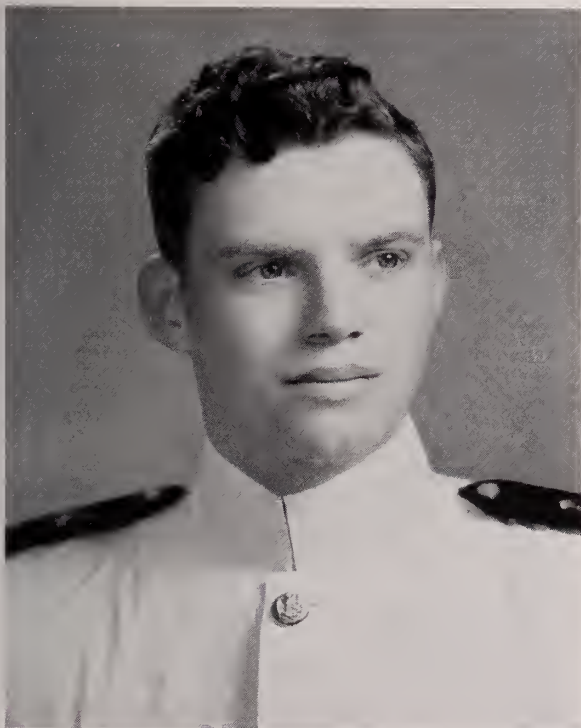


Charles David Ullman
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

"Little Hubba's" friends were the ones to worry about his academics—someone had to. Not until the reexams did he realize it was time to learn something about Skinny. Charley took things with the least concern possible, and he remained this unperturbable self for three long years. His good nature won a place for him as one of the best liked men in the company. Recreation hours found "Hubba" boxing or wrestling, and his opponents never knew until after the fight that this aggressive fighter possessed such a congenial personality.

David Munro Walker
HONOLULU, T.H.

Hailing from the land of hula girls and guitars, Davis seems to have weathered the change quite well. The Academic Departments didn't cause him much trouble during his first two years, and to find an outlet for his unlimited energy, David chose his sports well. During the spring it was varsity golf, with the fall came varsity soccer, and in the winter he rested. He loved nothing better than the swish of a golf club or the thud of a soccer ball, except maybe a smoke filled room with him holding a full house.



James Allan Warner
SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

"Rosie," famed for his rose colored cheeks, dropped in on the Naval Academy from the Fleet to look the situation over, decided he liked the place, and determined to stay. The sojourn stretched into three years of hard work—not that "Rosie" detested work, he just wouldn't look very hard for it. Youngster year kept him plenty busy, but it was in first-class year that he came forth with all kinds of vim and vigor, finding time to play soccer, wrestling, and swim. He's eager now to get out there and finish the job he once started.





Robert Halley Wertheim

CARLSBAD, NEW MEXICO

Bob's choice of the Navy was no doubt influenced by the novel idea of seeing water. This ex-New Mexico cavalryman soon decided that he preferred the quiet of submarines to the "tossing" of a "Yellow Peril." We often heard Bob explaining—"and then you integrate between these limits"—as he helped his classmates struggle through Math. By the end of plebe year, he was wearing a pair of those coveted stars. Sports found him toiling with the pin-pushers, and weekends found our snake just window-shopping, thank you Good hunting, Bob.

Charles Edwin Woods

NEWBURYPORT, MASSACHUSETTS

Charlie came to us with his Bostonian variety of the King's English, and a smattering of engineering knowledge gained at M.I.T. He displayed his executive ability on the Reception Committee and his breezy literary style in the *Log* and *Reef Points*. As presiding officer of the "Board of Directors," more of a social than a business organization. "The Woods" played a sharp game of bridge. We shall long remember Charlie, not so much for his ability to get into trouble, but rather for his uncanny knack to get out of it.



Harry Andrew Watson

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Here is a salty Texan out of the Pacific Fleet. From the U.S.S. Pennsylvania to the U.S.S. "Bancroft Hall" was an easy jump for Harry, who, as everybody knows, "gets this stuff" easily. Friendly Harry has had a hard time being tough on anyone concerning money matters, although as our secretary-treasurer, he has done a good job. Not content with long hours balancing the books, he took on the job of professional editor of the *Log*, producing more fine results. If effort and hard work assure success, Harry will have plenty of it in the Fleet.



Bob



Harry



Blackie



Charlie



Robert Henry Yerbury

SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

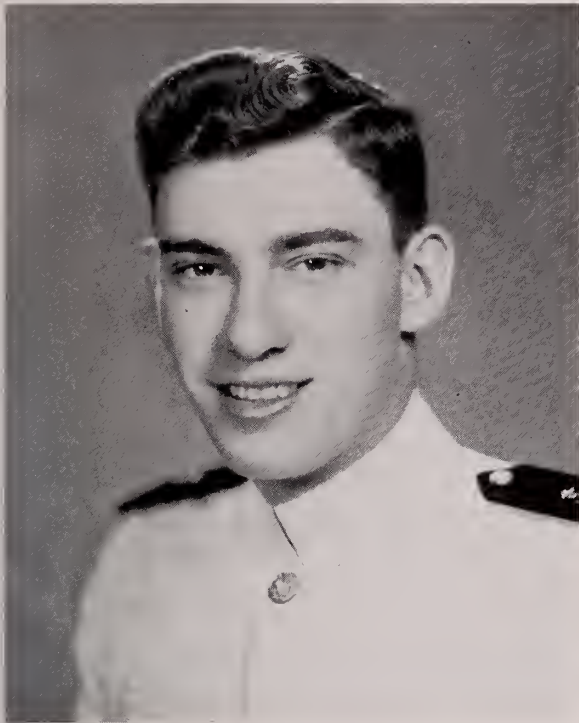
The cheeriest man of all the sandblowers, "Blackie" never seemed to lose his bright outlook in life. After two years of hard work talking to town merchants about the great advantages they'd gain by advertising in the *Log*, "Blackie" gained the coveted position of advertising manager. His ability to work harder than the others made him the head of the make-up gang for the Masqueraders. He'd never heard of lacrosse until he came here, but from the minute he got a stick in his hands, this was his game. "Blackie's" good naturedness will fit in his dream submarine.



Albert George Bentler

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

When "Mr. B." takes the floor, the tall tales come fast and furious. Duty in Panama, bus driving in Jersey, and courting the boss' daughter are favorite topics for this teller of sea stories. As an athlete, "Albie" was quite a lad at softball, but he seemed to prefer an afternoon of relaxation. Having a few years on most of us, and being worldly wise besides, he might have been called "Sea Pappy B." as he surely will be out in the Fleet thirty years from now.



Bill



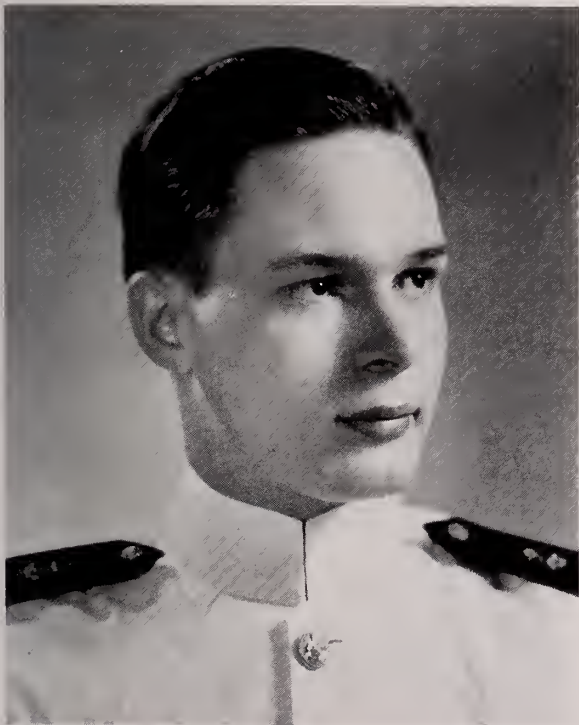
Albie



Charles William Blyth

MONTROSE, CALIFORNIA

Ever ready to hold forth on the charms of his native California, a few hundred sons like Bill would make any state great. Tall and dark, with a yen for crew, his good looks presage a fighting heart. Always seemingly at logger-heads with the Academic Board, the eternal laughter of his warm brown eyes was unquenchable. In a knockabout, on the deck of Dahlgren Hall, or munching a "Dagwood" sandwich, Bill was the perfect brother-in-arms for a dragging week-end. A man of many adventures, many more undoubtedly awaits him in the Fleet.



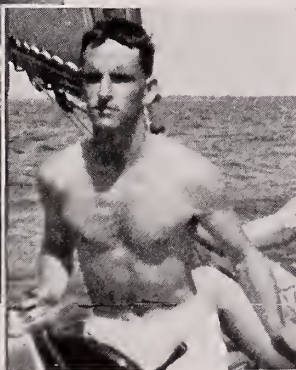
Floyd Davis Bowdley

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

Floyd, who spent his first night away from Rochester as a plebe in Bancroft Hall is, a thoroughbred Yankee. Bragging on that fair New York city was his favorite pastime, and one learned of its Kodak factories in his every conversation. He enjoyed being considered a Casanova and took pleasure in counting the minutes from the time he met a cute female until she told him she loved him, yet he never kidded about a certain O.A.O. Other diversions included varsity fencing and running plebes. If Japs scare as easily as plebes, the Nips will suffer a severe setback once this man gets within talking range.



Floyd

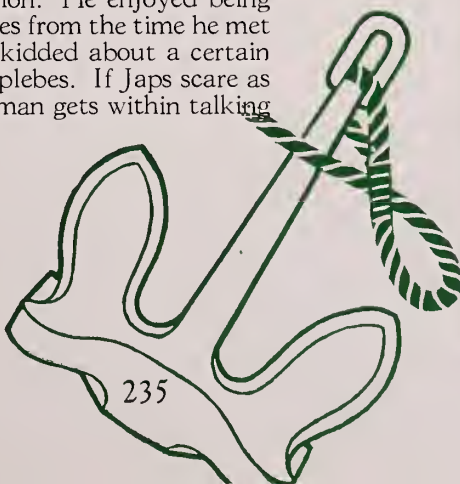


Jack

Luke Jack Boggess

CARTHAGE, MISSOURI

Truly from "you gotta show me" land, Jack knew the philosophy behind every prob he encountered. For his size, he wielded a mean lacrosse stick out on Farragut Field, where he was well known and a friend of all. Jack's popularity did not end here, as he took an active part in the Reception Committee, Christmas Card Committee, and various other activities. Life will not be the same without Jack around to give us his weekly blue and gold injection, which often helped to pull us out of the blues. With his personality and stamina, he will go a long way in the Fleet.





Richard Webster Brown, Jr.

CONCORD, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Dick was a top-notch Aviation Machinist Mate in P.B.Y.'s before entering the Academy. From this Fleet service he was a ready and willing advisor not only on professional questions, but on matters of heart. When Dick entered he decided to investigate the cultural aspect of the Navy. Foremost on his program were a "body beautiful" drive and the study of classical music. Any afternoon you could find him in the gym toning up those bulging muscles or by the radio toning up his mind with "long hair" music. Dick was both a hardened salt and a tender romanticist.

James Glenn Bumstead

PORT NECHES, TEXAS

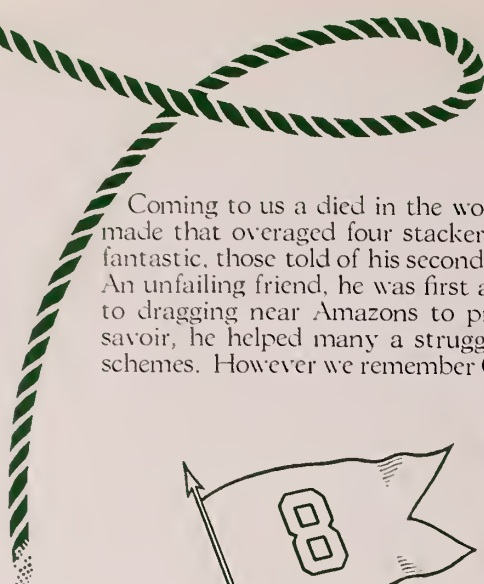
A true Texan with the lanky gait and easy-going manner of a natural cowboy, "Dagwood" never stopped making friends. Always smiling, continually dragging, and ever ready for a good poker game, he was a good man for either "a frolic or a fight." Academics and regulations were no strain for "Dag," who has managed to get the maximum in both fun and knowledge in the three years at the Academy. It's a return engagement in the Fleet for this good-natured Texan, and we can be sure that it'll be a success all the way.



Roland Alfred Bowling

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

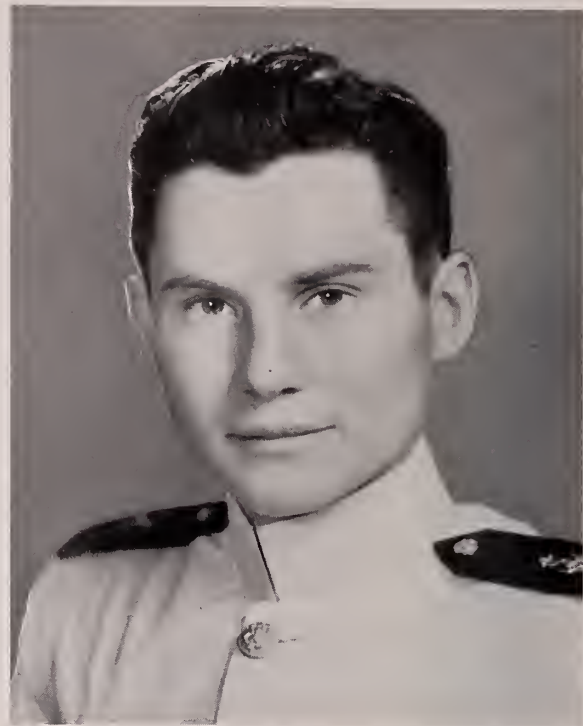
Coming to us a died in the wool "Tin Can Sailor" off the mighty *Cole*, Chick has made that overaged four stacker a legend. Though his sea stories of the *Cole* were fantastic, those told of his second love, the ketch *Crocodile*, were far more interesting. An unflinching friend, he was first a lover, and many were the men who finally resorted to dragging near Amazons to protect themselves from this sandblower. A Steam savoir, he helped many a struggling classmate survive that department's diabolical schemes. However we remember Chick, he is one character we will never forget.



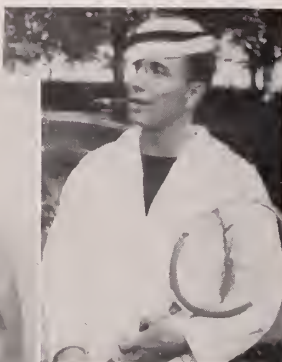
Dick



Chick



Burd



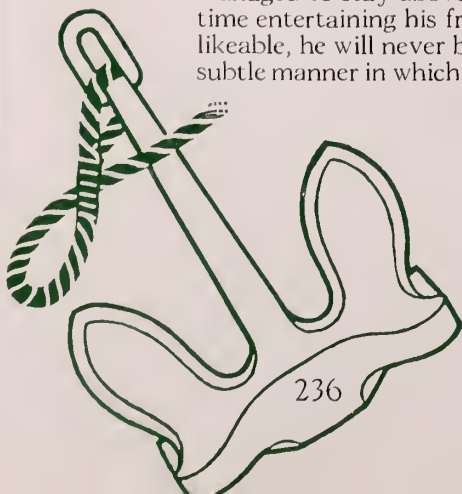
Dagwood



Dale Virgil Burdy

IONIA, MICHIGAN

Coming straight to the Naval Academy from his hometown high school in Ionia, Michigan, "Burd" had difficulties with academics during his first two years, but always managed to stay above 2.5. Possessing musical talent, Dale spent much of his spare time entertaining his friends with his fiddle, which he played very well. Cheerful and likeable, he will never be at a loss for friends. Dale will always be remembered for the subtle manner in which he ran the upperclass during plebe year.



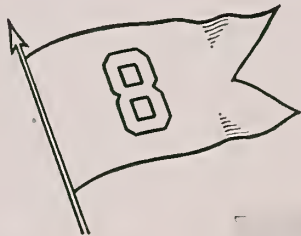
Walter Platt Carlin

UPPER DARBY, PENNSYLVANIA

Ever ready for a solid argument on any subject, Walt was a Gibraltar in his convictions and ideals. His Achille's heel was Math and this drawback took its toll on more than a little of that wavy brown hair. If we were to dub our hero with an alias, it would be the "world's worst pessimist"—no man ever bilged out of the Academy as many times as he. He has two loves, Upper Darby High, and his brother, "the best reserve in the Navy." No conversation was complete without mention of the two.



Walt



Carrot



Tex



Dick



Frank Henderson Carruth, III

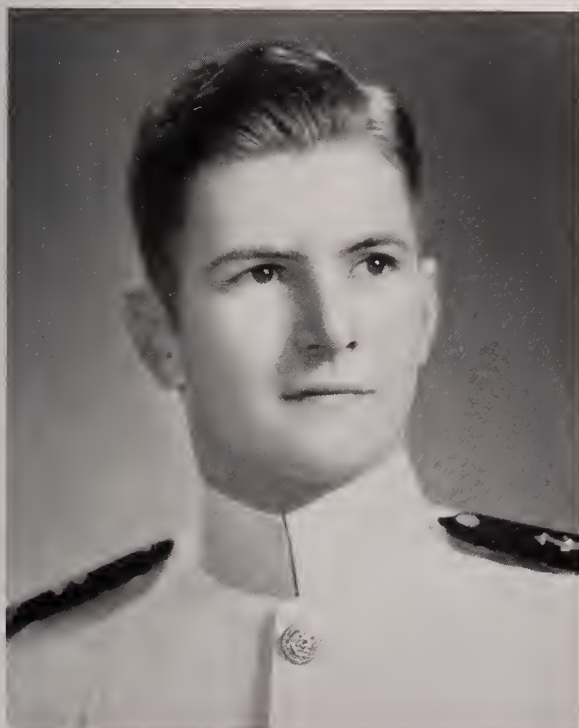
LOBDELL, LOUISIANA

Like many fugitives from the Academic Board, this amiable Louisiana farm boy did not go only halfway in his offerings to the God of 2.5. The night before the Skinny re-exam, this lad scaled the pedestal supporting old Tecumseh and deposited the sum of 63 cents in the quiver. He was not disappointed. With a sly and subtle wit, the "Carrot" had the enviable ability of making many friends. Whether it be at a game of golf or tennis, or dancing at Dahlgren, "Carrot" was ever the popular companion. His unquenchable spirit will always carry him to the top.

Richard Garrett Converse

BURLINGAME, CALIFORNIA

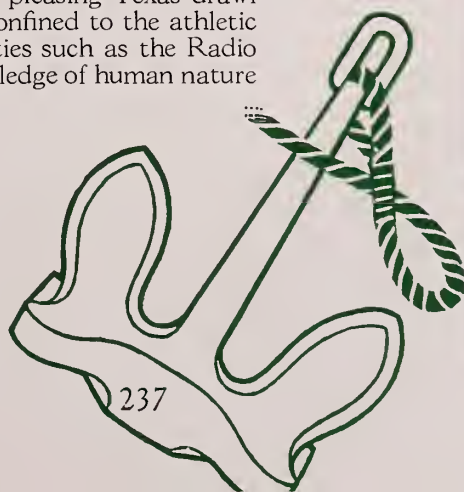
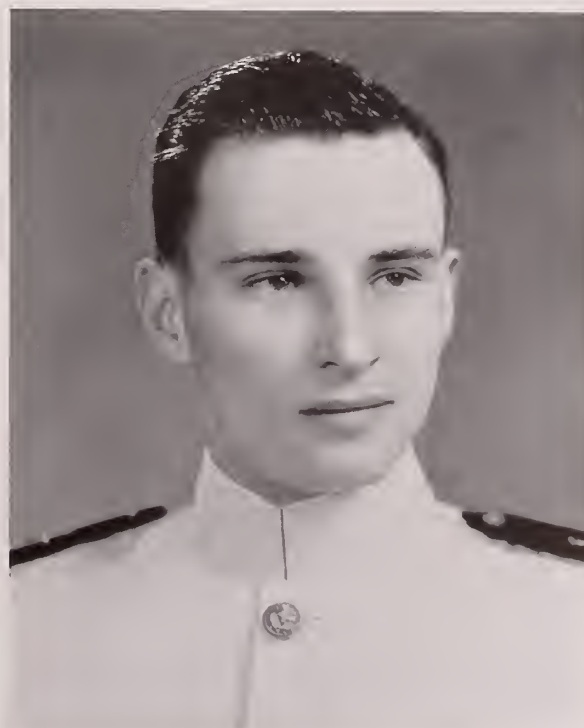
An even six feet of sublime Californian, Dick hit Annapolis in '42 with a radio handbook under his arm and a year of technical training at California under his belt. As far as academics were concerned, he "got the stuff." Study hour often found him interrupted in a letter to Helene when Frank, Walt, or Jack dropped in with "Say, Dick, how do you integrate this?" We who have numbered ourselves among his friends will remember Dick's quiet good humor, his interesting philosophy, and his keen ability to get the best out of every undertaking.



Walter Napier Corrigan

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

Tex should be called the "man of a million smiles" for he has the remarkable ability to take himself into and out of more tight spots than any other ten men. His football ability introduced him, and his personality, genial humor, and pleasing Texas drawl gained him unlimited popularity. Tex's friendships were not confined to the athletic field, as he made many friends through extra-curricular activities such as the Radio Club, Reception Committee, and Newman Club. With his knowledge of human nature there is no doubt that his ship will be a happy one.





Charles Bruce Coyer

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

If at the age of thirty, Chuck is not dead of a heart attack he will have geared his intervening activities to a slower pace than his present athletics and dragging. His social inclinations justify a label of "The Fang," but another year of football, basketball, and lacrosse would probably have demoralized him sufficiently to require a less graphic monicker—namely "Hound." In his more ascetic moments he lent his second tenor decibels to the choir, and still further attempted self-destruction by the acquisition of a generous set of stripes. But what is left should do all right.

Alfred Henry Gaehler

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

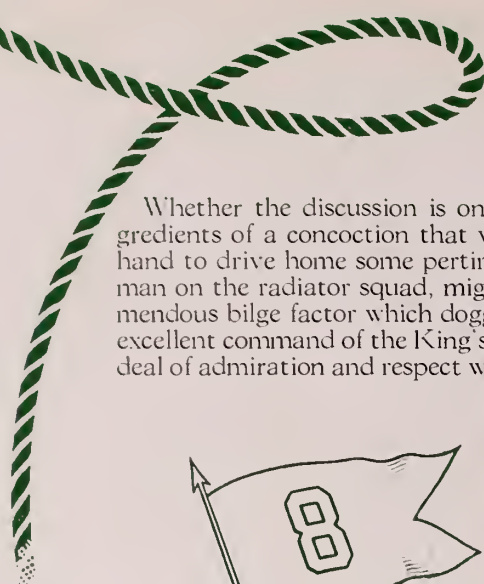
"So dizzy he precesses." This true Californian with an innate antipathy for Texans has helped us all by providing humor at the right time. Always ready with some remark to set us laughing, Al was a priceless man to know. A capable performer in sports, notably crew in which he was a champion before he arrived, he amazed us by his skill in many diversified fields. Tall and muscular, with an instilled love for the Navy, Al is a shipmate we hope to serve with often.



Charles Alfred Cox, II

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Whether the discussion is one of political problems, world strategems, or the ingredients of a concoction that will "really polish you off quick," "C. A." will be on hand to drive home some pertinent point with accustomed dexterity. Chuck, a star man on the radiator squad, might also have worn stars on his collar except for a tremendous bilge factor which dogged him at every turn of the academic road. Chuck's excellent command of the King's English, along with his active wit, earned him a great deal of admiration and respect which will follow him wherever he goes.



Chuck



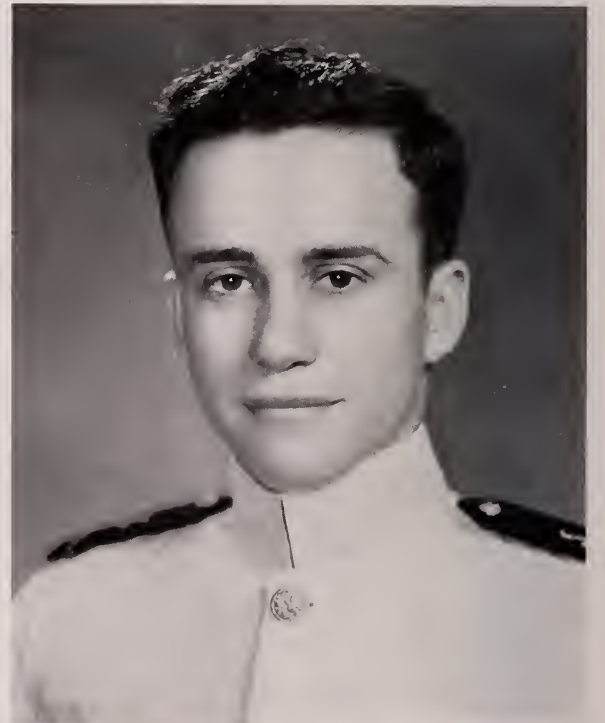
Chuck



J. V.



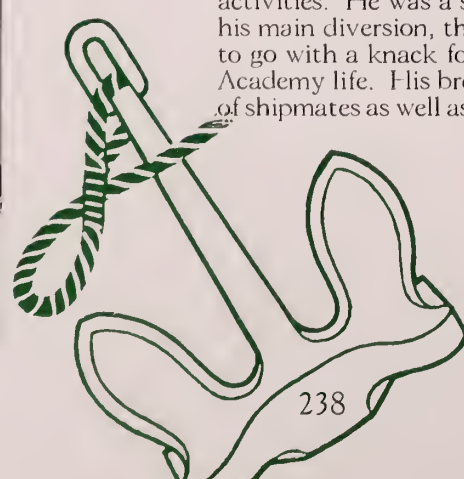
Al



James "V" Goure

PUEBLO, COLORADO

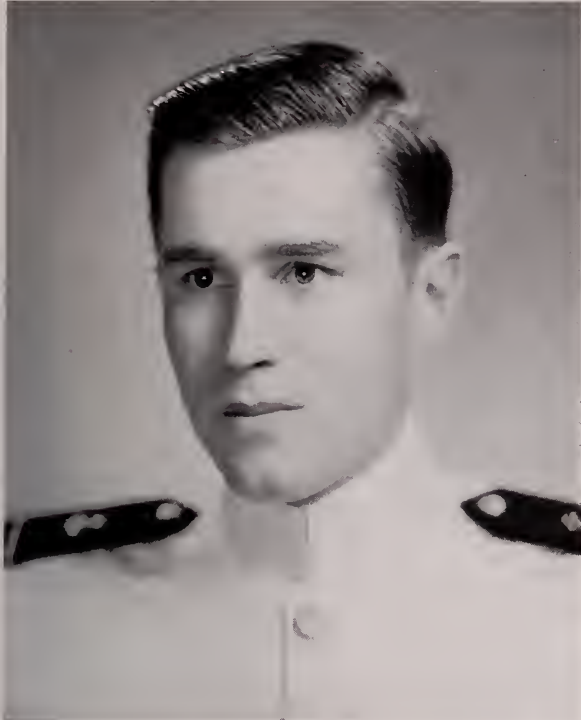
As a former salt, "J. V." is the true "tin can sailor." His rolling gait and Fleet experience have always made him the man to ask about signalling and similar Fleet activities. He was a star steeplechase and battalion track man, possibly a side line of his main diversion, the pursuit of blondes, brunettes, or what have you. Always ready to go with a knack for taking it easy, Jim has had no difficulty with the fast pace of Academy life. His broad smile and winning manner will always keep him the favorite of shipmates as well as the ladies.



Earnest Bevil Granville

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

"Earnie," a tall, lanky, congenial, likeable Texan proved his mettle by excelling as number one rifle shot in the Academy and carrying a well-deserved share of stripes in the Regiment. Nothing suppressed his happy manner and interest in helping others. Spirited cooperation and sincere friendliness, blended with determination, paved his way into every classmate's heart. Ernst refused to allow academics to interfere with his education—or sleep. Big week-ends and 4.0 drags were his favorite rates. Seriously, "Earnie" was one of our best—a real man.



Jack



Earnie



Charles Wesley Harman

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

A one man chamber of commerce from Southern California, "Chips" came to the Academy from the Fleet where he was formerly a salty little Carpenter's Mate aboard a four-stacker. Plebe year found Chuck dividing his time between a set of man-killing exercises and plebe lacrosse. On the lacrosse field he did a man-sized job of stick wielding despite his diminutive five feet six inches. As an active photo club member, "Happy Charles" utilized every available moment behind the camera to get just the right shot. After graduation, "tin cans" still promise to be his pride and joy.

Chips



Bill



John Gilbert Gullette

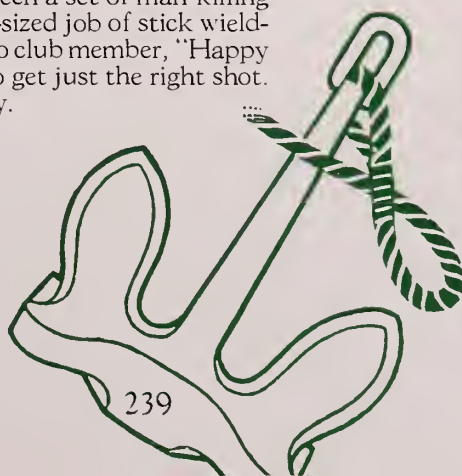
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Jack, who hails from Southern California, is a true son of the Golden West. Before entering the Academy, he was a conscientious pre-med student at Indiana State University. In athletics, "Sunshine Jackson" was mainly a track man, and ran many a hard and grueling race during his years on the military track, steeplechase, and cross-country teams. A member of the Spanish Club, he was always in the "savvy" Dago group and swing music, movies, and dragging were his hobbies. The "silent-service" will be getting another fine officer.

William Vernon Hanson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Two years of William and Mary and its carefree life could not influence Bill to change his mind about the Navy. Following the traditions in which he was raised, Willie excelled in sailing and dragging, devoting all his spare time to these activities. Out in the bay he reached the acme of perfection handling the dinghies like King Neptune himself, and on the dance floor he was equally as proficient with his drag, and everyone else's also. Reception Committee, Boat Club, and Dago Club also helped keep this man busy.





Robert Allan Herrick

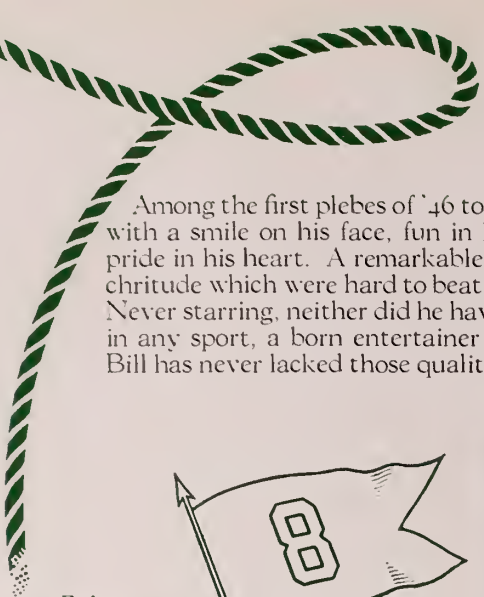
DES MOINES, IOWA

Bob gave up a career as a forester to don the Navy Blue. Hailing from the great "Corn State," Bob has often voiced the wish that he were back there, but we all know different. He took athletics and academics alike in his stride, and had some hidden talents that showed up in the boxing ring. Bob bilged out every term, but when that final roll was called he stepped forward with the rest of us. If his success of running the company as company representative follows him in his Naval career, Bob will always come out on top.

John Robert Johnson

LANCASTER, OHIO

"Blackie" was an athlete in his high school and prep school days, but he saw the light his first summer here. The allure of "N's" and glory could never entice him away from his week-end ketch trips and his first love—liberty replete with plenty of drags and lots of good times. Academics? No strain for him. "No use in my going bald like the rest of you guys," and besides, "a page of Dope a day keeps the re-exams away." So no one worries about Bob—with his inborn ability to get along and a cheerful personality he can't lose.



Bob



Bill



Mit



Blackie



Wilford Edward Hayes

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Among the first plebes of '46 to arrive, Bill introduced himself to "Mother" Bancroft with a smile on his face, fun in his bones, determination in his eyes, and a touch of pride in his heart. A remarkable dancing ability and an appreciation of feminine pulchritude which were hard to beat distinguished him with the coming of youngster hops. Never stalling, neither did he have cause to sing the academic blues. A fine competitor in any sport, a born entertainer specializing in impersonations, and a willing friend, Bill has never lacked those qualities which spell success in the Fleet.



Montford Tilford Johnson, Jr.

AMARILLO, TEXAS

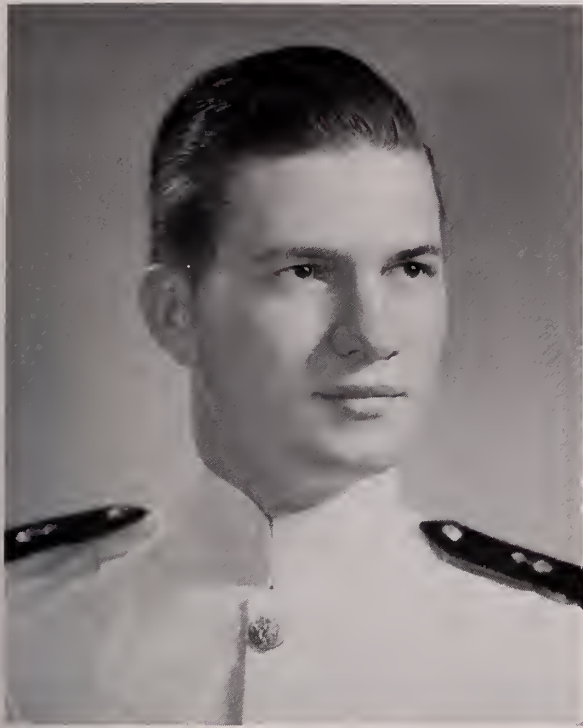
Ambition coupled with the will to win has brought "Mit" a long way towards success. No one has more friends, and all admire him for his integrity, cheerfulness, and fine sportsmanship. His athletic prowess was not limited to football, his first and main love, for he showed excellent ability as a rifleman and golfer. His love for one of Texas' fairest and his preference for golf to dragging hindered his social life, but he was usually there when the band started playing. Good luck, Texan, it was great to have you aboard.



Charles Evans Kendrick

WACO, TEXAS

"Texas, a world in its own," and many other glorifying expressions for this great state were constantly expounded by Chuck. When others were worried about mail, he had plenty; when others weren't worried about plebe steam, he was—plenty. Although Chuck never was worried about being a star man, he has an uncanny capacity for detail and plenty of good old common sense. There's not a finer man to be found anywhere; his level head and heart full of convictions proved that he was tops. Charles is a true Southern gentleman and a real friend.



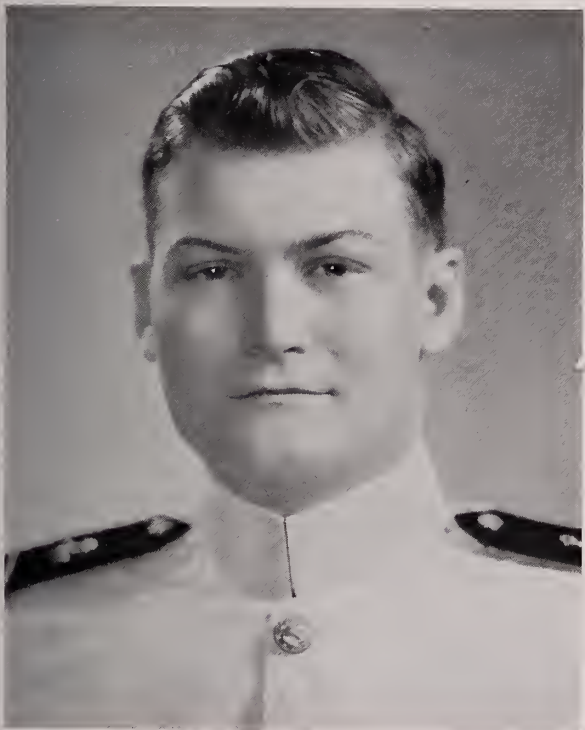
Killer



Chuck



Johnny



John Frederick Kohler, III

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA

Plebe year slowed this Richmond Rebel down a bit, but the diagonal stripe soon put his operating mechanism into high gear. He was as smooth on the dance floor as he was in class or on the field of sport. Some called him a wolf, but that was just his Southern geniality and the reflection of the Virginia morn in his eyes. Even though he tried to make life full of fun, he was always serious in his endeavors. Equipped with a keen mind, great ambitions, and dogged determination, Johnny's three-year stop by the Severn is bound to bear fruit.



David Daniel Kilpatrick

LUBBOCK, TEXAS

Although Killer may not be quite as vociferous as the majority of Texans, he still argues heatedly in favor of the existence of some vegetation in the Lone Star State. He spent one year at Texas Tech before coming to the Academy, but even so he is one of the younger members of our class. Killer is one of those tall lanky fellows with a smile and a cheerful "howdy" that reveals his happy nature. A veritable "hep cat," he managed to settle down long enough to take an active part in company sports and to help edit our Christmas Cards.

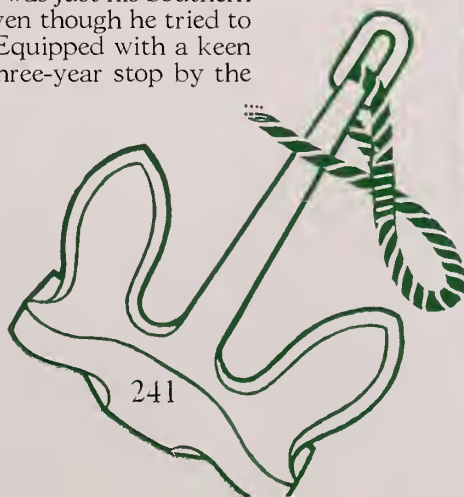


Ord

Ord Kimzey, Jr.

LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS

Ord, his tri-lettered and only title, joined the ranks of '46 after a tedious trek from distant Arkansas. Proceeding successfully through the memorable three-day medical marathon, Ord relinquished his pen-stripe to don the blues. With natural ability he tackled every problem, and before the end of plebe summer was a well nigh capable mariner. Alloting ample time to academics, Ord completed the day with gymnastics, sailing, or letter writing. Week-ends, however, were generally spent in relaxation at hops or in-formals.



Kenneth Rush Lampton

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

"Cripes!" was Bud's or "Lampa's" cry of distress whenever he missed receiving a letter from one of his collection of feminine pulchritude or his wonderful Mother. Bud's advance from company sports to jayvee to varsity pistol team was outshone only by his academic abilities. His easy-going manner convinced everyone, including the profs, that he has the inborn ability to get ahead. The Academy is a man-sized step from high school, but to Bud it will become the springboard to an outstanding career in the Navy.



Simon Joseph Lonergan, Jr.

ALBION, MICHIGAN

Eternal merrymaking, beautiful women and conservative government have been the lights of Studs life. The lad hailing from Albion, Michigan was at times in opposition with the Executive Department which unequivocally disagreed with his idea of "the good life," but his drags still draw the 4.0 sign from his mates. Studies came as easy as athletics, friends, and arguments. His years spent at Michigan U. and Albion College proved worthwhile in making him somewhat of an economist and author. Although he may never be an admiral, he will always have fun.

Richard Wayne Mabee

DES MOINES, IOWA

Perhaps it was because he was an air bug, or maybe it was from seeing his name so often on the extra duty list, at any rate we shall all remember Dick as a man of few, if any, worries. "The Mole" eased through academics, and we often found him in the gym either tossing weights around or mastering the art of jiu jitsu. He had many friends among the midshipmen, but left all drags alone and stayed true-blue to the girl back home. It is with high expectations that we send "The Mole" again into the Fleet.



Studs



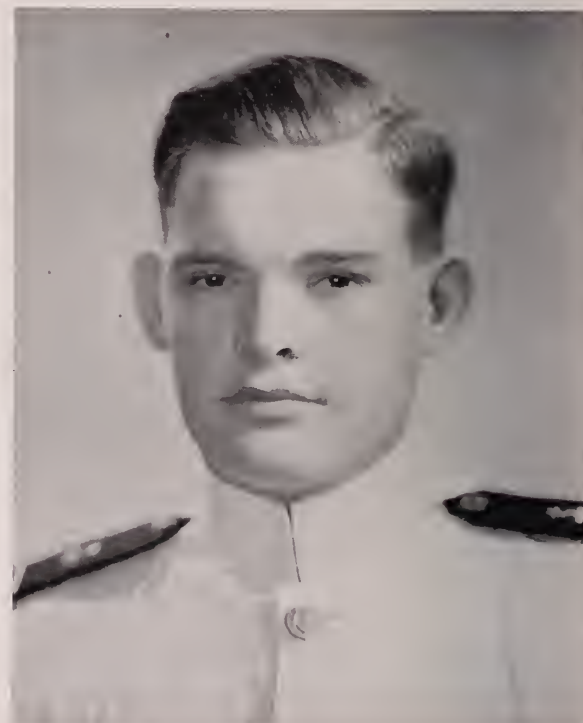
Bud



Jerry



Dick



Robert Gerald McIntyre

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

An engineer and an Irishman, Jerry was both to the core. One finds him in the top ranks of any subject even remotely connected with his original profession. And like a true Irishman, he possessed a warm heart—one that knew no limit in helping a friend—on an equal par with a spirited determination that carried him through all difficulties, from the squared ring to tea fights. With his blond hair, brown eyes, and friendly smile, he was one of the very few who could tell a prof that he was wrong and then proceed to prove it.



George Rae Monthan

TUSCON, ARIZONA

"G. R." came to us via the Naval Air Corps where he was distinguished by a sharp eye and precise coordination. These intrinsic qualities stood him in good stead on the rifle team of which he became captain. "Sunshine" takes his chosen profession seriously. Normally conscientious, he was especially so concerning academics. An addict of the "P-work" critique, he never left a problem unsolved; a practice that stood him well up in his class. With his love of flying and ambition to return to his former status as a "buzz boy" he can hardly fail to find success in the future.



Colonel



Sunshine



Scotty

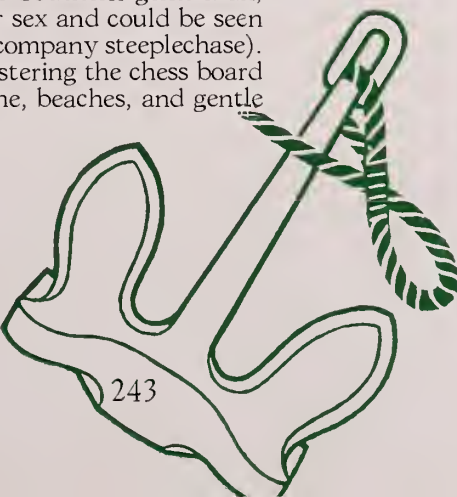


Weasel

Harvey Scott Parrish, Jr.

LAKELAND, FLORIDA

While poling log canoes through the everglades, "Scotty" first realized his ambition to become a Naval officer. Here at the Academy he has made many friends with his "cracker" psychology and ever readiness for a laugh. A true Southern gentleman, "Scotty" holds an appreciative eye for the beauty of the fairer sex and could be seen in the fore of the "Flying Squadron" any week-end (thanks to company steeplechase). During spare moments, "Scotty" divided his time between mastering the chess board and serving as a walking chamber of commerce for the sunshine, beaches, and gentle breezes of Florida.



Charles Morgan Moore

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

As colonel of his R.O.T.C. regiment, Charley laid his first claim to fame. On entering the Academy he henceforth was known among his many friends as "Colonel." Charley wasn't the athletic type, for that involved too much work. A shelf of excellent books and a rack of pipes were more to his liking after drill. Charley often miscalculated his slide rule factors, and as a result spent many anxious moments after exam week. When not dodging the Academic Board, "Colonel" was always found trying to untangle the snarls of his romances with pen and telephone.

William Wesley Morton

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

"Weasel" says, "So I am young, but I've been around plenty." Maybe so. At any rate he has turned in a swell account of himself since he arrived here fresh from high school. Academics were a breeze for him, and in his spare time we found him dancing around in the squared ring. Bill has been acquainted with the Navy all his life down in Portsmouth, and he received some practical experience in the Naval Reserve. He knows what he wants in the Navy, and with his ability he'll get it.





Robert Herman Piehl
KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

A dyed-in-the-wool "gyrene," Bob came from his post as Admiral Monroe's orderly to the disconcerting life as a plebe at the Naval Academy. Three years by the Severn never converted him to the Navy, and upon graduation he is returning to the Marine Corps. In the boxing ring Bob neither gave nor asked any quarter, a characteristic which will be an asset to him in a service that requires rugged battlers. As fair with his friends as he is in the ring, Bob will be a welcome member of the "leathernecks."

John Judson Pilcher, Jr.
WRENS, GEORGIA

"Pilch" had an advantage over most of us during plebe year. Two years of military life at the Citadel previous to his entrance to the Academy had taught him to avoid many of the snares and pitfalls that plague fourth classmen. "Pilch" made good use of this previous knowledge, worked hard at the Academy, and consequently enjoyed a pleasant three years. His cheerfulness made him a favorite with all, especially, we suspect, with a certain girl back home.



John Henry Penny
BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA

After three carefree years of fraternity life at Louisiana State University, the Naval Academy came as quite a shock to "Boot," our gentleman of the old South. Never one to worry long, however, he spent the remainder of plebe year devising ways to run the youngsters. With plenty of energy, enthusiasm, and natural ability, John was usually successful at his undertakings, although he was constantly in trouble with his drags and the Executive Department. Easily aroused, "Boot" was especially excitable over a ketch trip, the Civil War, or "Chattanooga Choo Choo."



Bob

Boot



Dismal

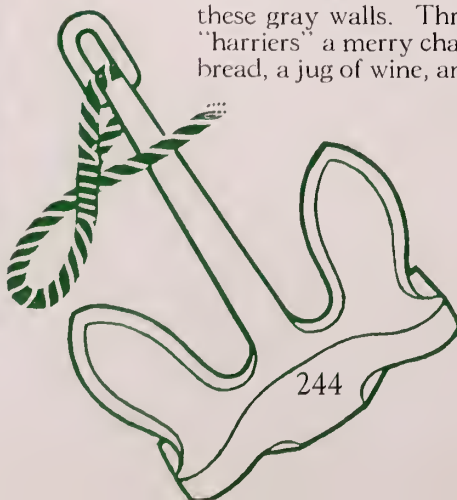


Pilch



Denzil Lynnwood Pritchard
CLARKSBURG, WEST VIRGINIA

"Take me back to West Virginia." "Dismal" took this plea seriously and was prepared to take off his shoes and make the long trek back at the end of every term. But the Divine Providence that watches over fools kept this salty Casanova shackled to these gray walls. Through misadventure more than personal choice, "Diz" led the "harriers" a merry chase. His particular diversion was, and always will be, "A loaf of bread, a jug of wine, and thou beside me."



Richard Dean Rabe

MILBANK, SOUTH DAKOTA

Since Dick comes from South Dakota, the Sunshine State, he has no difficulty finding words to express his sentiments regarding Maryland weather. In extra-curricular activities, Dick applied his musical talent to the Musical Club Shows, the Glee Club, and the Choir. He was also Vice-President of the Bible Class, and just to show his versatility, he earned his plebe numerals in track. At the Academy he continued his meritable academic record begun at Iowa State College. Always boosting his home state, he was happiest when listening to Irving Berlin or singing in the shower.



Robbie



Dick



Jack



Scotty



John Ariel Seargeant

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The land of perpetual sunshine gave Jack a knack for keeping our days bright and cheery, and his congenial manner not only won him many friends, but set him on the road to success. His natural ability with books gave him plenty of time to devote to wrestling, his major sport, and put him near the top of his class. Although Jack always maintained that the Golden State needed no spokesman, he was forever divulging its wonders, as if from an inexhaustible supply. His self-confidence and conscientiousness will merit him a just reward and he knows we are betting on him.



Errol Wayne Robinson

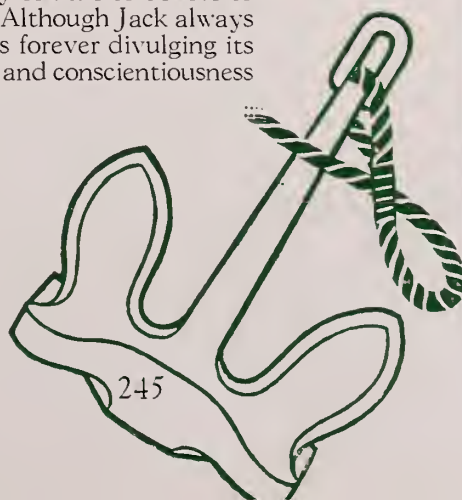
PRESTON, IDAHO

To the eye "Robbie" displayed the Nordic type of manhood—tall, broad shouldered, fair-haired, cool gray eyes, and a warm sincere smile. A gentleman in the true sense of the word, his manner was quiet, his behavior refined and reserved. Although an admirable student, he loved the great outdoors; to him happiness is skiing among the Great Rockies or hunting big game in his beloved Idaho. Equally at home elsewhere among people, he had a peculiar knack of always dragging beautiful women. He fulfills the requirements of "the most unforgettable character I have known."

Wiley Anthony Scott

JASPER, ALABAMA

Swinging out of the foothills of "Bama," Scotty made his way to the flat shores of the Chesapeake. "The Kid" had looked forward to coming to the Naval Academy for the short period of twelve years; therefore he was referred to as a draft dodger. Being from the South, any discussion of the war between the states was willingly fought to the bitter end. "Sonny" was always on hand for all hops because of his interest in his classmates' drags and the punch. His blue and gold spirit and strict regard for the regs will make him more than a thorn in Tojo's side.





John Randall Shields, Jr.

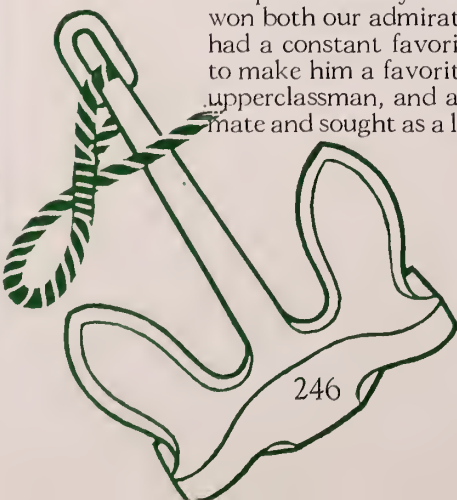
ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT

The Academy received this Connecticut Yankee straight from Holy Cross College and since then we have been the recipients of his genial personality. An easy-going unassuming manner, coupled with a broad Irish grin, drove lasting friendships to him. Steadiness is the best word to describe Jack. His calm and collected manner mastered the problem, whether at the helm of a Y.P. or at the board in Steam. After a day of outwitting the powers of the Academic Departments he found time for battalion fencing and handball. Here's hoping we ship with "J. R." again, soon.

Charles James Slawson

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

"Slash," with his warm smile and natural sincerity is the kind of fellow that makes friends easily. But don't let the nickname fool you because, although "C. J." has a keen mind, he is always ready and willing to help anyone. Even though he has been seen wolfing at most of the hops, he is really being true to the O.A.O. and spends most of his spare time on his hobby, building model airplanes. His chief ambition is to be an Aeronautical Engineer and, judging from the skill he has shown in the models he has built, we are betting on "C. J."



Homer Belk Sewell, Jr.

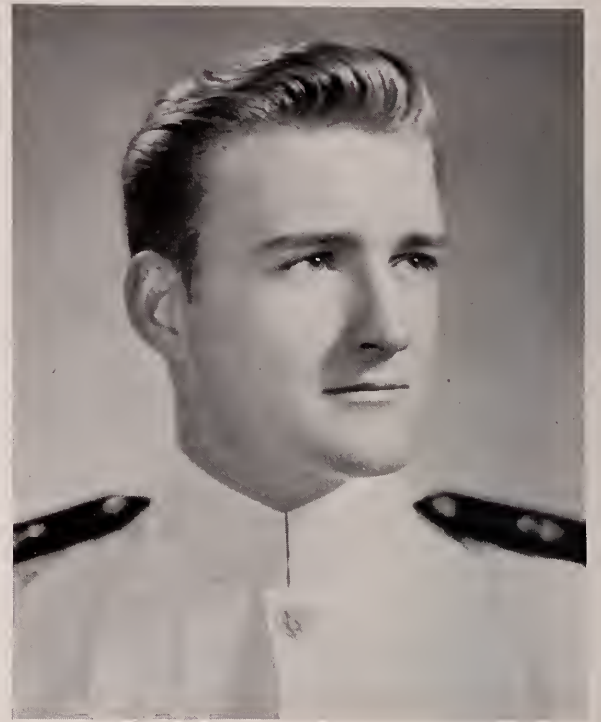
GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

We are indebted to North Carolina for this tall, blond Southerner who has become so well-known during our course at the Academy as Hank. Although an individualist to the last degree, it would be hard to find a friendlier or better liked man by all classes than Hank. An expert horseman and swimmer, he has sacrificed many dragging week-ends to get in a couple of canters around the Maryland countryside. However, he is best known at the Academy for his long record of participation in boxing, and will be remembered as a rugged middleweight. His cool judgment will be a welcome addition to our fighting Fleet.

Jack



Hank



Bob



Slash



Robert Kershaw Stoner

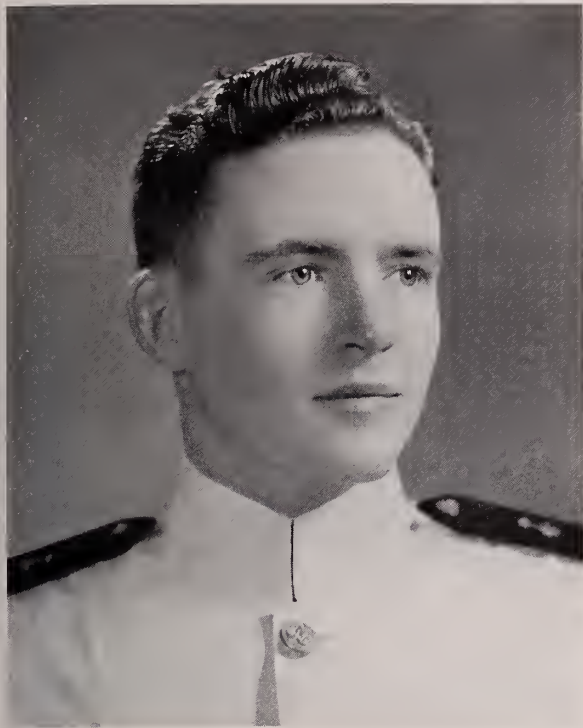
VALPARAISO, INDIANA

A Hoosier from Purdue, Bob brought with him a love for the Midwest and a desire for proficiency in photography. His energy and thoroughness knew no limits in his complete mastery of his subjects of interest. His tenacity of purpose and perseverance won both our admiration and respect. Often seen with the fairer sex, among whom he had a constant favorite, Bob coupled a love of week-ends with an irresistible charm to make him a favorite dragging companion. A sympathetic roommate, a considerate upperclassman, and a keen discernor of truth, he will be an officer desired as a shipmate and sought as a leader.

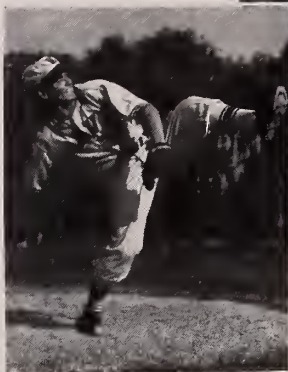
Conway Adair Taylor

LONGVIEW, TEXAS

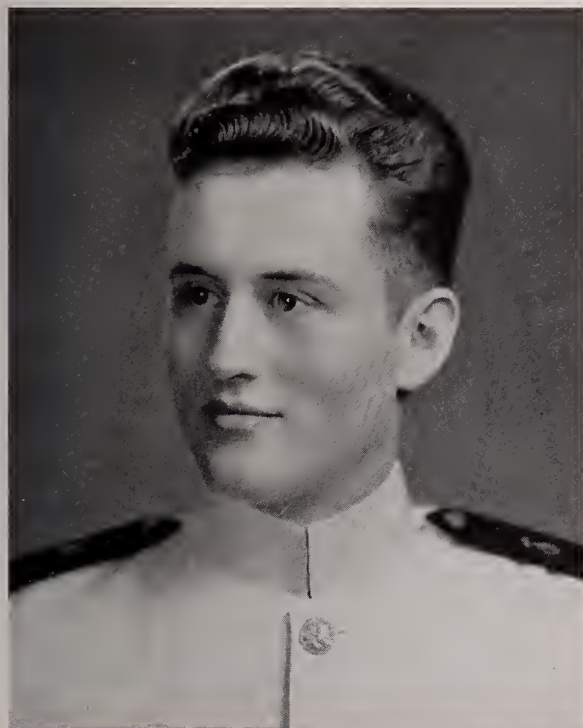
Not content with gold bars as a young Army officer, "C. A." roared out of Texas to earn success at the Academy. His determination and devotion to duty were evidenced by tasks well done and the stripes on his sleeves. Winning friends and "N*s" were second nature. When the going was toughest, "Old Taylor" was roughest, especially in pitching baseball and firing rifle matches. Fickle with women, Conway required two more roommates first class year to help sort his mail. His capacity for good times, his easy-going nature, and his honest love of life itself made him a favorite everywhere.



Happy Jack



C. A.



Alexander Wolseley Urquhart, Jr.

PALO ALTO, CALIFORNIA

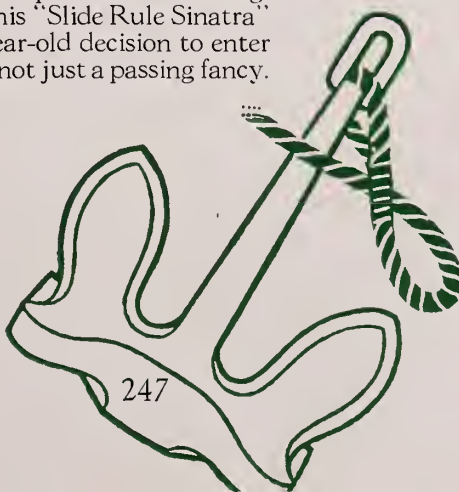
Charged with the joyous rays from the land of eternal sunshine, "Urq" did not fail to radiate his effervescent mirth in the darkest hours. The water-soaked locks of this tall blond were the product of his aquatic abilities in both water polo and swimming. He must have been vaccinated with a phonograph needle, for this "Slide Rule Sinatra" was in a continual state of vocal harmony. His twenty-one-year-old decision to enter the Academy leads us to believe that his interest in the Navy is not just a passing fancy.



Urq



Bob



Jack Daniel Trombla

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

"Happy Jack" might have been excited sometime in his life, but if so no one ever saw it. "Live and let live" was his easy-going and unassuming manner, and brilliant success or dismal failure were treated alike in his calm philosophy. He could play any sport with equal proficiency and skill, and he was the star of any team he was on, whether it be track, volleyball, or handball. From his personality one saw why both his classmates and his drags liked him, and why he will do so well in his chosen profession.

Robert Anthony Daniel Uhuwat

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

If you were in search of a five-dollar word, an explanation of Freud or Kirchoff, a quick game of chess, or someone to escort that blind drag, Bob was the man to see. His days always have been full. Afternoons usually found "Trigger" in the gym, boxing, playing handball, or working with the gym team. During his three years at the Academy, Bob has demonstrated his ability to get the most out of any endeavor. His sincerity, big smile, and never-say-die spirit rank him among the best, and will continue to make him a pleasant companion wherever he goes.





Charles Whicher Walker, Jr.

WACO, TEXAS

This lanky stoic "Army brat" hailing from the great West, moved quietly into the Academy and has never lost the calmness characteristic of the plains. Chuck had the ability to make friends easily, and he had many who were his close pals. Not a consistent dragger, liberty time usually found him with some of his many friends. Plebe year lacrosse was his game, and in the spring his fancy turned to the ring, where on many occasions he showed his excellent ability as a boxer. Chuck was never immune to enjoying an afternoon of sailing on the Bay.

Elmer Thompson Westfall

CAMDEN, ARKANSAS

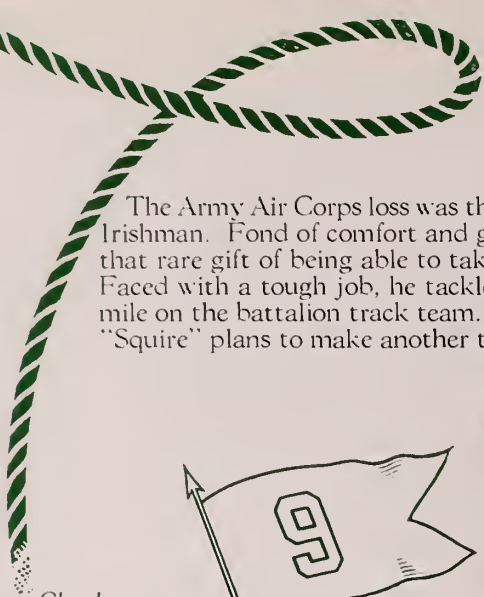
Tommy is one of those rare fellows who knows when to work and when to play, and he stars at both. He also does very well when it comes to wielding a saber over in the fencing loft. Not a few opponents have felt the sting of his blade. Hailing from Arkansas, he is a dry-land sailor who has taken the Academy in his stride, as he will take everything else in life. His smiling countenance and witty remarks will long remain in the memories of his many friends here at the Academy.



James Patrick Vaughan, Jr.

LAFAYETTE, INDIANA

The Army Air Corps loss was the Navy's gain when Annapolis acquired this scrappy Irishman. Fond of comfort and good living, his friends called him "Squire." He had that rare gift of being able to take his women or leave them, a quality we all envied. Faced with a tough job, he tackled it with the same stubborn tenacity as he ran the mile on the battalion track team. Having visited Japan as a Merchant Marine cadet, "Squire" plans to make another trip under different circumstances in the near future.



Chuck



Squire



Bob



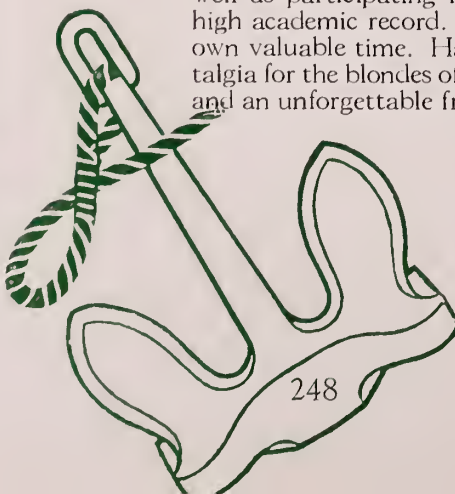
Tommy



Robert Edward Bacchus

ALEXANDRIA, MINNESOTA

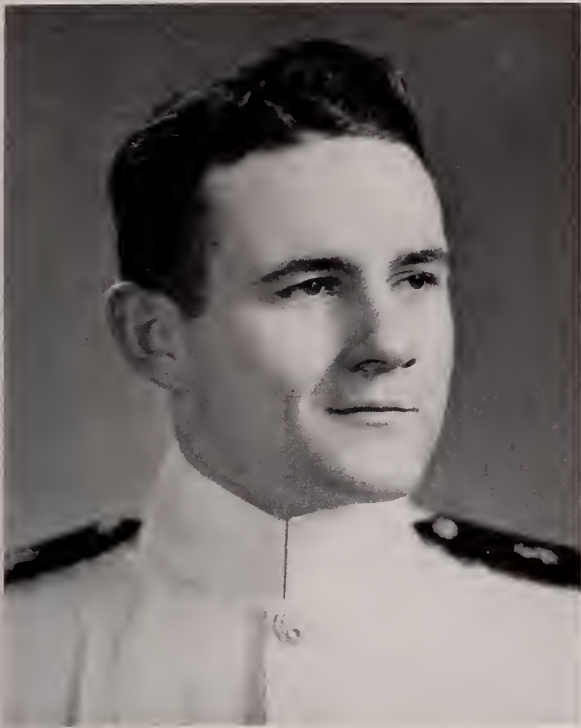
Bob, never a man for "sack drills," was always on the go with track or extra-curricular activities. Editor of the *Trident* and vice-president of the *Trident Society* as well as participating in numerous other organizations, he still managed to keep a high academic record. If any one ever needed help Bob was always there giving his own valuable time. Hardly a Red Mike, he never missed a hop, but still kept a nostalgia for the blondes of Minnesota. He goes to the Fleet a good organizer, a fine leader and an unforgettable friend.



John Braden Bailey

ADA, OKLAHOMA

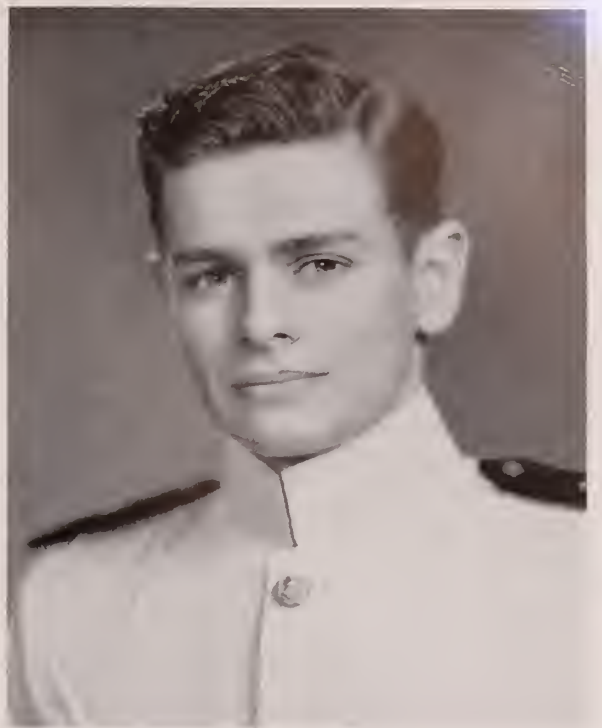
Jack came to Navy from Oklahoma and the Army Air Corps. He never took academics too seriously and study hours frequently degenerated into "bull sessions," one activity in which he had no equal. In the line of sports, "Jackson" majored in football and bucked the line from a varsity blocking back spot. But if you wanted a good fast match at tennis, wrestling, squash—you name it—he was always ready. A man's man and an outstanding member of any group, Jack will be remembered as a "4.0 guy."



Bob



Jack



Robert Harriss Banks

GREENSBORO, NORTH CAROLINA

"The Gazelle," as his track teammates have appropriately named him, won his greatest fame as Navy's best high hurdler in years and inter-collegiate champion by virtue of his victory in the annual IC-4A meet. With surprisingly little effort Bob has combined his remarkable intelligence and typical easy-going manner to compile an enviable record. A real competitor in every respect, his athletic accomplishments are an indication of his future career in the Fleet.

Bernie

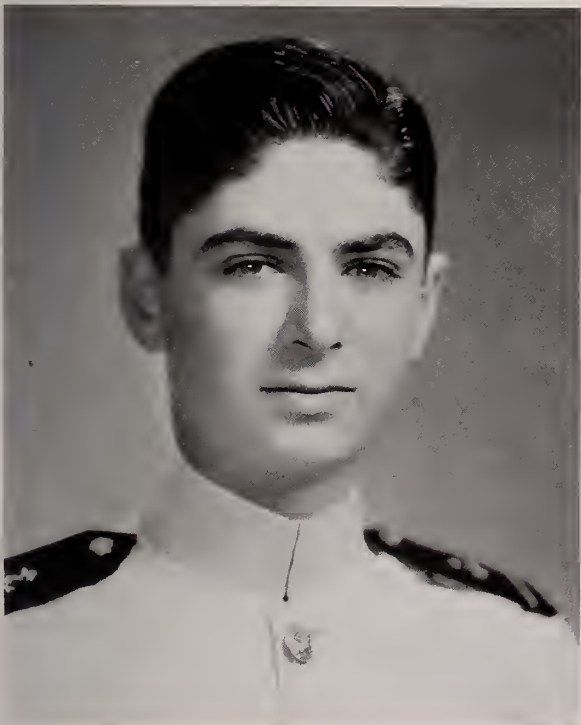


Barney

Robert John Barnes

BRYAN, OHIO

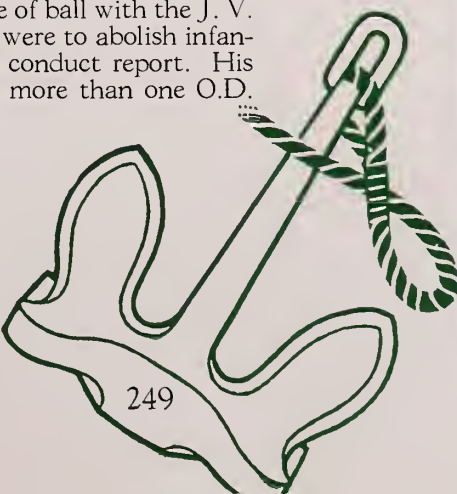
"This is my last cigarette until football season is over," was Barney's daily vow from spring practice until the Army game. Football was his passion at the Academy, while his O.A.O. was his first love at home. He was not really a "Red Mike," as we all thought, but was just being true. Running close competition for Barney's time was his extra-curricular activity, chow hunting. "There ain't no gratitude around here," the cry of the disappointed chow hound, sounded frequently in the "alley."

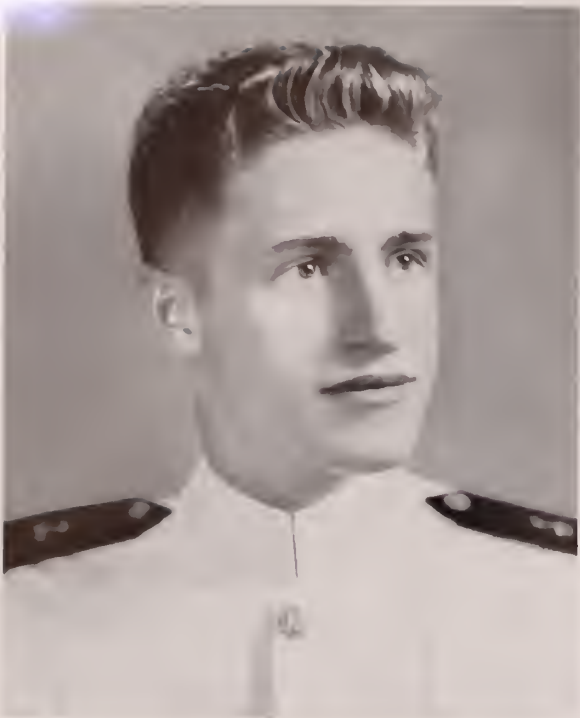


Harold Bierman, Jr.

SOUTH NORWALK, CONNECTICUT

His classmates often wondered where Hal found the strength to keep up his fast pace. Perhaps it was the energy he conserved sleeping during General Quarters and mid-watches on youngster cruise. In the spring you could always find "Blinky" chasing baseballs in left field. For three years he played a good game of ball with the J. V. and varsity. Bernie's chief ambitions (which he never fulfilled) were to abolish infantry drills and to complete one term without being put on the conduct report. His almost constant chatter in ranks drew a pointing finger from more than one O.D. during his stay here.





Paul Clinton Boyd

LYNCHBURG, OHIO

Although he no doubt would have done well in varsity athletics, Paul chose instead to devote his time to managing Navy's football team. First-class year he handled the Head Manager's many and thankless duties with zeal and energy. Always ready with a wide smile and a "How're ya doin'?", he was quick to make friends of all with whom he came in contact. Realizing that the academics did not come to him very easily, Paul constantly applied himself well enough to make a good showing on his work. With his ability and winning way, Paul will be welcomed by the forces afloat.

Oscar Lee Carey

SALISBURY, MARYLAND

His classmates blinked their eyes as Oscar shot the bulls-eye out of the target during the regimental pistol competition, but that was only a warm-up. Oscar was rewarded for his sharp shooting on the Varsity Pistol Team by being chosen captain of the 1945 squad. Oscar could fill a Math board faster than anyone in the company, and unlike most of us, his answers were usually correct. This ability to supply the right answer at the proper time resulted in a star average in his academic work.



Gunner



Jim

Choke



Oscar



James Henry Blaes

OGDEN, UTAH

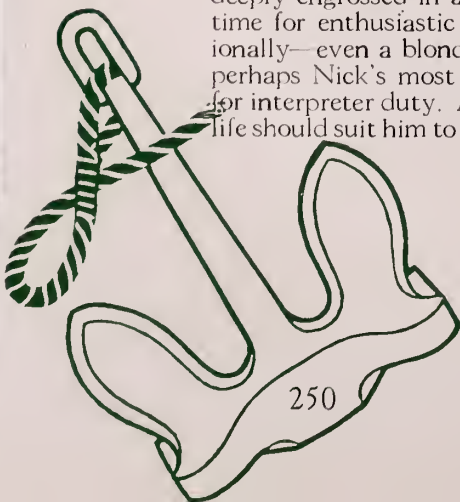
Strangely enough this six foot fighting Irishman prefers magazines and food to dragging, and in that connection he is firmly convinced that Eastern girls are inferior to those of the West, particularly the ones in the vicinity of Ogden, his home town. Between his smiles and laughter, he can always manage a good word for his second love, the Emerald Isle. Besides general sports, Jimmy was particularly interested in swimming and he managed to make plenty of goals while on the waterpolo team. One trait that can not go unmentioned is Jim's especially high moral standard, his clean and unselfish manner.



Nicholas Peter Chokas

LOWELL, MASSACHUSETTS

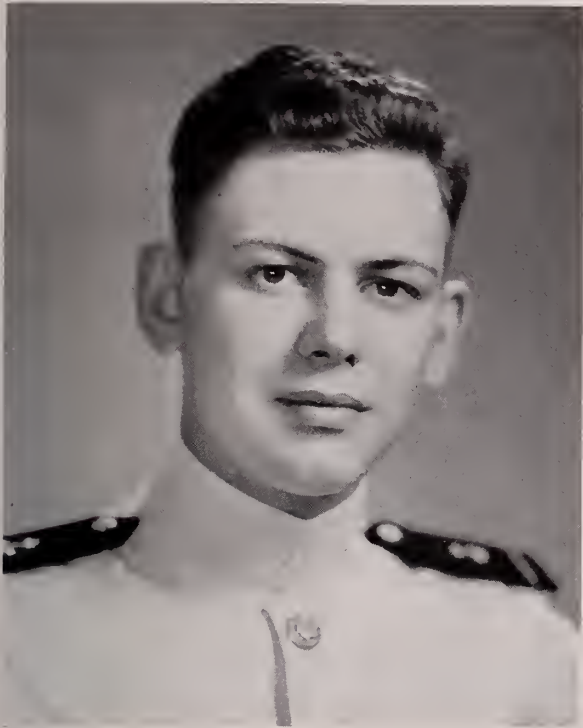
Admittance to the Naval Academy spelled "finis" to the countless hours devoted to philosophy and music—so "Choke" says! And yet, rarely could one find him not deeply engrossed in a book or listening to a symphony. Somehow he always found time for enthusiastic participation in swimming, basketball, and sailing or—occasionally—even a blonde could stir him from his "Ivory Tower." Fluency in Greek is perhaps Nick's most unique accomplishment—one which should fit him admirably for interpreter duty. Already accustomed to "too much work in too little time," Navy life should suit him to a tee!



Basil Curnutte, Jr.

PORTSMOUTH, OHIO

Bas came to the Academy from Portsmouth after having spent a year at Ohio State. His ability in Math, Steam, and Skinny often confounded his classmates, while his spelling and grammar confounded his profs. He has been continuously active in company sports, model airplane building, and dragging his O.A.O., Mary. Since the beginning of plebe year he habitually got into uniform after breakfast formation had busted and still made it to formation on time—or almost. He will be remembered as a good natured fellow with an even temper and an ability to concentrate under trying conditions.



Bas



Fran



Deke

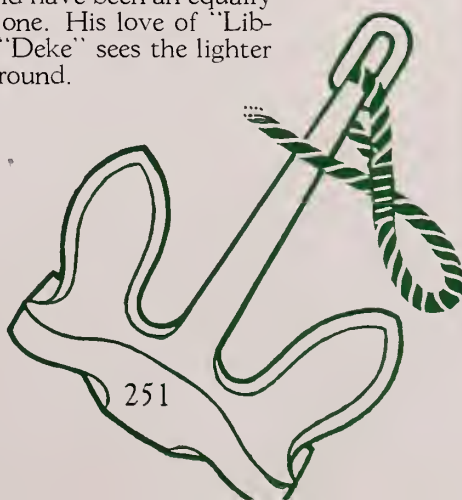


Jamie

Warren Douglas Dietrichson

HOLLIS, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

He had a head start on most of us in the Navy, so "Deke" was just changing uniform when the rest of us were putting ours on for the first time. His main claim to fame was his consistent success with the rifle team, but he would have been an equally valuable member of the pinochle team if only there had been one. His love of "Liberty" would have made Patrick Henry's seem insignificant. "Deke" sees the lighter side of everything and there is never a dull moment with him around.



Francis Henry Curren, Jr.

PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Fran with his cheerful manner and big boxes of chow was really "one of the boys." This rugged individual with the commanding appearance was a very good athlete, being on the cross-country, sailing, gym and track teams. In varsity track he was one of Navy's best pole-vaulters. Frank developed his love for the sea sailing off the shores of Rhode Island back in his youth. This background also provided a storehouse of rich experience from which he could draw to entertain the fellows in any "bull session."

James Henry Demming

CLEVELAND, OHIO

Prior to becoming a member of the Severn clan, "Jamie Boy" had to scrape off the barnacles and seaweed he had acquired during twenty-two months of service in the Navy. Once firmly entrenched in Bancroft Hall, he began to bustle with activity. Blossoming forth as a gymnast plebe year, he gradually achieved that degree of excellence which entitled him to a varsity letter. Girls beware! "Jamie Boy" may not be a second Arthur Murray, but with that physique—tread lightly! Now we are tossing him back to the sea again to further pursue a successful career.





Robert Naylor Finley

MALTA, OHIO AND TUCSON, ARIZONA

With a year of service in the regular Navy as an enlisted man for a background, Bob entered the Academy and since then, besides excelling in all his classes each year, has found time to lend his unusual talents to various literary activities, having worked on the staffs of *Reef Points* and the *Log*. During youngster year, Bob sacrificed much valuable "dragging" time while efficiently serving as a manager on the varsity baseball squad. Possessed with a conscientious spirit and an unusual amount of energy, "Bob" should go far in his chosen career.

Frede Franklin Froehlich

DECATUR, ILLINOIS

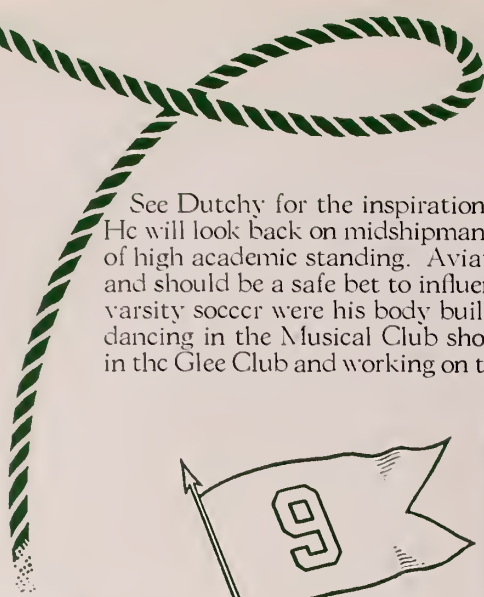
Hailing from the plains of the Middle West, Frede was right at home dragging in the open fields of the Severn countryside. He once thought that he would be contented with life just striking for sergeant in the Army but the Skinny Department changed his mind youngster year. "Corporal" had his own ideas regarding athletics and it wasn't his fault that he acquired an affinity for the water. There are few who did not find the "Corporal" an excellent companion, and never-ending source of amusement and hilarity.



Robert Lindsay Dise

GLEN ROCK, PENNSYLVANIA

See Dutchy for the inspiration to study and advice on burning the study hour oil. He will look back on midshipman days as an era of hard work but with his own reward of high academic standing. Aviation formed the nucleus of Bob's summer leave plans and should be a safe bet to influence his post-graduation endeavors. Plebe and Junior varsity soccer were his body builders and sports competition but vied with strenuous dancing in the Musical Club shows. Bob filled out an extensive program by singing in the Glee Club and working on the LUCKY BAG.



Bob



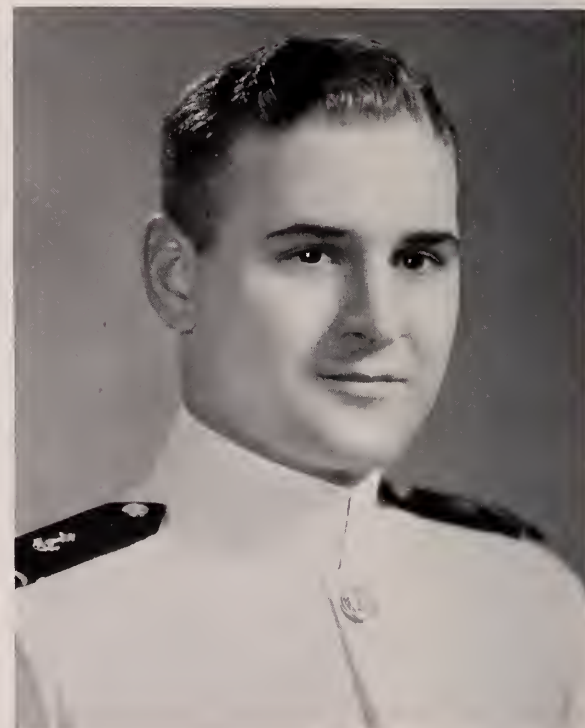
Dutchy



Flash



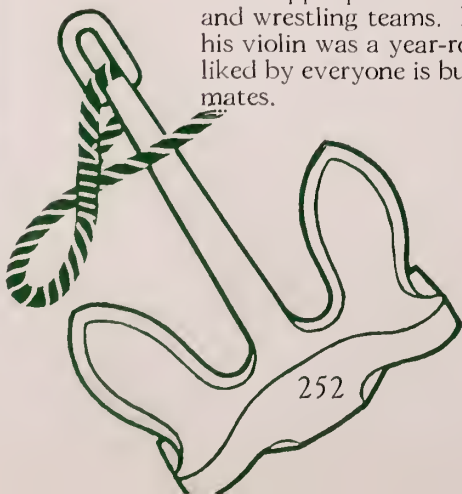
Corporal



Jack Gray Gordon

COLEMAN, TEXAS

Flash came to the Naval Academy after a year at A. and M. with the determination for a successful career in the Navy. He got off to a good start in academics and stayed in the upper part of the class. Although a sandblower, he was on the battalion football and wrestling teams. Dragging took up much of his time in the spring, and playing his violin was a year-round hobby. His cheerful personality, which makes him so well liked by everyone is but another asset which makes Flash a standout among his classmates.



Earle Sanford Greenwood

DARIEN, CONNECTICUT

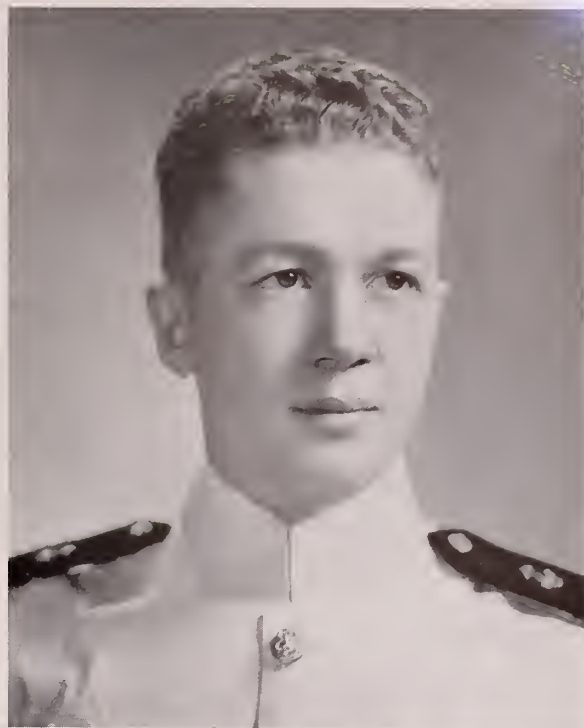
Greenie came to us after a year at Dartmouth and a stop at "boot" camp to see how the other half lives. He brought along his talent of ventriloquism and shared Charlie McGish with us in the Musical Club's shows. Nine years of previous racing experience tell the story of his winning the "sNg" with the varsity sailing team. But his main interest for the past seven years has been his pretty brunette, Barbara. Call it talent or what you will—but "Greenie" is eager to be "in irons" as soon as graduation winds blow.



Al



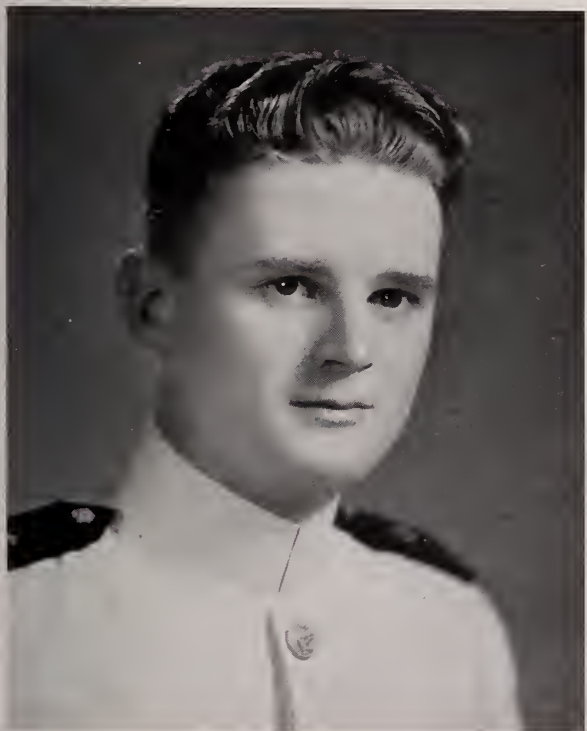
Greenie



Alvia Alliston Hafer

STURGIS, MICHIGAN

Whenever there was an argument on anything from farming to fire-control, Al was in it, and usually on the winning side. Determination to win and practice made him the coach's ideal in the fencing loft and "aim to please" made him a favorite with the ladies. A humorist: he kept us smiling with his "But Sir!" quotations; and accomplished musician, he kept our hearts smiling with his French horn solos. Because of his love for adventure, we know not Al's future but we know that he will always be amidst good music and good friends.



Peter Alan Haring

GLEN RIDGE, NEW JERSEY

Although Pete came to Crabtown fresh out of high school, we soon saw that his jib was out in such a way that he could "point high" academically and still keep "full and by" under the strain of the system. Pete's life with us was brightened by that daily letter and occasional visit from his O.A.O. back in Podunk. It has been a mystery how he could maintain his class standing and still secure at 2100 to write his nightly letter to Winnie. Pete found notable use for his previous nine years of experience with small bore rifles by earning a regular berth for the last two years with the varsity rifle team.

Pete

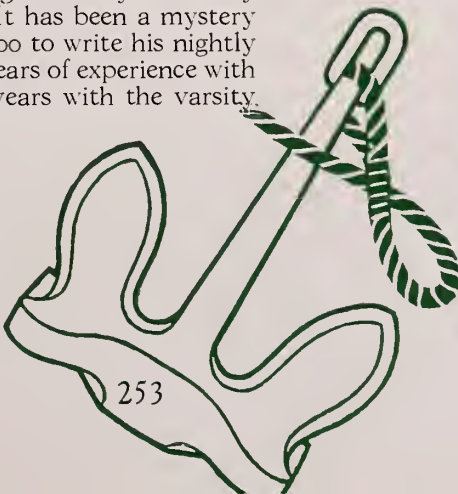


Butch

Anton Charles Hansmann

QUEENS, NEW YORK

"What's trump?" was the favorite saying of the little man. "Butch," all five feet five of him, hailed from the little city of New York. He was always handy whenever you needed a third for some pinochle, and all you had to do to get him to play was drag him away from his *Astounding Fiction* and *Amazing Stories*. About the only time he would knock off reading was when he had a chance to kabitz on a card game. Einstein had nothing on "Butch" when it came to Relativity and nine tenths of his time was spent reading radio books.





Kelley Vaughn Holbert

MARSHFIELD, OREGON

"I know why they call you Wahoo" giggled the girl at the tea-fight the first time she saw Kelley's high cheek bones, but Kelley says he has nothing in common with Tecumseh but some 2.5's. Those 2.5's didn't worry "the injun" half as much as his love life, often complicated by the work of his wives who never missed an opportunity to throw a monkey wrench into the machinery of romance. Oregon's traveling Chamber of Commerce spent most of his time at track and swimming and was always the devoted wife. How about going to the canteen, Kelley?"

Albert Joseph Kelley

WEST ROXBURG, MASSACHUSETTS

A real Irishman from Boston joined us when Al with his "Bah Hahba" accent decided to follow the sea. Always ready to publicize his prep school, Boston Latin, he came well prepared to take the academics in his stride. Athletics, particularly football, and the O.A.O. were his main interests throughout the three years, although he also found time to write for the *Log* and *LUCKY BAG*. In almost all his spare time, he could be found indulging in gymnastics or out on Farragut getting a good workout. Departing with his eyes on a pair of wings, Al leaves a host of true friends.



Buck had the jump on most of us when it came to range-keepers; he tinkered with them for over two years in the Fleet before he came to the Academy via N.A.P.C. in Norfolk. It was while accumulating sea stories in both great oceans that he decided to make the Navy his career. Crew was his major athletic interest, but he also worked on tumbling as a side line. His starting a model of his old ship, the "Mighty Brooklyn," during plebe year led Buck to an office in the Model Club first-class year.

Wahoo



Buck



John James Herzog

NORTH PLATTE, NEBRASKA

Doc



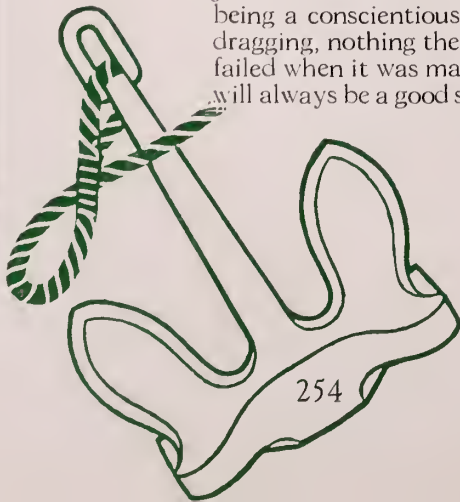
Al



John William Kennedy, Jr.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

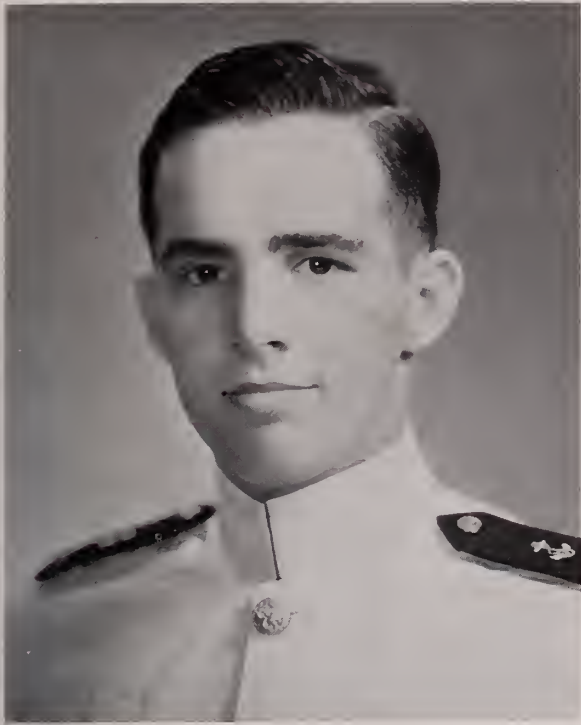
Doc came from the land of eternal sunshine, and by his advertising of his native state, we all believed that he was working for the California Chamber of Commerce. Jack was one of the few of us who braved the perils of the Japanese language, but being a conscientious worker he came through with no casualties. When it came to dragging, nothing the East could provide could compete with his "Cal gals" who never failed when it was mail call. With a friendly disposition and a never-fail attitude Jack will always be a good shipmate.



Ferdinand Brailier Koch

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

"Hey Fred, how do you work this prob?" From "far above Cayuga's waters" this Baltimorean departed from his Ithacan isolation imbued with an intense desire to excel. An "N" man with the ham-'n-egg and a lover of laughter and lazy days, but a persistent worker in all tasks which merited application, Fred presented a delightful mixture of indifference and bantering humor in his many light moments, and serious-mindedness when the occasion demanded it. He was one of the lucky few who could get the most in all things out of life at the Academy. "Carry on."



Legs

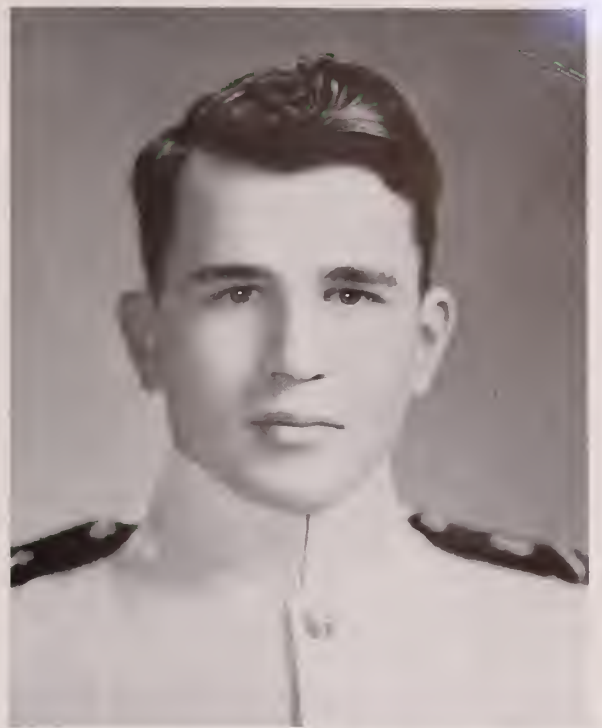


Fred

Leo



Don



Armand Francois Felix Legaré

HAVERHILL, MASSACHUSETTS

"Listen, the Minneapolis is the best ship in the Fleet." When you heard these words you knew that "Legs" was around. He had the "Minnie's" picture tacked up on his locker door next to his shellback certificate and his O.A.O.'s three pictures. He saw plenty of action in the Fleet including Pearl Harbor, Bougainville, Salamaua-Lae, Coral Sea, and Midway. Armand was lucky in academics—he spent his study hours working cross-word puzzles. First-class year he took over the helm of the French Club as president, and he got plenty of results.

Donald James List

LOWELLVILLE, OHIO

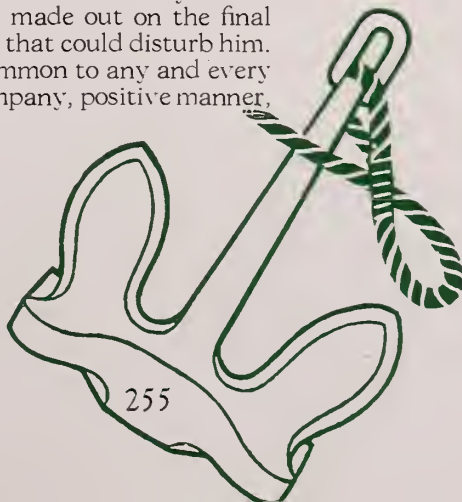
He was a "sucker" for pretty faces. At least that's what we thought. But "D. J.'s" previous years in the Fleet furnished him with wide social experiences. "Nothin' bothers me" never worried about academics; when a Navy turbine didn't suit him, he designed his own—no strain. This "slash" of the Dago buckets revolutionized class procedure, spending more time trying to outguess the prof than studying. First-class year he took over as business manager of *Reef Points*. Master of practical joking, he kept his friends smiling and ever on the alert.



John William Lyons, Jr.

CAMBRIDGE, MASSACHUSETTS

A few words with the amiable "Leo" and one was readily aware that here is a true son of that famous New England State, because that neat Harvard accent just didn't come from practice—it was born there! Jack never did develop much of a fancy for the studies, yet gifted with a certain undeterred poise he always made out on the final gong, and it would be difficult for one to conceive of a situation that could disturb him. With a winning smile and a versatile knowledge of subjects common to any and every man's level, "Leo" will long be remembered for his pleasant company, positive manner, and likeable personality.





Clinton Gale McGovern
MINOT, NORTH DAKOTA

"I bilged," undoubtedly meant that "Mac" was returning from another one-sided match within the realm of the Academic Department, however, neither his grades nor his class standing bore out this claim. With the dawn of youngster rates the "Fightin' Irishman" became a menace to all section and unit leaders with his uncontrollable brand of Irish humor. "Mac" entered the Academy a confirmed believer in barber shop harmony, and he developed into one of the Glee Club's best baritones.

John Ralph McGrath
KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

Six foot four and smiling, Jack was always ready to join in anything that the boys had planned. Never particularly worried about academics "Happy Jack" found ample time to "shoot'de bull" and boast of the glories of Kansas City. His athletic love was golf and any day of the spring, summer, or fall McG's glowing face could be found at the links. He enjoyed the pranks of plebe year indoctrination and didn't worry too much about rates. Always dragging a queen, Jack was truly "one of the boys" in every respect.



Luther Eugene Mayer, Jr.
OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

If no one will laugh at your jokes and your stories fold up like a wet rag, tell them to "Maisie"; if he doesn't laugh, you may as well don a cloister, for you'll never cause Bob Hope to lose any hair. The only consistent worry of the chronically light-hearted "Maisie" was fastening his collar around his ever-expanding wrestler's neck. But though his serious moments did not extend far beyond Steam class and the monthly perusal of his pay book, the Oklahoma City paper boy is dependable and accommodating to an extreme, and if he calls you his friend, you command him.



Mac



Maise



Tom



Jack



William Thomas Melis
IRONWOOD, MICHIGAN

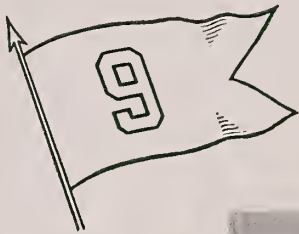
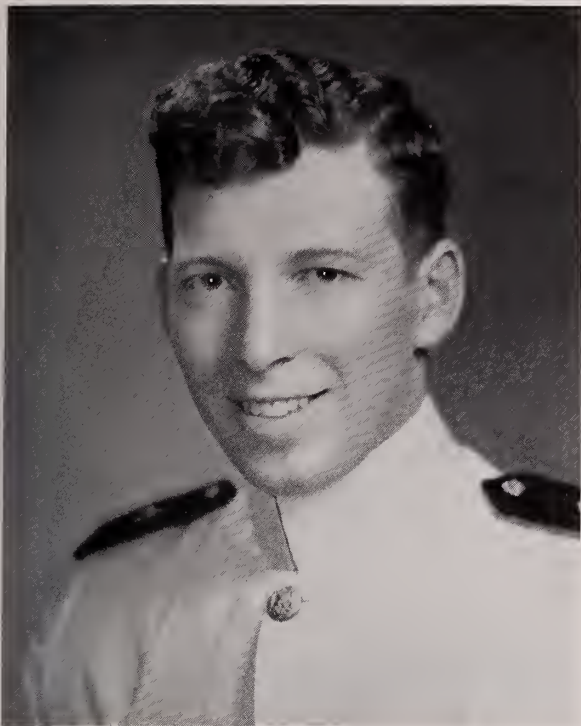
"Wife, remind me never to drag again!" Every Sunday night after an especially large social week-end, Tom put out the same line. Then, tossing his Steam book into a dusty corner of the closet, he proceeded to break out his pen and dictionary and spend the entire evening in lining up another "Melis Special" for the next hop. A spasmodic athlete and savoir, Tom was best known for his warm personality and vigorous defense of his home town. Sidelighting his career at the Academy were his Link Trainer tricks, sack drills, chow hunts, and his ever-present ambition to secure a "oui" from the Dago Department.



Joseph Simon Meyer

ALEXANDRIA, INDIANA

"Happy Joe" is of the species that smile when they are right, and he's usually smiling. An advocate of the live and let live policy. This native of Alexandria, "Not on the Nile, but just as worthwhile," Indiana, spent what spare minutes he had in pursuit of the favorite Academy pastime—sack drill. Always ready to try anything, Joe played J. V. basketball, had ability at any and all musical instruments, and never passed up an opportunity to drag. Elected company representative during youngster year, the happy boy will always have the confidence of those who have known him.



Russ



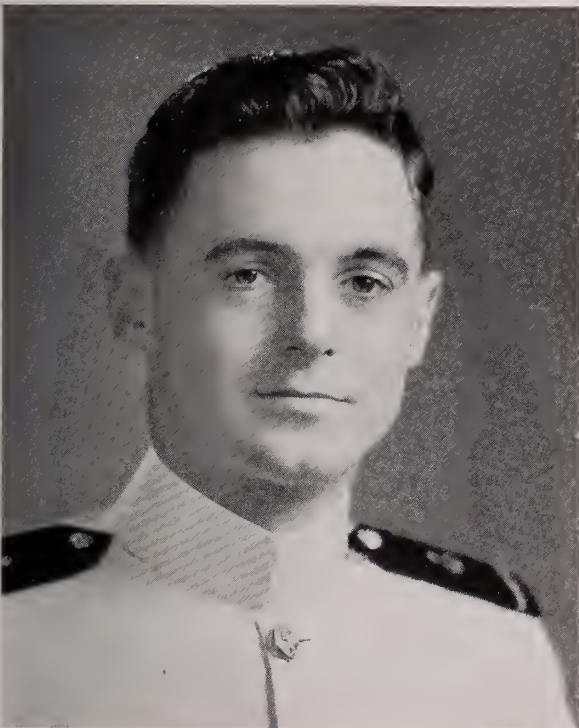
Joe



Jerry



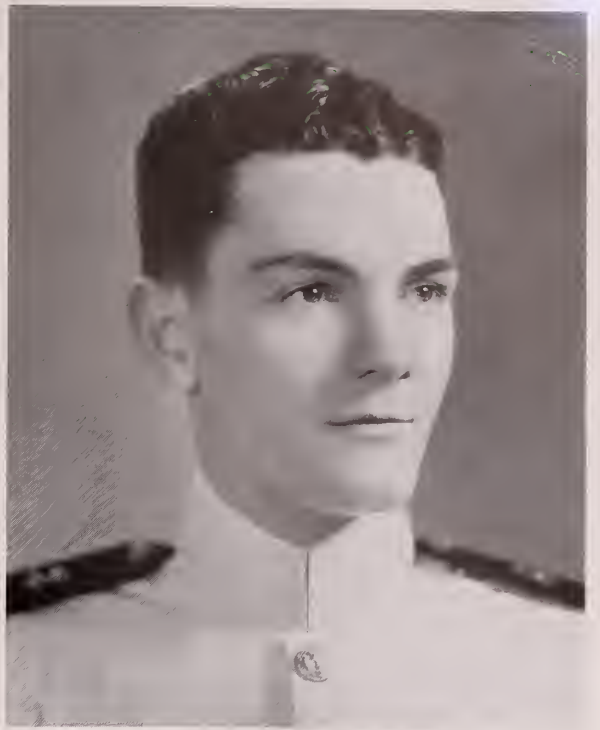
Jimmy



Gerald Patrick O'Neil

FALL RIVER, MASSACHUSETTS

Massachusetts has another sea-going son to be proud of in Jerry O'Neil. On entering the Academy, he realized his greatest ambition, for it was the gateway to "the only life for me"—which expresses his feeling about the Navy. Somewhat reserved, extremely sincere, highly intelligent, friendly as only the Irish can be, he somehow lacks that explosive Irish temper, as shown by his patience in dealing with the many who sought his aid in academic difficulties. Jerry's interest in the Naval Academy has given him an enviable record here, and his interest in the Fleet is even stronger. The capability he has shown here, plus his strong inclination to the sea, mark him as a certainty for success.



Charles Russell Miller, Jr.

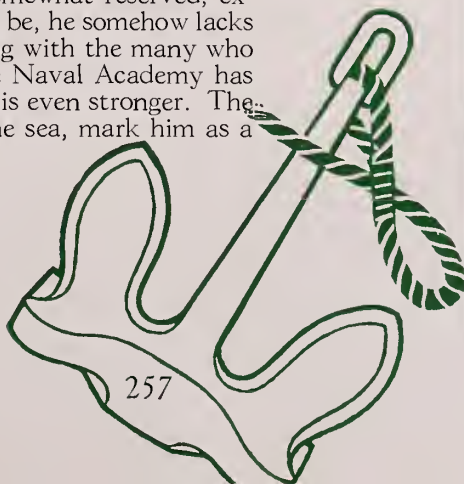
ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Although he came from below the Mason-Dixon line, Russ wasn't bothered much by the Civil War, but he would argue about its aftermath and present day problems as long as he had an opponent. He became known to all of us when he represented us in the boxing ring plebe summer and we soon learned that we could expect to find him working out in the ring whenever we went to the gym. Supplementing his big business deals and dragging sessions with an occasional dip into the books, he was able to keep one jump ahead of the Academic Board and stay "sat."

James Amos Moore

GOULD, ARKANSAS

Unfortunately some youngster detected a striking similarity between Jimmy and the anatomy of a horse, and since then the luckless Arkansan has been saddled with the handle, "Horsecollar." Mo' never had to bother with academics; he held a continual sack drill during study hour, relying on the Moore factor, a hairy, egg-like, knowledge bump protruding from the back of his head. He spent his week-ends haunting the Nurses' Quarters or getting up steam via yard engines. Star telephone customer, sea lawyer de luxe, he held the record for evading fraps and watches.





Jackson Roy Robinson
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Winning an "N" in varsity fencing during his plebe year was but a mild beginning for this affable redheaded Texan. His associates were quick to realize that the best of everything comes from the Lone Star State and we were pleased to learn that Texas annexed the United States, regardless of historical statements to the contrary. Unselfish, always helpful and a storehouse of good common sense, Robbie was a source of wise advice, patient understanding and wholesome fun.

James Raymond Schoen
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

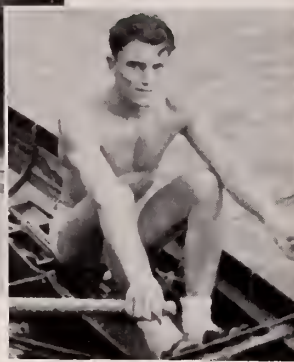
Marquette beat us to the punch by two years until Jimmy switched alma maters to begin his career as a Naval officer. He started out with a vengeance plebe year, jumping numbers in cross-country, until at the end of the season he was the number one man. "Gunder's" steady work in the half-mile the following spring netted him a place on the varsity track team, where he has been a consistent point scorer for three years. During the off season he worked on the staff of the LUCKY BAG.



Edmund John Radasch, Jr.
SPRINGFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Three years at Springfield College, a year in the Fleet, then "ex scientia tridens." Outside of periodic skirmishes with academics, Johnny led an officially tranquil midshipman's life. With his oarsman's body, quick smile, and cordial New England manner, he might have been a Casanova, but a lass named Jinny held his heart. He pulled a mean oar on the Severn in the varsity shell. Beneath a mischievous, fun-loving exterior, "Rad" was often suspected of a serious, idealistic, inner side, though he kept it concealed. But to have John as a friend, seek the gay, light-hearted places; he'll come along.

Robbie



Johnny



Ben

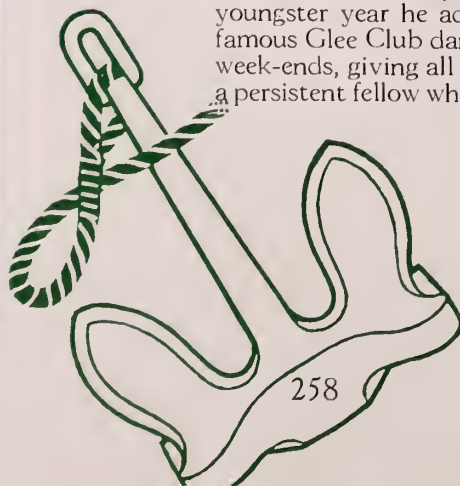


Jimmy



Benjamin Francis Sherman, Jr.
FRANKLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE

A typical New Englander from the state of New Hampshire, Ben was the quiet reserved type, a star man as a friend as well as in academics. He carried a big stick in J.V. lacrosse, and spent many of his free hours sailing the Chesapeake. During his youngster year he added his voice to the Glee Club and his dancing ability to the famous Glee Club dancing chorus. "Sherm" took advantage of all the hops and drag week-ends, giving all the girls a break by not confining his talents to just one. He was a persistent fellow who always got the job done, and well.



William Ellis Slesnick

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

He is perhaps better known to us as the Honorary Head of the Math Department and Consulting Mathematician for All Hands. There was always doubt as to who was the prof in his Math class. Bill started making his Nav marks early in plebe year by rowing on Buck Walsh's crew squad. As advertising manager and brilliant financier, most of his spare time was spent taking care of the LUCKY BAG's money troubles. Bill is not an addict of wine, women, and song, but somehow he managed to keep smiling and always will—his key to success.



Joe



Scoop



Jack



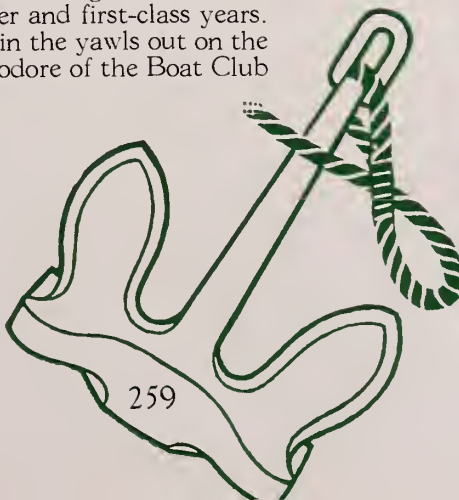
Bill



Jack Rodney Stickels

SIoux CITY, IOWA

No one who knew Jack will forget his good humor and broad grin. He was always ready with a pun, occasionally a good one. Coming from Iowa, he was continuously telling us stories about Sioux City, Iowa State College, and a certain girl called "T." J. Rodney was a star fencer, winning "N's" during his youngster and first-class years. Being also a prominent sailor, he spent most of his spare time in the yawls out on the bay. In recognition of his ability, "Stick" was elected Commodore of the Boat Club for his first-class year.



Joseph Andrew Smith, Jr.

OAKLYN, NEW JERSEY

If ever a 4.0 guy dropped into the Naval Academy, Joe "Smitty" is he. His popularity is unquestionable, since everyone who knows him likes him. As manager of the varsity gym team both youngster and first-class years, Joe did a superb job. (His 1944 team was intercollegiate champions.) The only time anything but a smile crosses Smitty's boyish face is when reveille blows and reminds him he isn't with his pretty girl-friend after all. At all other times Joe is good nature itself. He'll make a fine shipmate and a good officer.

William Stark Spangler

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

If the Pittsburgh Chamber of Commerce ever needs a man to tell of the charms of that city, they will find a good man in Bill. For three years he defended the "Smoky City" against the derogatory remarks of various classmates who came from where the air is fresh and pure. Upon arrival Bill took great interest in swimming, but one day he saw the white sails of the yawls and ketches. Being a man who believes in fun along with exercise, he became an ardent sailor of the big boats. A real Navy man, there's a place in the Fleet for him.





Thomas Edward Taylor

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

A true Southerner, Tommy brought to Annapolis a distinct loyalty to his Volunteer State. Tom dabbled successfully in battalion tennis, golf, and women; they all reacted favorably. Aside from that, his favorite diversions were chocolate-nut sundaes and defending the South against the "Damn Yankees." Previous military training consisted of skipping R.O.T.C. drills at the University of Tennessee. Tom's one desire was to slow down the system to meet the requirements of a gentleman from the old South.

Gordon Hubbard Tittlemore

MORRISVILLE, VERMONT

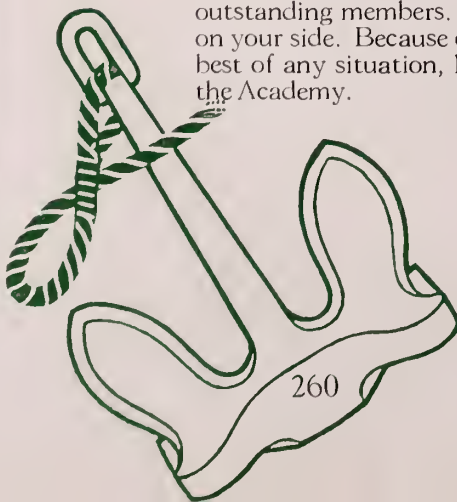
Regardless of time or place, Charlie was always ready to prove that there was such a place as Norwich and that there are trout in Vermont. Academics ran a close second to his letters to the O A O but he always managed to find some time for study. On week-ends, Charlie protected his title of "Champion of the Tea-Fights" by his perfect attendance. The only worry he had during his three years at the Academy was his wavy brown hair and as a result he was an ardent follower of the hair tonic ads on "How not to be bald at the age of 23."



William Thomas Toutant

AUBURN, NEW YORK

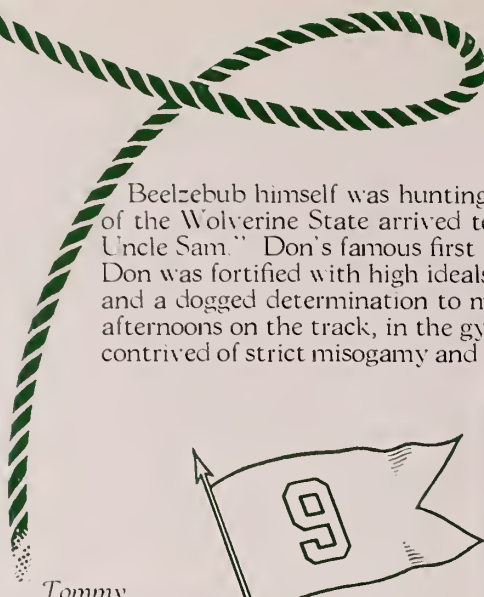
We will remember "Toot" as one of those fortunate individuals who could get good marks without expending too many ergs. But Bill's success was not limited to academics. He easily made the varsity rifle team plebe year and continued to be one of its outstanding members. In several sports, he was always a good man to have playing on your side. Because of his quiet and unobtrusive manner and his ability to make the best of any situation, he will be as well liked in the years to come as he was here at the Academy.



Donald Wishart Strasburg

ST. JOSEPH, MICHIGAN

Beelzebub himself was hunting shade on that day in mid-July when this loyal son of the Wolverine State arrived to become one of the "spoiled and pampered pets of Uncle Sam." Don's famous first words: "It wouldn't be like this on Lake Michigan." Don was fortified with high ideals, a love of the classical in both music and literature, and a dogged determination to make good. "Stras" kept body and soul together by afternoons on the track, in the gym, or on his sack, and by a philosophy wonderfully contrived of strict misogamy and the theory of Conservation of Energy.



Tommy



Don



Bill



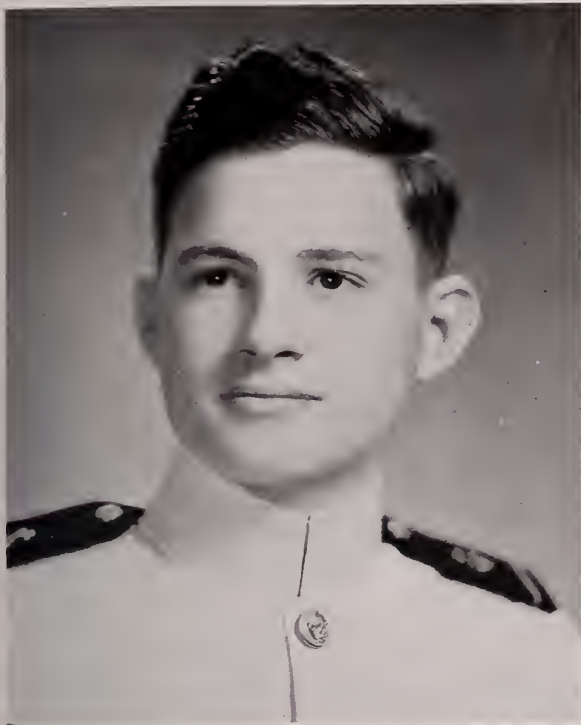
Charlie



Andrew Jackson Valentine

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Andy, alias "Rudy," came here fresh out of New York City's Trinity High School and soon became deeply involved with innumerable extra-curricular activities: varsity sailor, cheerleader, business manager of the *Trident Calendar*, and managing editor of the *Trident Magazine* were but a few of them. His entrance into the Academy was the fulfillment of a life-long wish to follow in the footsteps of his father. Never one to criticize the "system," Andy, known throughout the Regiment for his ready smile, enjoyed the life here and is convinced that he will find the Fleet equally to his liking.



Dick



Andy



Les



Whit



Richard Eugene West

PHOENIX, ARIZONA

"Hey, Dick! How about a little tune?"—and down came the ole' banjo. "Phoenix" was a talented musician, palying the banjo, guitar, cornet, and anything else he could get his hands on. Being tops in academics gave Dick and his magic slipstick plenty of time and opportunity to help the non-savvy boys along. "The Injun's" major sports were crew and football. He was an outstanding varsity crewman and a regular battalion football player. If you ever want to hear a little hill-billy music or "shoot the breeze" with a regular fellow, "Westie" is the man to see.

Alfred James Whittle, Jr.

TUCKAHOE, NEW YORK

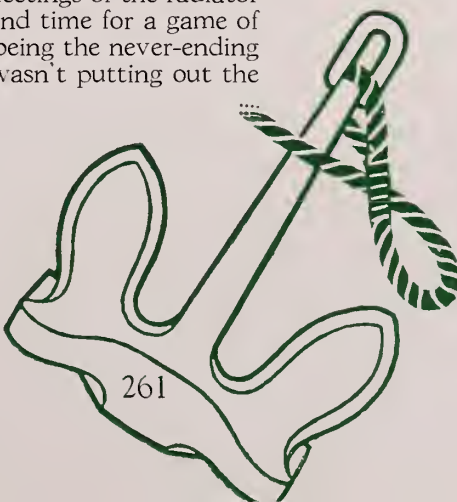
Al came to us from the nether parts of Long Island. A virtuoso with the slipstick (Engineering, New York University) he spent his plebe year as a propagandist for Long Island in all its aspects: hunting, fishing, and sailing. Perhaps this explains his success at the Academy in sailing and other manly arts. Al's spirit of efficiency and application soon became apparent and throughout his stay at the Academy he was an authority on how to get that last prob or what the reg. book said. Al's humor and loyalty will always win him new friends.



Lester Charles Wible

FORT EDWARD, NEW YORK

Les hailed from Fort Edward, New York. As for studies, he reasoned "If its easy, I don't have to study; if its hard, what's the use?" Result—an easy life and plenty of card games. Although he was not a regular attendant at the meetings of the radiator squad, he was a member in good standing and could always find time for a game of pinochle or bridge. Les will probably be best remembered as being the never-ending source of the latest "scuttlebut" and "hot dope." When he wasn't putting out the dope or playing cards he was writing to his O.A.O.





Raymond Magnus Anderson, Jr.

PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

Andy's primary interest in "the old Nyvee" probably lies in the fact that he came to the Academy from an old Navy town in Virginia—Portsmouth. His easy-going manner and pleasant disposition and wit placed him in good stead. Andy has taken a keen interest in both dragging and athletics during his Severn sojourn. The company boxing team and the gymnasium have both been made very much aware of his presence. Andy's exceptional character and training will serve him well in his chosen career.

George Francis Arayan

LANSDOWNE, PENNSYLVANIA

The "Shortline Local" arrived late as usual and deposited a confident young man at Annapolis. He soon became an oarsman for the plebe crew squad and rose to scholastic heights in the few hours during which the first class could persuade him to stay off his bunk. Although in the next two years he became more attached than ever to this supine position, he continued to star, coach academic victims, and find time for boxing and the Ring Committee. With never a complaint and always a smile, Gerf will find friendship and loyalty in any crew.



Richard Anthony Zywolowski

HYATTSVILLE, MARYLAND

Right off the presidential yacht after twenty-eight months of service came "Ski" to bring to the Severn shores his flashy eyes and jovial smile. These qualities soon attracted widespread female attention which resulted in numerous "bricking parties" and complicated "chicken-troubles"—all of which were a constant source of amusement to "Zivo's" friends. Early scholastic difficulties in Dago and Bull rather dampened his athletic ambitions but did not prevent him from becoming an ardent bridge and sack fiend. Life will be soft from here on in, "Ski," for no longer will you have to untangle French and English phonetics.

Andy



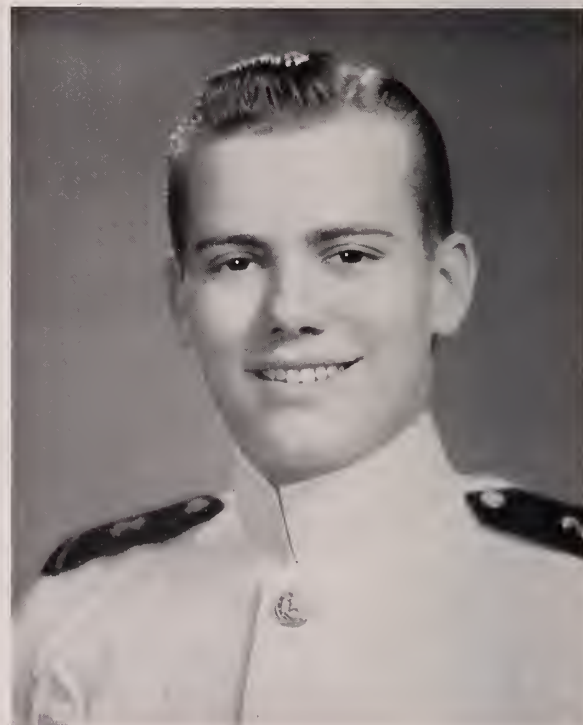
Ski



Birdie



Gerf



George Morris Bard, II

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Birdie was one of those rare few that managed to maintain a constant grin through three years of Academy life, including a term of youngster Steam. A Chicago product, Bard never tired of expounding the prowess of the Bears. George says he really can't do anything well, but even excluding the results of his participation on the golf and swimming teams, we're willing to pit his imitation of a certain Math prof against anybody, anyday. George's good nature was quite frequently imposed upon, either for money or encouragement—both of which he willingly gave. His classmates will always be more than grateful for all big Birdie did for them.



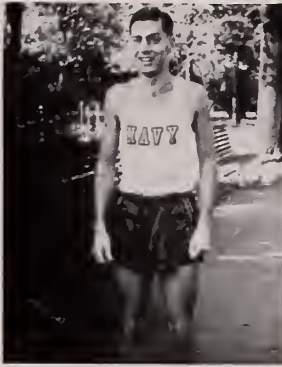
Vincent Walter Barry

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

As long as the Blue and Gold flies above the cinder path, the name of Walt Barry will not be forgotten at Navy. The Academy's distance ace ran so many records into the ground that Annapolis track fans were soon reading the Sunday sports columns only to learn who had won show money in the mile. Walt's Notre Dame background smoothed out the academic bumps, and a host of beautiful girls made his week-ends pleasant. The Navy certainly has every right to demand great things from Walt Barry.



Jim



Walt



James Louis Bellamy

SHENANDOAH, IOWA

Although the corn belt is not usually thought of in connection with the production of slick characters, we must admit that a man who can contrive to spend the greater part of plebe year week-ends in the company of the wine, women and song of the Cambridge variety rates that classification. The remainder of Jim's time was spent in the less strenuous pastime of fancy belt work and, near the end of the big struggle, some vigorous sunbathing. BuPers please note: send him to a sunny clime so he can get a head start on summer tans.



Samuel Lane Candler

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

If you don't know this cosmopolitan fellow it is a "sine qua non" that you are a nobody. He was born in Washington, reared in Carolina, and called the Fleet his home. This is Candler—the tall, stern, and distinguished looking character who provided a "Spot One" for any section formation. Red-faced and speechless when angry, singing when he was well-fed and happy, he liked to picture himself a typical Irishman in spirit and determination. A Navy man from seventeen and probably until sixty-five, he will carry a friendly disposition and an efficient administration to any ship.

Sam

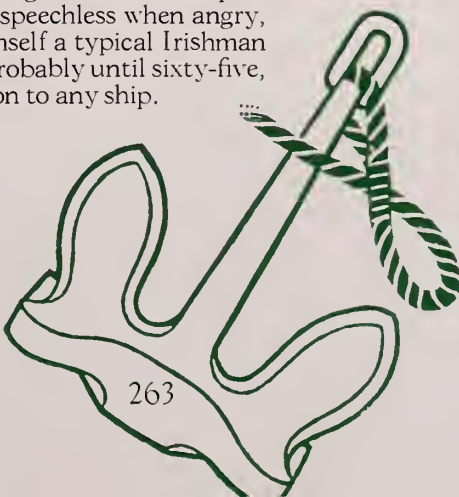
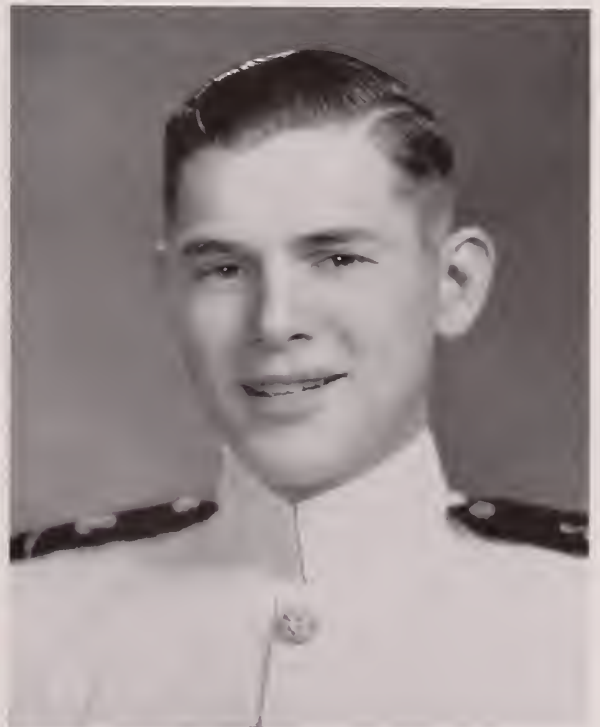


Al

Alva Manly Bowen, Jr.

NEWNAN, GEORGIA

"Snag" is the youngest member of the Class of 1946. Fresh from high school he entered the Academy and gave support to the Southern element. Youngster year started a chain of contributions to the Log, among them "Shades of Bancroft by Babe." After getting his yawl sailing command, he joined the amateur "flying squadron" who train by racing from the Reina dock to Bancroft Hall every evening at 1835. His natural habitat was the "sack" where he spent many a studious study period.





William Rossiter Casey, Jr.

ROUSES POINT, NEW YORK

Bill was a good looking little Irishman with that personality that has won the race so many friends, and that magic conversation that seems to get results. But certain episodes involving green banshees with transparent skin were just a trifle incredible. Bill held Navy scoreless in the Academic Department, but it was none the less a thrilling game. Most of the touch and go daily strife at the Academy missed him. His mind was too preoccupied gambling in the Elysion fields of Northern New York to be disturbed by the humdrum here.

Howard Emmett Cochran

ALTON, ILLINOIS

One of the quietest lads in the company, Howie was, nevertheless one of the best liked men in his outfit. Howie didn't really get moving until he hit Juice youngster year, and then his early experience as an amateur radio operator really paid dividends. Like many others at the Academy, Howie spent the majority of his week-ends out in town or dragging, minus, of course that time that he wasn't on his sack. Reminiscing classmates will always remember Howie's good-natured attitude and wish him years of good luck in the Fleet.



John Brewster Caskey

JAMESTOWN, NEW YORK

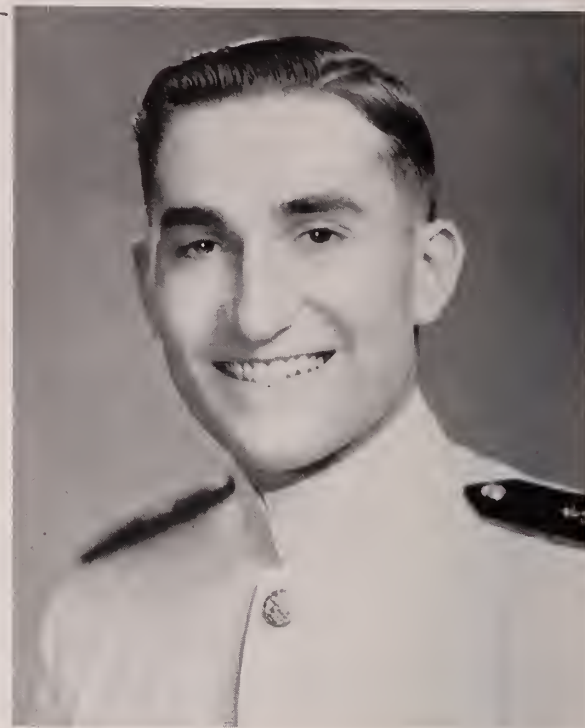
Coming to the Academy directly from high school, Jack soon proved his ability to handle his studies with ease and become an outstanding athlete at the same time. "The Moose" early in his career became the "plebe sensation" of the varsity track team, winning his N-star in his first year. Proud owner of the widest grin in the Academy, his real depth of character is brought out only by the little things, such as the motto pasted in his locker revealing his firm conviction that "nothing is impossible if you really try."



Bill



Jack



Howie



Billy



William Newton Culp, Jr.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

"Oh, haven't you heard? Billy is from Birmingham." Many a time in his life at the Academy Bill had to defend his native state against his Yankee buddies. It shall never be said that he could not express himself when it came to his likes and dislikes. This applied especially to Profs and Math. Eating, dragging, lacrosse and football were his ranking diversions. With a sparkling personality and a teasing smile Billy will never lack hosts of friends nor respect from both superiors and subordinates.



Frank Edward Donner

GREENCASTLE, INDIANA

From Indiana, Frank brought a love of quiet week-ends with a good magazine, a fine cigar, and Andre Kostelonetz. Being a "Red Mike," dragging was not for him. Though he had a fine eye for beauty, he thought it was "too much work." Once in a while he tore himself away from his solitude for a week-end of sailing, but his first love was his Sunday siesta in Bancroft Hall. Aquatic sports, water polo and racing took most of his afternoons, and he made a lively player in any game. Wherever he goes, Frank will be welcomed for his energetic way of getting things done and his liberal understanding nature.



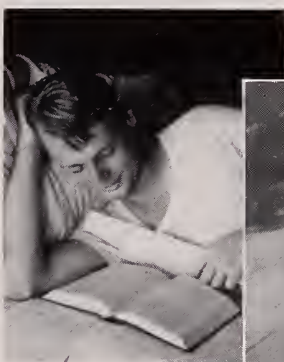
King



Frank



Al



Art



William Carroll Dyer

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

The "King" or "Clutch" was a gift to us from the Class of '45. He helped us while away many an idle hour with his sandpaper singing and his sketches of most anything, some of which he contributed to the Log. Being a Navy Junior he told many an interesting anecdote of adventures in China and his foreign home—California. His most famous record was in dragging, having missed only two week-ends in a year and a half and only then because of measles.

Arthur Leonard Erikson

PORTLAND, OREGON

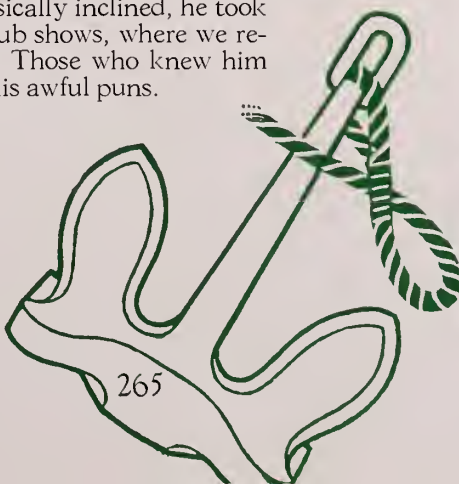
Making the jump from high school to Annapolis in one leap is no small task, but Art succeeded so well that he snagged some stars in the process. So Art spent the major share of his time, not studying, but fending off all the remarks about his stature that came from his chiding pals. His favorite pastime seemed to be listening to fine records, relating tales of Portland, getting sun tans, and speaking Portuguese. Art was another one of those fellas whose sharp humor contributed to the conversation, but best of all he was always ready to lend his classmates a helping hand.



Albert Luscombe Foster

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Because his brother graduated from West Point, Al's first dream was the Military Academy. But when the time came for a possible transfer, he chose to remain Navy. His strong desire to personally beat West Point in something was perfectly natural and the main reason why we found him on the gym team. Musically inclined, he took an active part in the choir, the Glee Club, and the Musical Club shows, where we remember him especially for his part in the dancing choruses. Those who knew him could never forget his sparkling quips, his practical jokes, and his awful puns.





Henry Peter Glindeman, Jr.

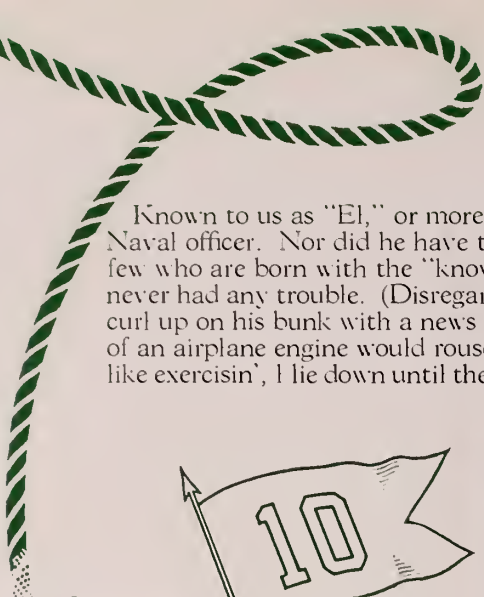
COEUR D'ALENE, IDAHO

If one was startled out of his reverie with a cheery "Bom Dia, Senher," about 99% of the time he would turn around and find himself confronted by a tall, good-looking chap who, peculiarly enough, declares that Idaho is the best state in the union. His linguistic enthusiasm made him president of the Portuguese Club, his terpsichorean enthusiasm made him a genuine operator at the hops, and his ability to make himself and his companions at ease, made him a pretty swell guy wherever he went.

Daniel Calvert Good

DENVER, COLORADO

In future years, reflecting classmates will retain a few impressions of "The Gooder"—a locker eternally loaded with chow—always willing to take a week-end watch—his senatorial frown and gesture in Bull—and long lasting third day on the rifle range. Stung once plebe year by what was laughingly called a Jrag, Dan tried to be faithful to one girl, but found it a near impossibility, slipping frequently. He starred in diversified things such as that of crew, cox'n, letter writer, pin-pusher, liberty, and leave.



Hank



El



Gene



Dan



Eldon Benjamin Frame

QUINCY, ILLINOIS

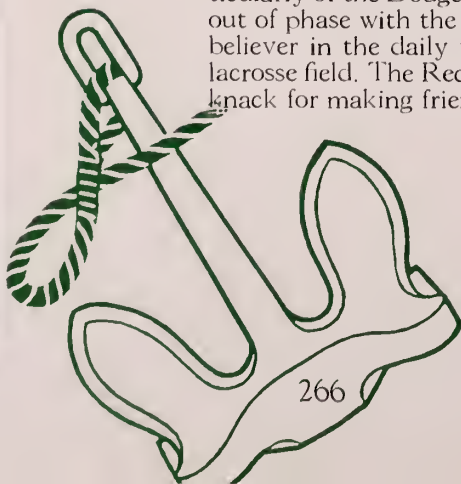
Known to us as "El," or more intimately as "Feelee," he has all the assets of a 4.0 Naval officer. Nor did he have to acquire these at the Academy, as he is one of very few who are born with the "know how" of military procedure. Academically he has never had any trouble. (Disregarding Dago, of course.) During his free time El would curl up on his bunk with a news magazine and stay that way until chow or the sound of an airplane engine would rouse him. Sports? His motto was always: "When I feel like exercisin', I lie down until the feeling passes."



Eugene Gralla

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

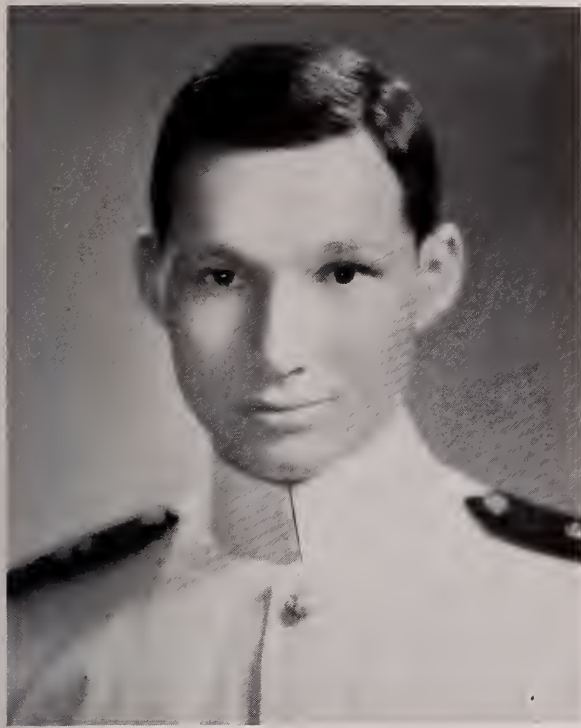
A proud product of Brooklyn, Bene amazed us all with his never-empty chow locker, the voluminous stacks of mail he received, his profuse knowledge of baseball (particularly of the Dodgers) and above all his unique ability to march exactly ten degrees out of phase with the rest of his section. "Gorilla" was an avid sports fan and a firm believer in the daily workout. Afternoons usually found him in the gym or on the lacrosse field. The Reception Committee made good use of his amiable disposition and knack for making friends easily, attributes which assure his continued success.



Richard Grenier

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

Dick brought with him from Harvard and Massachusetts a fondness for music, Boston brown bread, literature, and Brooks Brothers tweeds; and he probably never changed much, down inside. Never having much trouble with academics, he managed to star. He tried his hand at plebe swimming, and later at boxing and sailing. Preferred activities, however, were thinking of leave, speaking French, and escorting blonde women (although he always seemed to find time to work out with the extra duty squad). He had a large appetite for food and living in general and looked forward impatiently to graduation and becoming an officer.



Nick



Dick



Bob



Fred



Nicholas Grkovic

SALMON, IDAHO

It was no coincidence that Nick's favorite record was *Idaho*; he just plain loved God's country and made no pretense of hiding the fact. Nick would rather extol the wonders of Salmon, Idaho, than do anything else. But he did consent occasionally to spend some time in town during week-ends, and to do a little dragging. The Academic Department clashed frequently with Nick, but in the end, the latter was victorious. During his spare moments, Nick played a little touch football, and slept the rest of the time, undoubtedly dreaming of his Idaho.

Frederick Russell Haselton, Jr.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

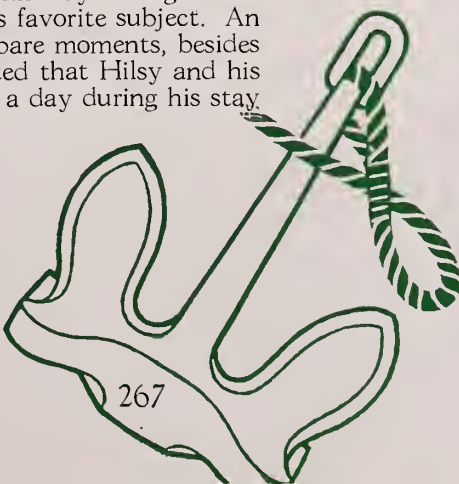
"Navy Junior Fred" brought with him to the Academy an incurable sense of mischief, a little black book two inches thick, and the looks and personality of a born lady killer. During his three year sentence he was top man of the plebe rifle team, a gym ace, a general all-round athlete, and the kind of guy who never heard that plebes didn't rate dragging. As long as people like good-looking, pleasantly impish guys, as long as Naval officers have wives, "Bones" will more than get along.



Robert Burke Hilsabeck

OELWEIN, IOWA

Most of the better clichés making the round were Hilsy's brain-children in some form or another. Drawing from a seemingly inexhaustible source of humor, Bob always had one on tap for any occasion. He managed to joke his way through three years of Math, so he says, but had little trouble with Bull, his favorite subject. An old journalism man, Hilsy covered sports for the *Log* in his spare moments, besides playing a fine trombone in the NA-10. Someone has estimated that Hilsy and his redheaded O.A.O. out in Iowa exchanged better than a letter a day during his stay here, but he maintains that's a slight exaggeration.





John Arthur Jandrall

SEASIDE, OREGON

Usually quiet and reserved, Bill became loquacious when discussing the virtues of his ever-green homeland. His pride in his little resort hometown gave him the nickname "Seaside." Seldom bothered by academics, Bill often succumbed to the irresistible appeal of his sack during study hours. But be there any game from chess to basketball, a philosophic bull session, or a plan for beating the system, he was always ready to take part. We will remember him for his Red Mike convictions, his idealistic outlook, and his ever present grin.

John Albert Jennings, Jr.

MONESSEN, PENNSYLVANIA

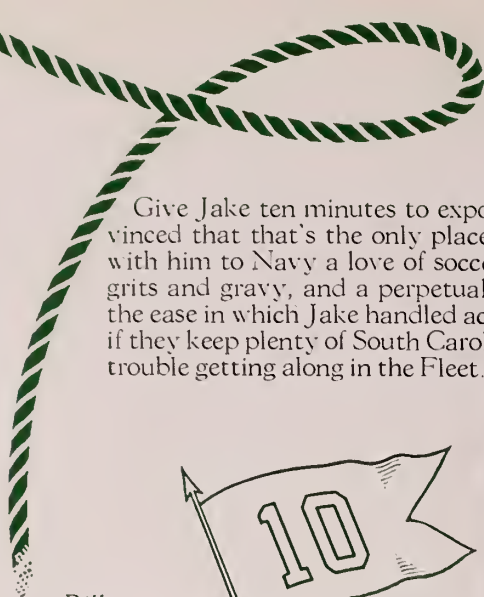
"Hey, Jack! How do you work the fifth prob?" and Jack always knew. His scholastic ability appeared first at Notre Dame, but the Irish lost to the Academy. Here, sports took a large part of Jack's time; soccer, softball, and basketball being among the favored. But despite his stars and athletic endeavors, a dragless week-end would have been a major catastrophe. Jack, a likeable, "on-the-ball" fellow, will always be an asset as a companion and friend.



Harold Weinberg Jacobs

KINGSTREE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Give Jake ten minutes to expound on the wonders of the South and you'll be convinced that that's the only place to be from. An ex-Clemson U. man, Jake brought with him to Navy a love of soccer and baseball, a dislike for the Northern version of grits and gravy, and a perpetual smile. As far as the latter was concerned, possibly the ease in which Jake handled academics was the answer. A fine mixer, Jake says that if they keep plenty of South Carolina weather on tap in the Pacific, he won't have much trouble getting along in the Fleet.



Bill



Jake



Jonsie



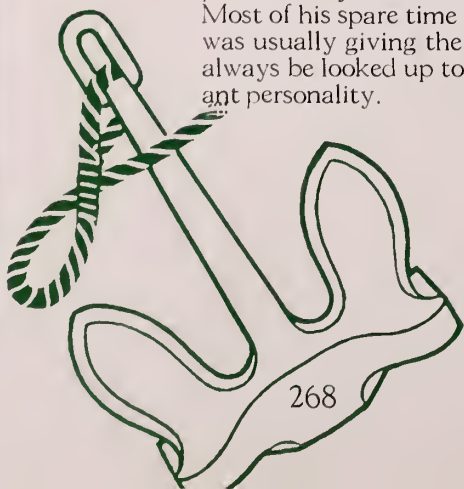
Jack



Francis Freeman Jones, Jr.

UTICA, NEW YORK

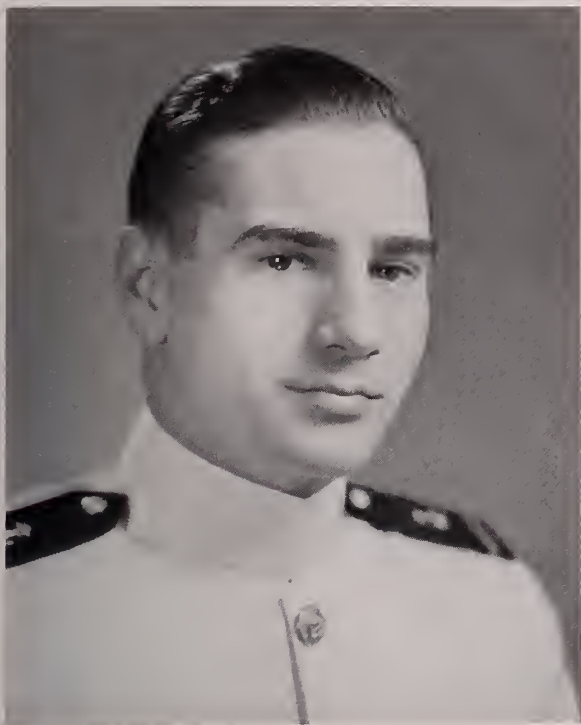
Equipped with a sense of humor and an endless capacity for complaining, the "Pride of Utica" had no trouble in becoming one of the fellows down at "Navy." Jonsie's passion for jive and night life was equalled only by his desire to become a Marine. Most of his spare time was taken up on the tennis courts except on week-ends when he was usually giving the fairer sex a break. Wherever the service may call him he will always be looked up to by his men and fellow officers for his loyalty, ability and pleasant personality.



Frank J. Kelley, III

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

Well-built and possessing not unspectacular abilities in almost any sport he entered into, Frank secured the coveted N-star in swimming early during youngster year. During the hours that he wasn't throwing the javelin for Coach Thompson in the spring, Kel was frantically trying to soak up as much of Annapolis pseudo sunshine as possible so he'd be in shape for his annual sojourn to the land of eternal sunshine. A quick wit and always ready for a fine time, be it in Annapolis on a week-end or in Coronado during leave, Kel's friendship was valued by all who knew him.



Bud



Kel



Dan



Bob



Richard Dan Maxson

AUSTIN, TEXAS

Old Uncle Dan brought all the Longhorn spirit and fun up from Texas to the Academy. A staunch Lone Star cowboy, he tried for years to convince us that trees grow in Texas. A three sport man and a League champion at Culver, Dan was a leader in varsity football and track while at Navy. Although he believed in doing the right thing at the right time when the proper time rolled around, Dan enjoyed himself more than anyone. When Dan leaves the Academy we know that he will live up to the highest traditions of the Naval Service, and will sustain the fighting spirit of those who have preceded him.



Cletus Wright Kennelly, II

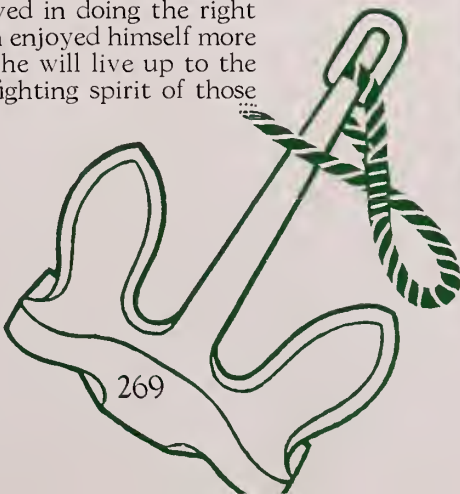
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Bud left Detroit for the Academy and has regretted it ever since—he just can't get over missing the Tiger's baseball games. He insists that "Deetroit" can't be beat and his major pastime was always anticipating leave in the automobile center of the U.S. Taking the rigors of Academy life fairly easy, Bud played accordian in the Musical Club, wielded a wicked ping-pong paddle, and like the rest of his classmates was a true sack man. Affable and easy-going, Bud will have little trouble in finding his place in the Fleet.

Robert Sproul Lichtenberg

MICHIGAN CITY, INDIANA

A former Purdue boilermaker from the Midwest, Bob quickly fell in with the Navy way and started off well by starring his first year at the Academy. How Lichy maintained his extremely modest composure always was a source of wonder among the pride of Michigan City's classmates. Bob spent a great deal of his time writing his O.A.O., playing tennis, and helping his many friends with their studies. Outside of these activities, Lichy took life easy, frequently engaging in card games with his roommates.





James Edward Nichols

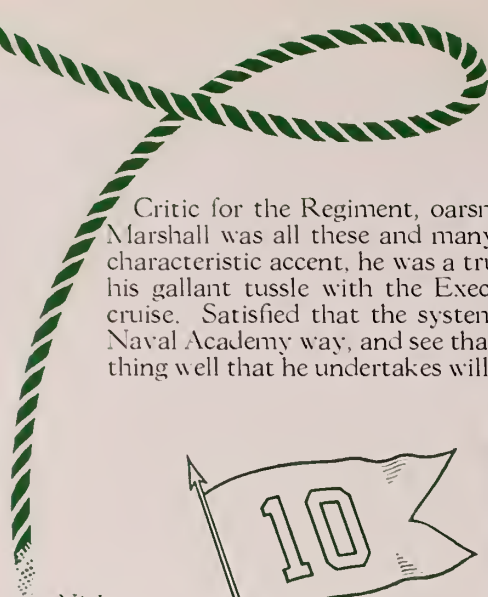
MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

When someone said that there ought to be a 3 1/2-minute late bell, especially for Nick, they hit the nail square on the head, for it was Nick who invariably leaped into ranks, minus his reefer, after the late bell had sounded. This habit never held true, however, when week-ends rolled around, because Nick was the first one outside the gate. Jim believed in being firm with the plebes, but always could be persuaded to give his inimitable "Swedish" dialogue for entertainment. In years to come Nick's sense of humor won't go unappreciated.

William Glenn Nobmann

HAYWARD, CALIFORNIA

A tall, curly-haired California track man with an easy-going manner and bright brown eyes, Nobby played basketball, hurdled for the varsity track team, and played a pretty fine piano. He always looked as if he were getting ready to go on a beach party—far away from the Annapolis weather and studies and restrictions. Nobby was always one of the boys, ready for anything, and willing to do anything within his power for his friends.



Nick



Marshall



Marshall Trammell Mays

GREENWOOD, SOUTH CAROLINA

Critic for the Regiment, oarsman for the battalion, and fighter for the company, Marshall was all these and many more. Although he did not betray himself by the characteristic accent, he was a true Southern gentleman. But not so gentlemanly was his gallant tussle with the Executive Department in the summer of the Arkansas cruise. Satisfied that the system was unbeatable, he decided to play the game the Naval Academy way, and see that the underclass did likewise. His ability to do everything well that he undertakes will find a welcome outlet in the Fleet.



Ed



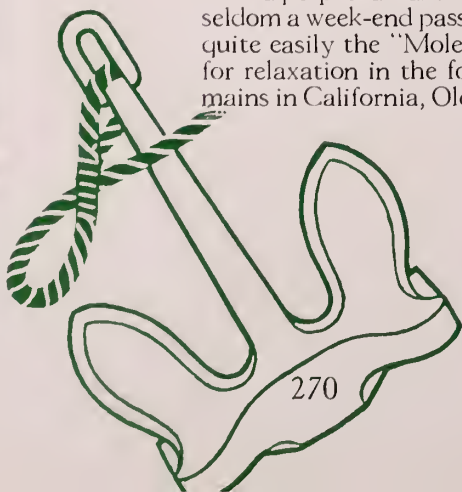
Nobby



Edward Conrad Olson

COMPTON, CALIFORNIA

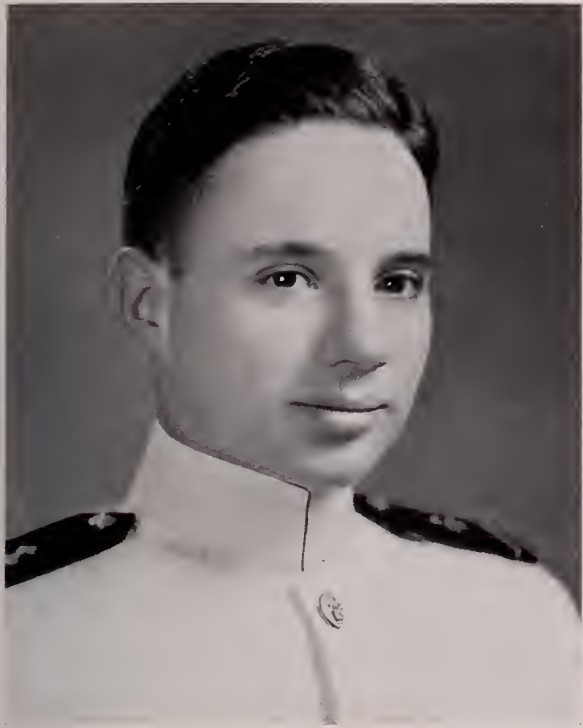
Straight from sunny California and Compton Junior College where he was student body president, came Ed Olson who like all natives of the Golden Bear State always wore a perpetual tan. As a result of the latter, Ed was definitely the dragging type, and seldom a week-end passed without his escorting his O.A.O. Since he absorbed academics quite easily the "Moley Ole," as he was known to his classmates, had plenty of time for relaxation in the form of swimming and water polo. As long as the sunshine remains in California, Ole will be happy in the Navy.



Byron Osterweil

LONG BEACH, NEW YORK

"By" was a walking encyclopedia for many of his classmates. He came from the University of Minnesota but claimed "America's Healthiest City" as his home. Although a faithful pilgrim to the "Shrine of the Heated Radiator" he was a good rifle shot, and Oscar's proudest achievement was winning the Regimental Small Bore Rifle Championship youngster year. "By" dragged often and well, showing a marked predisposition to several different New York girls. An academic star, a receiver of much show, and an infrequent studier, he was a good, although hectic, wife.



Penny



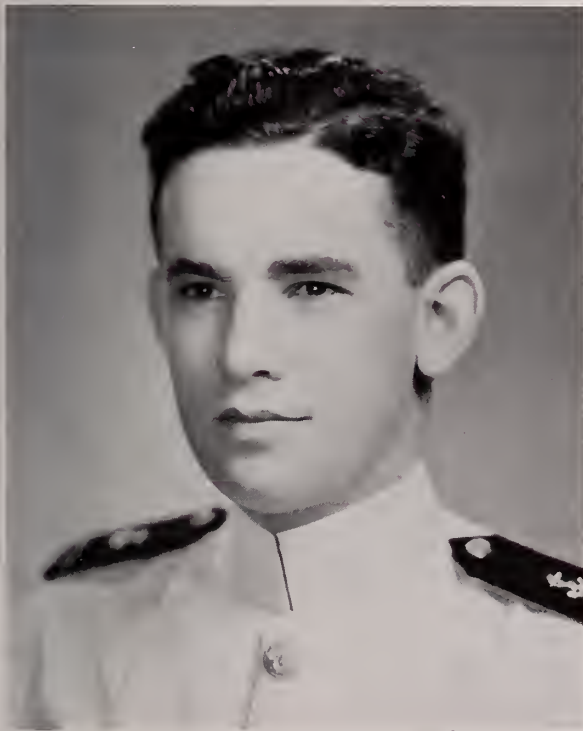
By



Philip Bond Pennington

YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

Two letters a week from York, Pa., a 2.8 in Skinny, and Penny was happy. At his best in an argument or on the tennis courts, Penny's willingness to help out someone else won him many friends. Though he spent quite a bit of time studying, he always found some for the Musical Club shows and dragging. By his untiring efforts he's sure to find a place wherever he goes.



Philip Frank Plummer

TYRONE, PENNSYLVANIA

Jake was always pretty busy playing football, basketball, studying, or just sort of resting. He was at his best when he launched into his Pennsylvania poolroom repartee. Jake's ruddy complexion set off a bright smile that exposed the fact that most of his complaints were just conversational. His good nature kept him from falling into the conventional rut that caught most of us. Jake showed us that a sense of humor could stand a man in good stead in any situation.

Jake

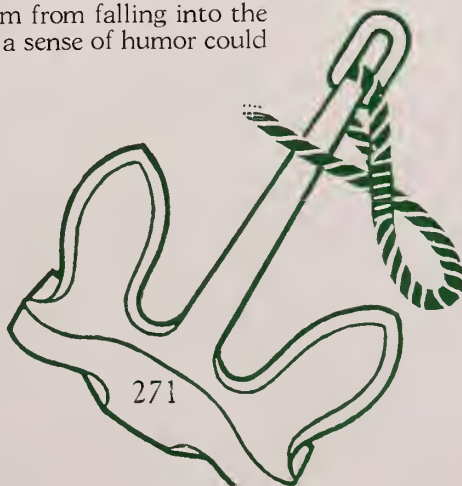


Henry

Henry Edward Phelps

CLEVELAND, OHIO

"Big Juke" dreamed of the Navy even while engaged in high-school gridiron clashes. One of the more learned men in his company, Hank could always be counted on to add that certain something needed in any good bull session. Although he never quite managed to star, Henry always kept out of deep water with the Executive Department, besides finding time to drag often during Academy week-ends. With his natural ability to make friends, Hank won't have any trouble getting along in his chosen career.





John Silas Quinn
PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Si came to us from the Marines, and the Corps will always be his first love. Johnny's face betrays his every feeling and it usually wears a broad grin. There is also a good bit of the Irish devil in him. "Anything for a laugh," is his motto—with himself often the butt of his own jokes. In sports Si was a company competitor; and always strove to be the best. As for academics, he may have received honorable mention on numerous trees, but he always had plenty of drive when it was needed.

Charles Ambrose Riehl
PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Chuck made his bid for fame at Navy as a football man and pole vaulter on the varsity track team. One of the outstanding boxers at the Academy, he matched the Academic Department for three years without a loss to demonstrate that it isn't just brawn that makes a fine athlete. Chuck kept himself pretty busy on the week-ends in the company of a little nurse from Washington. Very conscientious and possessed with an ability to lead, Chuck should find no barriers in his path towards success.



William Boyd Polhemus
FAIRVIEW, ILLINOIS

Discouraged after two years of Knox College, Bill came to the Academy, with a battered Conn cornet, twelve Count Basie records, and a mastery of rhetoric. Several important sections of the 1945 LUCKY BAG were largely products of Bill's productive abilities along the last line. There was always so much else to do, that Poly dabbled in academics only enough to secure a starring average . . . outside of that, it was just too much work! Always at his best in an argument, Poly's dry wit usually ended the discussion with the score overwhelmingly in his favor.



Si



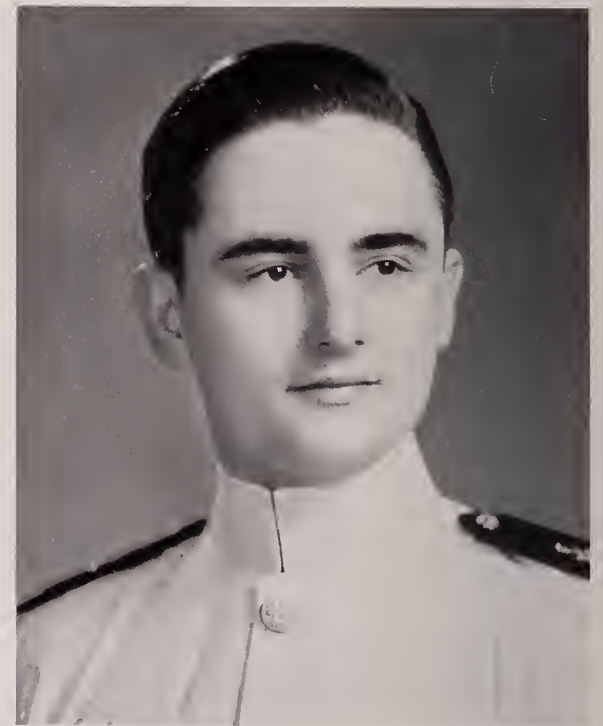
Bill



Chuck

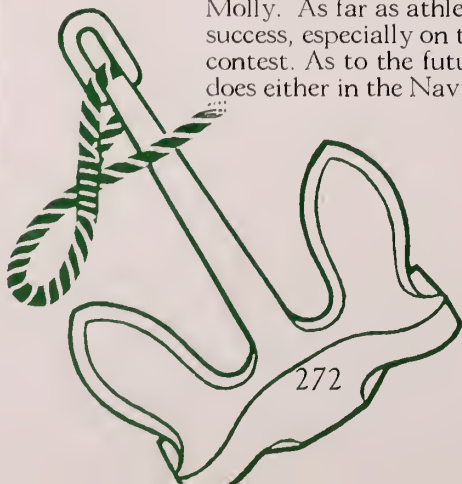


Robbie



Gordon Edward Robinson
LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA

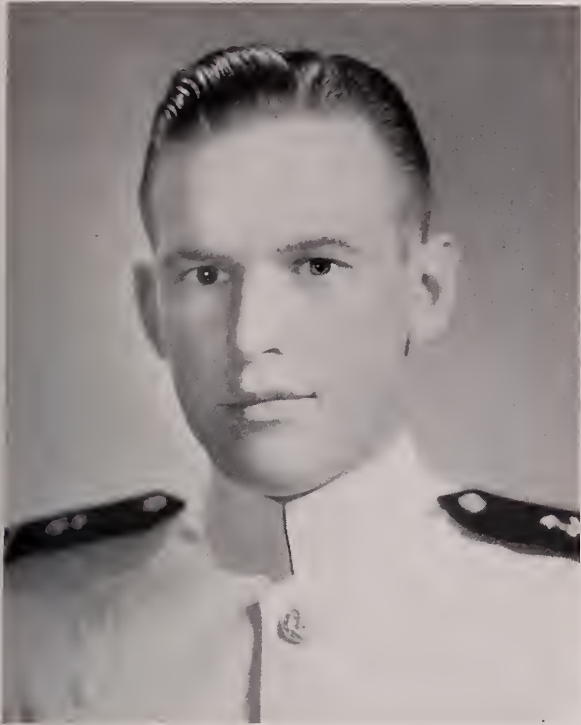
Probably one of the best card players of the Academy, Robbie just couldn't see wasting much time studying. A pretty savvy man anyway, the stocky Californian spent what few study periods he did have, corresponding with his California O.A.O., Molly. As far as athletics went, Robbie contributed more than once to his company's success, especially on the gym team, and was always a willing member of any sporting contest. As to the future, all Robbie's classmates wish him good luck in whatever he does either in the Navy or sporting around his beloved Long Beach.



Milton Spencer Sartain

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Coming to the Naval Academy via the Fleet, the plebe summer indoctrination period held no fears for "Salty." He is the only Californian who never gave a hoot about returning there and basking in their famous sunshine. Reading Brazilian novels and the fencing team took some of his spare time, but most of it was devoted to women through the medium of letters, bull sessions and dragging. His ability to diligently apply himself to any task will insure him success in his first love—the Navy.



Larry



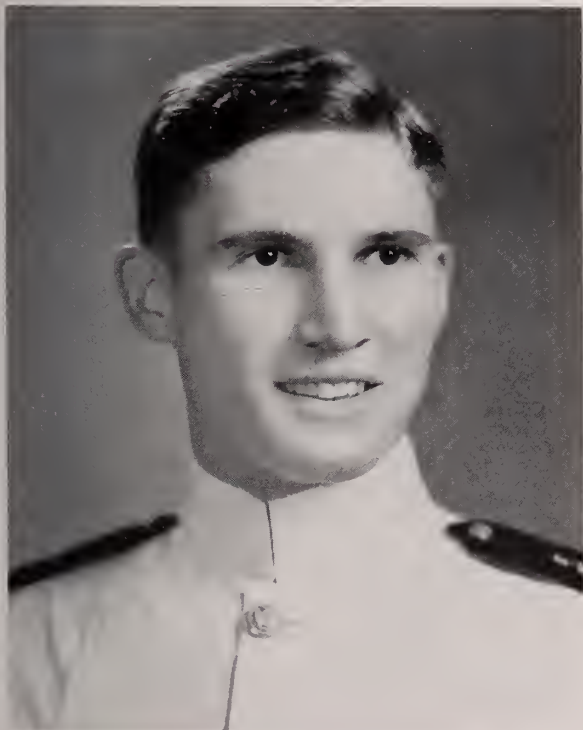
Salty



Herb



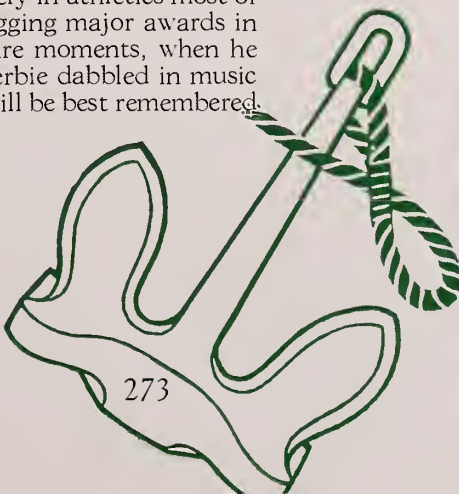
Steve



Hubert Montgomery Stiles

HILL CITY, MINNESOTA

Although he was always being chided about Hill City, "center of the wooden bucket industry," genial Herb was a far cry from Bucketland. Because of the ease with which he handled academics, he was able to participate quite extensively in athletics most of the year around. Youngster and first-class years saw him snagging major awards in both soccer and lacrosse for his efforts. During his other spare moments, when he wasn't working calculus probs for his less-savvy associates, Herbie dabbled in music and did a little dragging. In retrospect, the lanky Minnesotan will be best remembered for his inimitable statement, "I've only had eight spuds, fellas!"



Lawrence Edwin Stahl

YPSILANTI, MICH. AND CORAL GABLES, FLA.

Larry was academically conditioned by a year at Notre Dame, and then came on to Navy with one eye on the Fleet. The Reception Committee capitalized on Larry's congeniality and made him its chairman. He carried this task by sheer personality, and athletes from nearly every Eastern college now tell of Navy's hospitality. After a hard fall of cross-country "Willie" had his fill of spring workouts managing details for the track squad. With his capacity for work, Larry will carry his own load and a lot more when he hits the Fleet.

Robertson Stevens

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

Steve had a taste for fine jazz music, fine girls, and a convenient flare for volts and watts. Also he was always good for a 4:35 mile and bolstering the Navy cross-country team and tumbling squad. He was possessed of that vital sort of energy that makes it a short evening that ends with the rising sun. His presence was always an assurance that the conversation would never lag. Steve had a sharp, keen face and a matching sense of humor, though it seemed that lady luck was determined to try the latter.





Richard Calvin Thompson

SPRINGFIELD, MISSOURI

A ready smile and a bit of subtle humor have won for Dick many friends. But despite his many pals, he still believes that Missouri is the only state for a man and can't understand why they won't let him go there more often. We expected a lot of Dick on the athletic fields, but unfortunate injuries limited him to intramural lacrosse and soccer. Although his outward attitude was "win one, lose one," those who knew him well understood his facilities with the books and his desire to indoctrinate the plebes properly.

Verlyn Van Curen

CALDWELL, IDAHO

Certainly not a particularly verbose character, Van must have inherited some of the quiet majesty of the "hills of Idaho." His unassuming manner made friends of all whom he encountered even, to a lesser degree, the plebes. His activities were full and varied, and one of not inconsiderable scope was an insatiable desire for chow. His opinion was sought on many matters because of his sane, intelligent answers. No one can help respecting this friendly, self-effacing classmate of ours no matter where or what he may be.



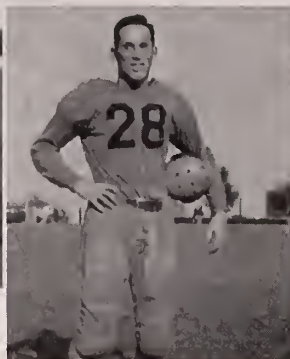
Richard John Sullivan

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

It is a good thing "Sully" had such an affable personality because he would have been a tough man to clash with, in the ring or out. Possibly the fact that he was an Academy boxing champion during his stay at Navy helps explain that fact. Sully's good-natured composure never flared up, except of course in defense of his Irish nationality. As far as academics went, Dick kept even with that department, and still had plenty of time left to drag, operate with the boys, and, in general, enjoy life at the Academy.



Dick



Sully

Albie



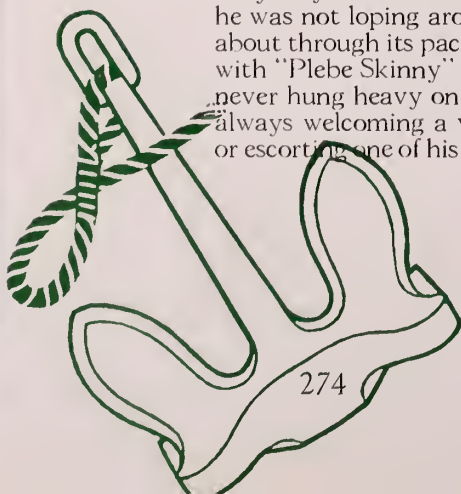
Van



Ray Bernard White

WASHINGTON, D.C.

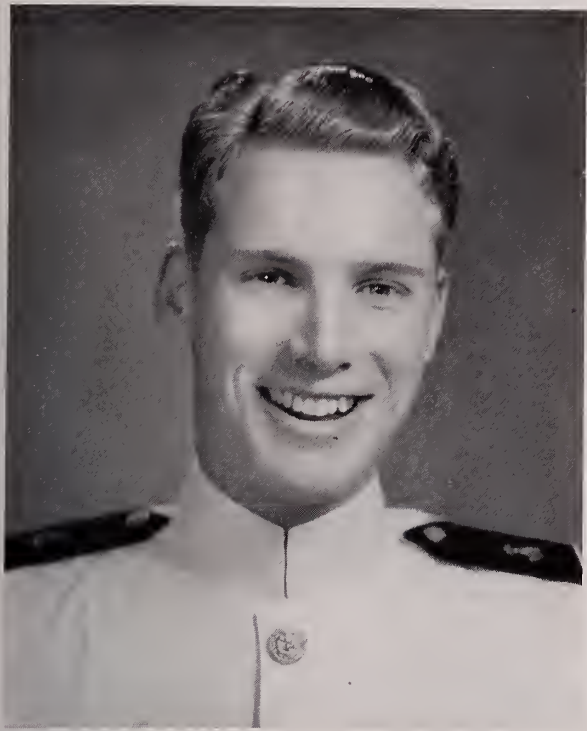
"Albie" outwardly gave the impression of being a quiet, shy fellow; but to us who knew him well, his gift of gab and pleasant personality were second to none. Athletically Ray achieved considerable success as a miler of the battalion track team. When he was not loping around Thompson Stadium, Ray was most likely putting a knock-about through its paces on the Severn. Academically, Ray weathered a close first round with "Plebe Skinny" after which he waded successfully through the curriculum. Time never hung heavy on Ray's hands, for when the long week-ends rolled around he was always welcoming a visiting team (he was a mainstay of the Reception Committee) or escorting one of his many drags.



Burr Curtis Wilcox, Jr.

LA GRANGE, ILLINOIS

Although his parents lovingly bestowed a fine name on their son, there are few people who know Burr by any name other than "Willie." Plebe year, Willie astounded his classmates by bilging four out of five exams, and remaining SAT. Youngster year found him writing a *Log* column and trying to persuade the Dago Department that a Naval officer really didn't need a thorough understanding of Portuguese. One of those salty sailors of the Chesapeake, Willie was ever ready to sleep on the foc'sle of any yawl whose bow was pointed down the bay on a week-end.



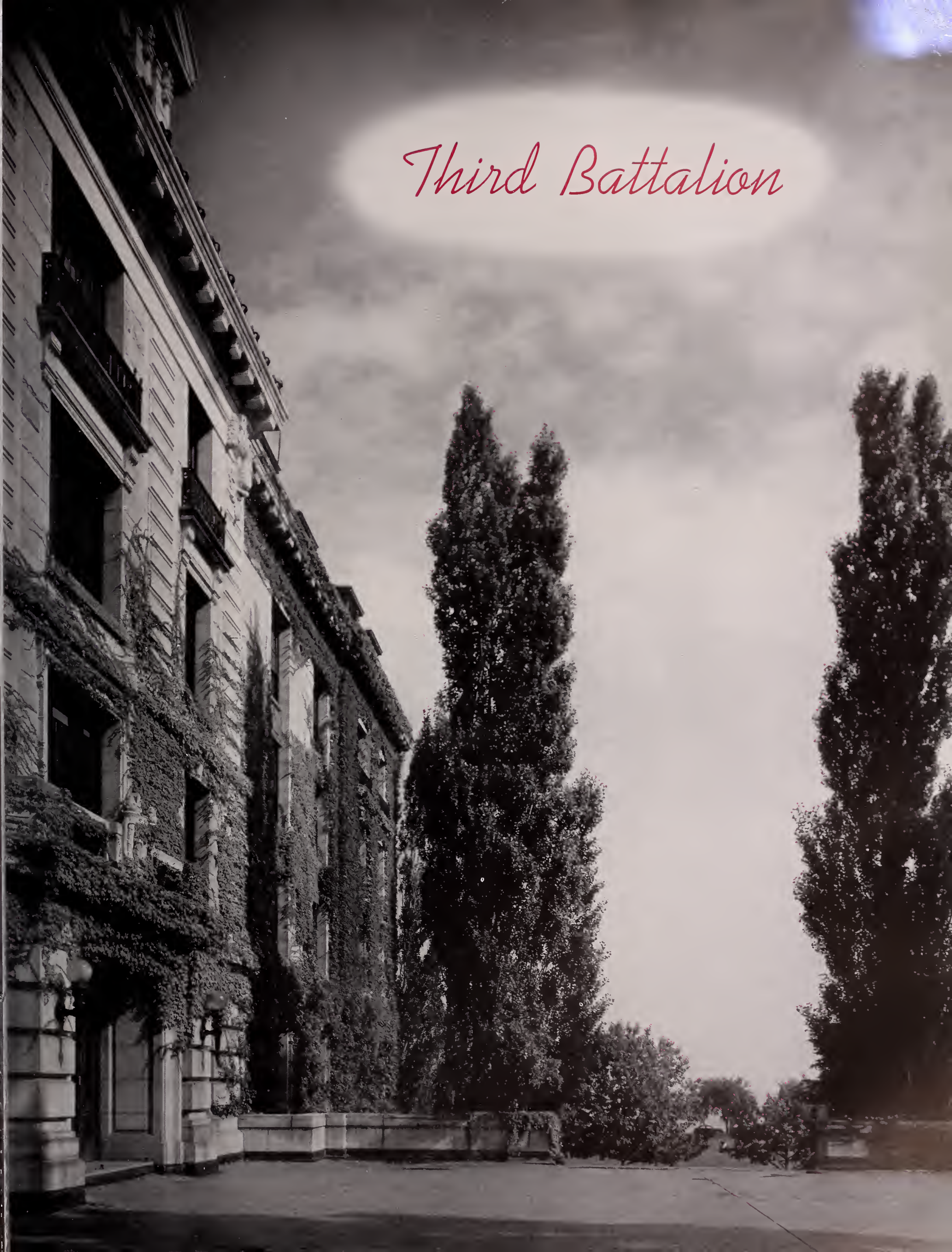
Willie

THIS HAS BEEN THE SECOND BATTALION. WE'RE ALL HERE IN 67 PAGES, JUST AS WE WERE ASSEMBLED IN THE SECOND AND FOURTH WINGS DURING FIRST-CLASS YEAR. "DO I REMEMBER DAGWOOD?" "SURE, HE LIVED RIGHT DOWN THE CORRIDOR, BY THE MATE'S DESK IN THAT FOUR-MAN ROOM." THAT'S THE WAY WE'LL REMEMBER EACH OTHER, AND THAT'S WHY WE'VE PRESENTED OURSELVES TO YOU IN THIS WAY—GROUPED IN THESE PAGES JUST AS WE WERE AS FIRST CLASSMEN.





Third Battalion





Fall Term

Battalion Staff

*Battalion Commander: H. N. Upthegrove
 Second row: R. C. Duncan, P. W. Barcus. Third row: D. C. Williamson, L. M. Cutter, H. B. Gibbs*

Company Commanders

*Fifteenth Company
 R. E. Fuller*

*Fourteenth Company
 H. C. Penny*

*Thirteenth Company
 R. P. Hall*

*Twelfth Company
 J. L. Skoog, Jr.*

*Eleventh Company
 F. G. Lucas*



Winter Term



Battalion Staff Battalion Commander: V. Nasipak
Second row: C. C. Stout, W. F. Tiemann, Jr. Third row: W. B. Muncie,
W. F. Searle, J. S. Blake



Company Commanders

Fifteenth Company
J. W. Ferguson

Fourteenth Company
H. B. Robertson, Jr.

Thirteenth Company
M. C. Mapes, Jr.

Twelfth Company
D. A. Barksdale

Eleventh Company
T. G. Ray

Alister Carroll Anderson

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Andy was a hard working Swede with a one track mind. He had one ambition (the Navy), liked one girl, and just could not see the "other" side of a good joke. He was a long-haired music lover, and a steady stream of symphonic blasts issued from his room. A stalwart on many sport teams, he had a robe full of numerals. Always conscientious, Al could be called eager if he didn't have to slave for everything he got, and if he wasn't so downright serious about his career.



Vincent LeRoy Bacon

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

This wanderlust Hoosier answered to many nicknames, among them "Bake," "Vince," and "Speck," and was especially well known by his classmates as "the guy who gave me all those week-end watches." Always ready for a few hands of "ducats," he sometimes wondered how many numbers he dropped as a result. His most prominent sport was undoubtedly track, in which he participated so as to be able to beat the Flying Squadron after the hops. "Bake" hopes to catch up with his younger sister, a WASP aspirant, by joining the Marine Air Corps.

Vince



Andy

Bake



Fred

Frederick Franklin Bass, Jr.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

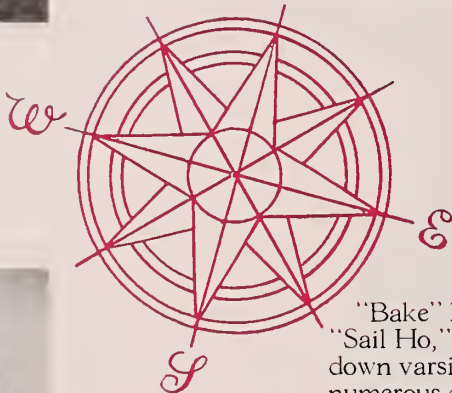
His dislike of being a "feather merchant" caused this Southern son to leave a commission in the Army for the Academy, and whenever the going was tough, we heard the good-natured complaint, "Why did I leave the Army?" Nevertheless Fred weathered the storm despite talk of bilging Steam and Skinny. His free time he devoted to talking, sleeping, dragging, working on the flying rings, and engaging in frequent 5022 bull sessions. We hope our leisurely, amiable, and loquacious Rebel will someday join the Union!



John Holmes Baker

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

"Bake" had an ingenious knack for picking up nicknames, among which "Stalwart," "Sail Ho," and "Unit Leader Baker" were prominent. His 6' 3 1/2" and 200 lbs. held down varsity center spot on the gridiron for two years, while a five-inch smile kept his numerous drags happy. A "passed" master at the art of the pun, "Short Stuff's" chatter was as unpredictable as Maryland weather. If they can fit sixteen cubic feet of real man in a plane, "Bake" will realize his greatest ambition.





Theodore Saboe Bly

NORTHFIELD, MINNESOTA

Though many still wonder why this missionary's son with his sober manner and slow, shy smile renounced the ministry for the Navy, his multitude of friends are very glad he made the choice. A running fool, "Nellie" soon became a mainstay of the battalion track team and added varsity soccer, maximum letter-writing, and minimum studying to his accomplishments. Week-ends gave him an opportunity to win the ladies without playing the wolf. His future shipmates will find "Nellie" quiet, agreeable, easy-going, and a ready listener.



Robert Austin Riley Bergs

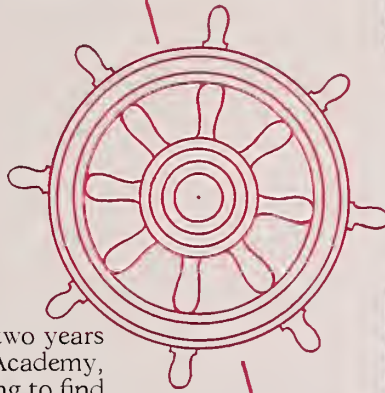
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

Lacking only height and an O.A.O., Bob came from Westminster College and quickly discovered an escape from plebe summer on the ketch "Alligator." Since then he seldom devoted his time to anything but sailing, and received his yawl command early in youngster year. "Sea Lawyer" supreme of plebe year, he later used his expert Bull talents to write statements for persecuted classmates. A well-known book reviewer for the *Trident* and a welcome visitor of "yard engines," Bob, with his unpredictable conduct left us wondering.

Nellie



Bob



Bull

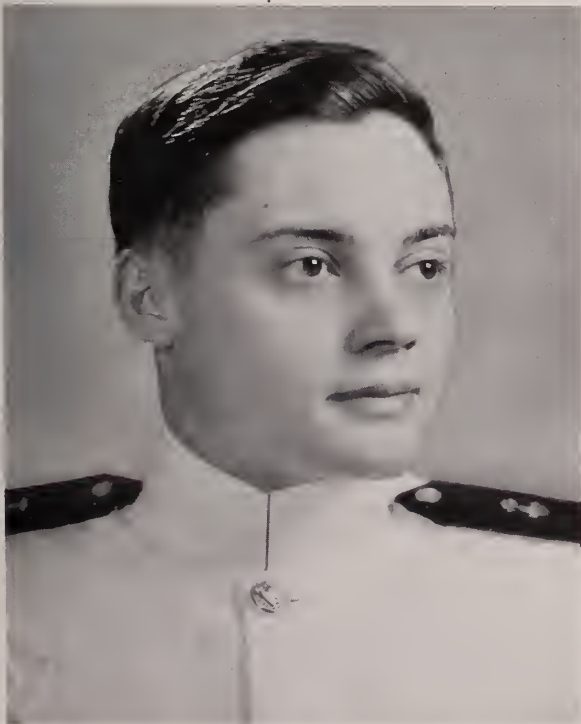


Mike

Llewellyn Dale Bowen

JENISON, MICHIGAN

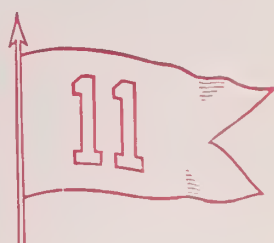
"Bull" Bowen, as he was known to his classmates, studied chemistry for two years and had acquired a private pilot's license before coming to us. Here at the Academy, he found a fascinating interest in all things mechanical, and was forever trying to find out what made them work. A long jog with the cross-country team was his favorite form of recreation, but most of his spare time was spent faithfully writing to his O.A.O. "Bull" hopes to see a lot of service aboard destroyers and with the Naval Air Corps.



Michael Sandor Boyar

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Whether helping the Navy win a lacrosse game, boxing a fast three rounds, shooting the breeze in Dago, or vainly trying to understand Steam, Mike undoubtedly played, studied, and worked harder than any dozen men put together. His keynote was always to make every moment count. Mike's chief interest will always be in what lies ahead. Whatever this may be, if "Moose" can use some philosophy or muscles, all will turn out well, but please don't ever make him sketch and describe.



William Bertram Brantner

ENID, OKLAHOMA

To a Californian he was from the Golden State; to an Oklahoman he was from Enid. By standing high in his class, Bill showed that his academic ability had not been left behind at Oklahoma A and M. For the sake of argument, Bill gloried in bull sessions and was seldom seen on Saturday nights except around a bridge table. Bert was in ecstasy when he could worry, and although the Executive Department was continually after him, it never came close to catching up.

Al



Bill

Stew

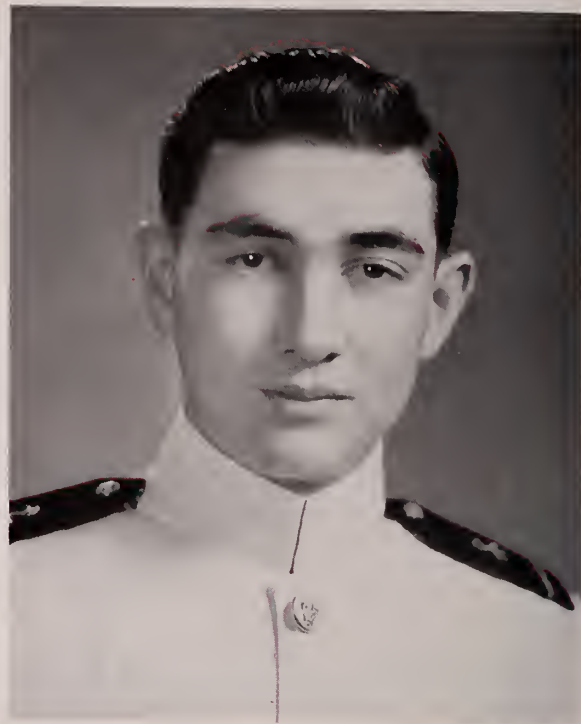


Bobo

Robert Ora Clark

KAWANNA, INDIANA

"Bobo" was a dyed-in-the-wool Hoosier, and all of his friends were informed that he was a farm boy indeed. The two years which he spent at Indiana U developed his individualism so much that his indoctrination into the Academy life proved to be a rough process. The Academic Board nearly tripped him during plebe year, but after that he steadily progressed. He loved to argue merely for the sake of arguing, but underneath he was an understanding, generous pal.

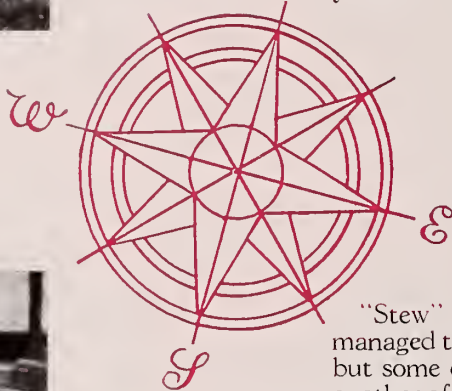


Alfred Farnco Bridger

RICHLAND, IOWA

"He who laughs, last," was the philosophy of this smiling Iowa farm lad. Following his pet idea, Al tripped the light fantastic throughout his Academy career. His studies at times were troublesome, but they were easily forgotten as the week-ends rolled around. "Want to drag?" "Sure, what's her name?", came Al's ready answer and he always got top billing. "Stinky" confined his athletics to company sports. With his homespun philosophy and his perseverance, Al will cut a broad swath in the coming years.

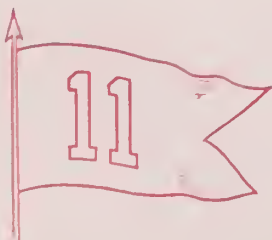
N



Lloyd Stuart Chambers, Jr.

ENID, OKLAHOMA

"Stew" did his best to give us all the impression that he really was dieting, and he managed to put on some very convincing airs as he gave away his cream puff or éclair, but some of us still believe that he did quite a bit of cheating on the side. He was another of the boys who might have been an aspirant for the radiator squad in the good old days, but he was recruited for battalion football instead. Any day you would like to learn to play bridge, "Stew" will teach you for a nominal fee.





Arthur Howard Cummings, Jr.

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

If we wanted to know all the dope on any subject, here was a man who knew all the answers. Jim never lost an argument, but stuck by his guns even when the odds were 100 to 1. A pessimist about the future course of the world, Jim nevertheless enjoyed a good time. He will always be remembered as a staunch member of the "blonde a month" club. Jim enjoyed sports, mostly lacrosse and fencing, in which he looked like a Roman gladiator. Always offering encouragement to those who lost faith in the system, Jim was blue and gold through and through.



George Benjamin Clegg, III

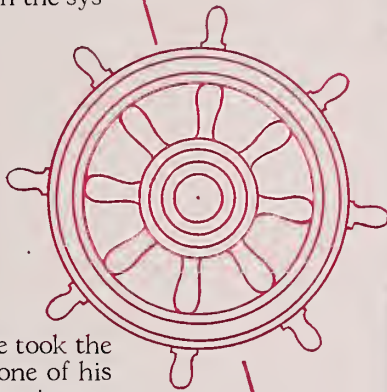
CONIMICUT, RHODE ISLAND

The bell never caught George off guard except, of course, the one time he never heard it at all. This slip-up earned him the dubious distinction of being the only man in the company to sleep through formation. His negligent wives were probably to blame, but the fact remained that he spent many blissful hours in the arms of Morpheus. The Conimicut kid was the author of some of the most atrocious puns in Bancroft Hall; his dry humor could be laughed at or cried over, but never ignored.

Jim



George



Lonzo Robert Davis, Jr.

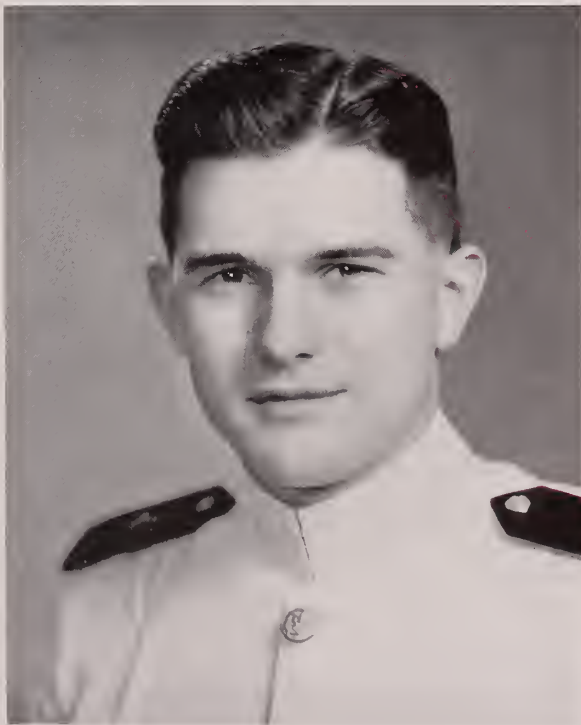
MARSHALL, TEXAS

Dave was a typical smiling boy from Texas. Easy-going, good-natured, he took the Academy in his stride. The academic work didn't trouble him much and one of his favorite pastimes was bunk drill. Nevertheless, he was a hard-hitting player in any sports contest, as his pushball opponents could well testify. Texas always remained uppermost in his mind—he loved a brown-eyed Texas belle and Bob Wills' Texas music. Although the Academy life cramped his Western independence, it never dampened his spirits.

Dave



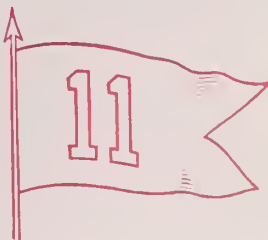
Carl



Carl Nelson Duberg

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

One of the few persons gifted with the ability to keep quiet, Carl preferred to remain the "strong silent type," and managed to avoid the old game of griping. A profound "Ugh!" dismissed many perplexing problems of the Academy. For a while it seemed as though "Silent" Duberg was destined to become a loyal Red Mike for the rest of his Academy days, but by the end of youngster year we were aware that he was weakening, and he soon became a victim of the questionable pleasure of dragging.



Henry Augustus Engelmann

ROUND TOP, NEW YORK

Every class is endowed with one member who really manages to make himself heard, and Hank was one of these. Always an enthusiastic member of the principal squads such as Extra Duty, one of his more endearing characteristics was the now famous "Englemanngrams" — choice bits of propaganda that never failed to startle the uninitiated. His wives swore that icewater runs in his veins instead of blood, for his idea of a warm room was ten degrees colder than anyone else's, which was probably due to too much North Atlantic Patrol.



William Logan Esarey

BLCOMINGTON, INDIANA

Bill came to the Academy from Indiana land, and brought with him an easy-going, take-it-as-it-comes manner. As a result of a year at Indiana University, he didn't find the academics too difficult, so spent most afternoons playing an active part in company and battalion sports. Bill's other interests were reading, puffing his ever-present pipe, thumbing through and adding to his photographs of the girls back home. Strictly a destroyer man, "Es" will leave many friends at the Academy and find many more in the Fleet.

Bill

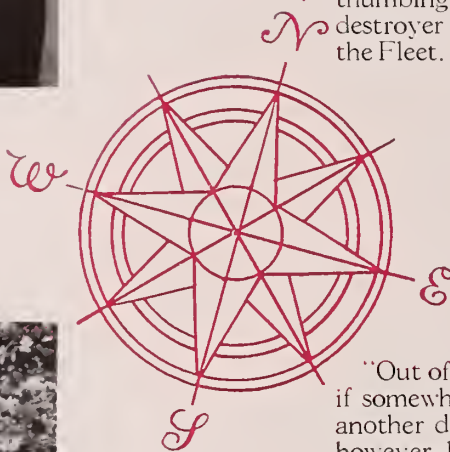


Hank

Jim



Effy



James Graff Evans

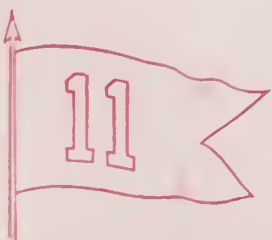
BEN AVON, PENNSYLVANIA

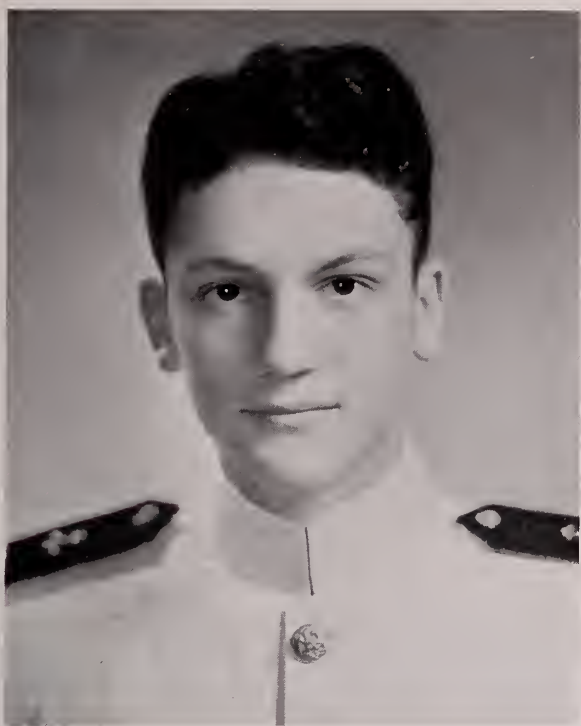
"Out of the Night" might well describe Jim's exit from the Smoky City to the clean, if somewhat unpredictable, weather of Maryland. Always ready to give forth with another dissertation on the wonders of Pittsburgh, Jim never seemed to run down; however, he took time off from his story-telling to play basketball and touch football. A man whose tendency was to hide his light under a basket, Jim's true personality did not come to the surface until you knew him well, and to know him was a privilege.

Francis Edward Field

LANDER, WYOMING

"And it is there for those who are willing to make the struggle," fitted the big "Wyoming Kid" perfectly. "Effy" was a demon for work and was not easily discouraged, whatever the task. With a bit of Irish wit on his tongue, and a driving sprint on the football field, Ed proceeded to make friends throughout the Regiment. Although not overly enthusiastic about dragging, he still loved his women and good times when they were to be had.





Jacob Green

BESSEMER, ALABAMA

Whenever a plebe wanted to know the answer to any question on current events, he was invariably instructed, "Go see Jackson Green." Jack never had much trouble with academics; that is until he got to his Steam lesson—or vice versa. *Time* magazine was always much more interesting than that infernal machinery. As a runner, Jack was continually in there pitching in company and battalion competition, and earned a bathrobe full of '46 numerals. He will long be remembered for his opening three-spades bid, and his inevitable response of "eso es."



Frederick John Gaebler, Jr.

COLUMBUS, MISSOURI

Born and bred on the green fields of Missouri, "Doc" made his way here via Kemper and Missouri U. He could do anything from sewing on a button to making a 4.0 on a Juice exam; from stringing three girls along to learning blinker—and to think it all came in one hunk of man! Square as a block of granite and twice as dependable, Fred will long be remembered as the little ray of sunshine that brightened Bancroft in some of its most gloomy periods.

Jackson

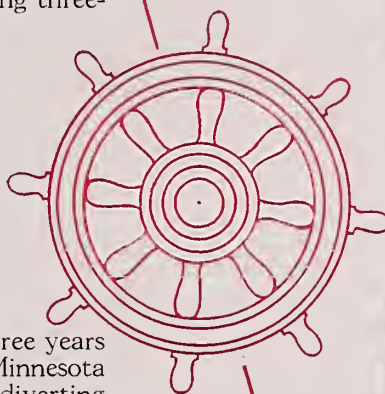


Doc

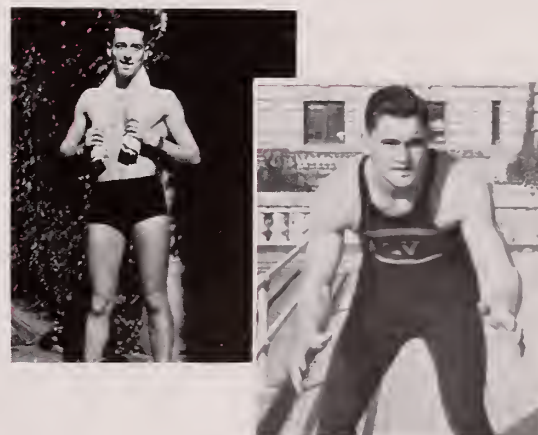
Wallace Watt Hankins, Jr.

DULUTH, MINNESOTA

Hank stepped off the B. & A. in '42 fully expectant of gliding through three years of studies and with scattered unsat P-works he managed this. Bringing his Minnesota swimming ability with him, he soon found a spot on the varsity squad, while diverting his off-season attentions to the track team. Spare time usually found him arguing, penning letters, and instructing plebes; while week-ends afforded him opportunities to see a certain redhead. The Fleet will welcome the Hank whom we'll remember—a fellow with a perpetual smile, and a ready helping hand.



Hank



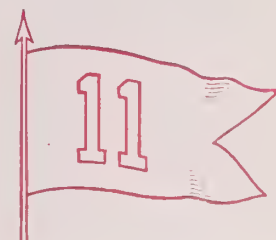
Swede



John Edward Hansen

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Jack to his mother, Johnnie to his drags, but always "Swede" to the boys, this South Orange varsity football end and heavyweight wrestler never passed up a chance to bandy words. His perfect memory for forgetting things kept the Executive Department close on his heels. "Swede" will be remembered for his tune harmonizing, deciphering of intricate Steam diagrams, and his ability to obtain the best grades with the most day-dreaming. Deep concentration over the funnies, appeal to the women, and a sharp sense of humor rounded out this mighty muscle man.

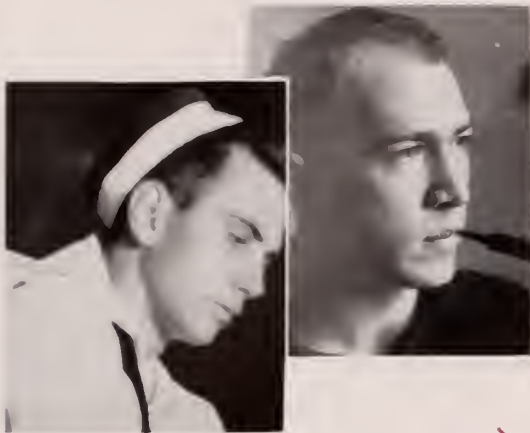


Carten Melhorn Hart

KENT, OHIO

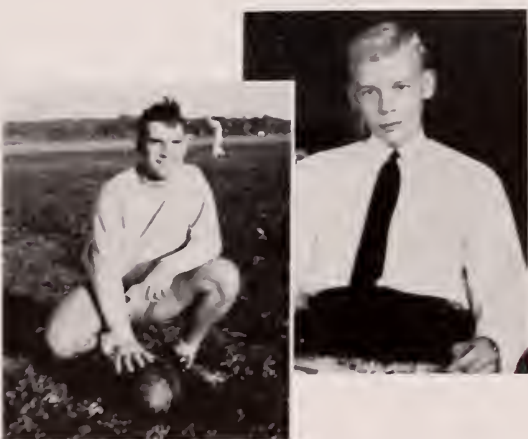
Carton came to the Academy as a storekeeper from the Fleet and the Supply Corps seems to be beckoning again. Even though his eyes had a rugged time at the physicals they could still pick 40 drags. "Box's" wranglings with the Executive Department provided constant amusement for others. When unable to find a bridge game, he participated in company sports and several 40 numerals rewarded his efforts. Carton's unusual sense of humor should add variety to any ward-room.

Jan



Carton

Jerry



Kelly

Jack David Kelley

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

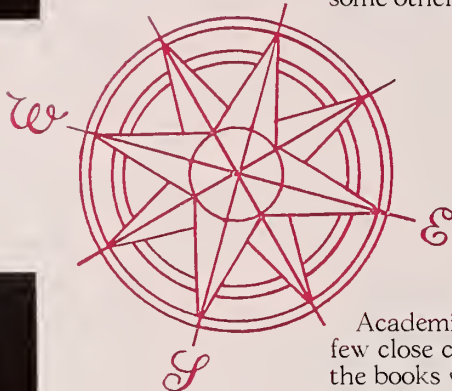
Kelly was a member of the pistol team plebe year, but under pressure from the Department of Physical Training changed his sport to sub squad. Thereafter he spent the fall terms in the swimming pool, and other seasons on the commando course and soccer fields. His spare time activity consisted of combating "Okie" propaganda and corresponding with a certain little Sooner gal. Although we weren't convinced about the location of the dust bowl, we did learn that all Sooners weren't "Okies."



Norlin Adolph Jankovsky

DENVER, COLORADO

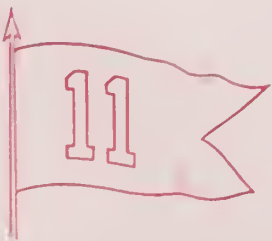
Coming from the University of Colorado, "Jankor" never stopped extolling the wonders of the West. Although quiet and intimidated during plebe summer, he quickly learned to beat the system with the best. During youngster year his biggest concerns were his receding hairline and his collection of women. Faced with the impossible task of being editor of the '46 *Reef Points*, Jan screamed loud and long, but he turned out the best book yet. He could often be found on the wrestling mat or engaging in some other bone crushing sport, but he was a smooth operator no matter where.

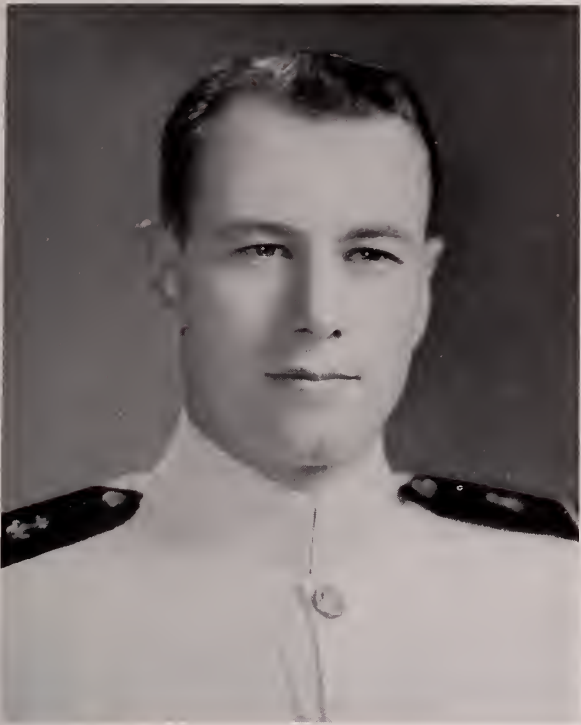


Gerald Lee Joest

CONNERSVILLE, INDIANA

Academics were a little on the dull side from Jerry's point of view, but, despite a few close calls, he managed to hold his own. More outstanding than his abilities with the books were his feats on the diamond and the hardwood. He brought from Indiana the brand of basketball for which that state is famed, and covered the court every afternoon—both prone and upright. His interest in aircraft indicates that he will turn in that direction and doubtless with success. The Academic Department gave Jerry plenty of opportunity to prove that he fights best when the chips are down.





Orin Donald Krone

LIMA, OHIO

"Cowboy" seemed to hail from several states, most of them West of the Mississippi, Arizona being his favorite. He stopped riding Arizona broncs and hung up his chaps and spurs to enroll in our Alma Mater. After he arrived he found that he still had some tall riding to do. Academics were tough and succeeded in throwing him once. But he climbed back on, and when the show ended we found him still in the saddle riding high. Now "Cowboy" will try his luck riding a bucking destroyer on the open range of the seas.



William Tupper Kinder

TITUSVILLE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Tup's" carefree attitude continually got him in tight spots with either the Academic or Executive Departments, but he just as regularly returned with a "black N" or a satisfactory re-exam—all to be taken in stride. Every plebe finally learned that the first oil well was drilled in Titusville. By nature Bill loved his exercise, and no basket was ever too small, nor ball too large for his sharp eye. We shall all miss our congenial friend as we separate to enter the Fleet.

Cowboy

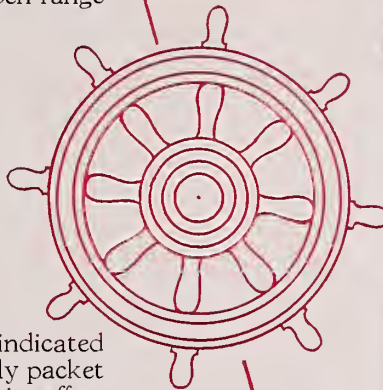


Tup

Donald Dennis Kuchara

DES MOINES, IOWA

By these words ye knew him, "Is the mail out yet?" This typical query indicated "Kuch's" main interests in life: letters, liberty, and leave. However, his daily packet from Des Moines must have been inspiring, for he managed to cut throat quite effectively in academics. He was an ardent sub squad member until its routine began to conflict with liberty hours. Aside from letter-writing, his main activity was company sports. He just took things in his stride and continued to count the days till leave.



Kuch



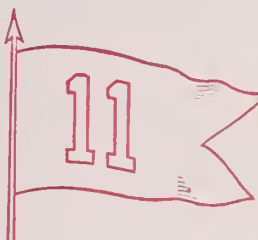
Luke



Fielding Gallatin Lucas

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

Luke—that man with the perpetual sleepy expression. Perhaps we could attribute his academic avidity to spending three-fourths of his time on the bunk. When "Sleepy" was not engaged in this activity he could always be found on the mat in the wrestling loft. Although often referred to as the C.I.S. kid, nothing deterred Luke from trying again. His previous Fleet experience made him a valuable source of information. Forever that phrase will ring in our ears, "It's foul, insidious propaganda."



Harrison Joseph Martell

KENOSHA, WISCONSIN

His parents would probably prefer his Christian name but to his pals he was "Doc." This nickname was natural for he spent three years in the Fleet as a Pharmacist's Mate 3/c. He skated on thin ice with the Academic Board, but it never worried him, he was able to take anything in stride and keep smiling. His sports interests centered mainly in the soccer squad and the military track squad. His friends were many, for he had that rare knack of being an attentive listener and a wise counselor for the boys who sought his advice.



Wendell McHenry, Jr.

WAUPACA, WISCONSIN

Mac came to us with pleasant memories of the University of Wisconsin. Being more accomplished than his classmates along the romantic line, he is one of the few who retained his O.A.O. from plebe year to graduation. With the exception of Math, his only academic worry was lifting grades above starring average. Little extra-duty was the result of his adherence to the saying "It's not what you do, but when you do it." Because of Mac's Irish wit, quick judgment, and prediction, we need no crystal ball in viewing his future.

Mac

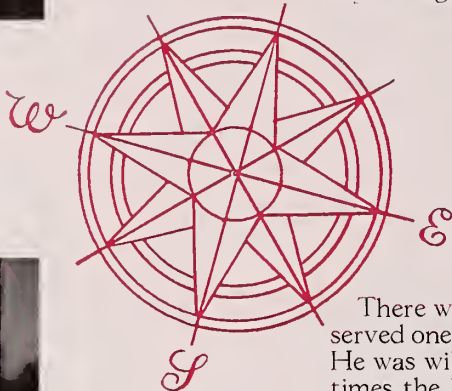


Doc

Paul



Brownie



Paul Nelson Mitchell

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

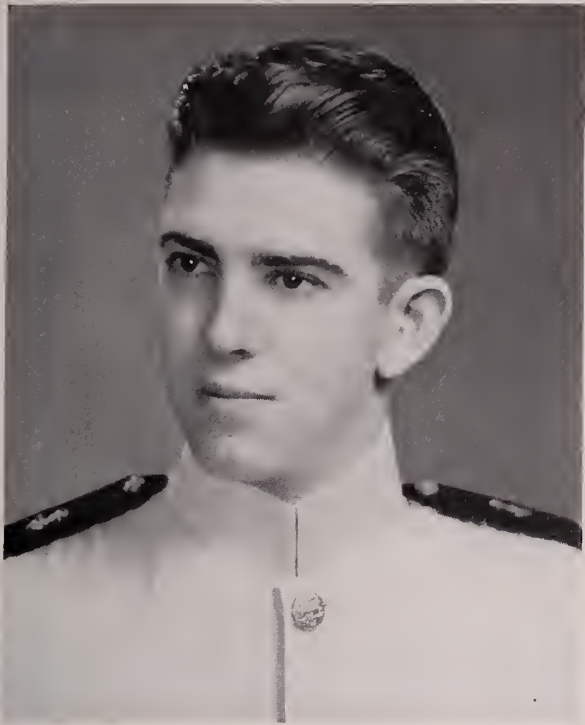
There was one man of whom the "Tin Can Navy" can be proud. Paul had already served one hitch on a destroyer, and he was looking for more of the same kind of duty. He was willing to defend the "cans" against all comers, although he admitted that at times the life was a little rough. When he decided to give a rendition of *My Wild Irish Rose* while taking a shower, the entire deck was well aware of the fact, and could hardly fail to appreciate that this Boston Irishman was to be heard as well as seen.

Nicholas Browning Norris, Jr.

CHATTANOOGA, TENNESSEE

Known as "Brownie" - "Nicky" to the fairer sex of course - this curly haired son of Chattanooga started showing the Navy how to play tennis plebe year by winning his N*. He and his numerous tennis rackets were a large asset to the tennis team for three years. His wit and unique vocabulary made him the spark of many a bull session. Passing Skinny and staying warm came harder to this bandy-legged Rebel than did arguing and wrestling, making him the always fun-loving, unpredictable martyr of 1205 and 3052.





Marcellus Thomas Pitz

RAPID CITY, SOUTH DAKOTA

We suspect that Mark had a hard time surrendering his fishing rod and favorite trout flies, not to mention his deer rifle, to take up a slide rule at the Academy. He's probably promised himself, however, that once he graduates he'll be able to dangle a line and hook over the fantail of his ship. Mark left metallurgy school with the hope that he could correlate future study along these lines with a Naval career—and perhaps earn his wings as well. We know that if it can be done, he'll do it.



Robert Calvin Parsons

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

"Punchy" blew into Crabtown from Schenectady, surprised to find that there was anything worth seeing besides the Empire State and the G.E. Formerly a football player at Purdue, Bob went out for the study team at the Academy. His aggressive character won the admiration of his classmates and the "respect" of the plebes. Bob was a strong supporter of the maxim that, "A lady's place is with a man." Always a joker, some of his battles with the Executive Department were sensational.

Mark

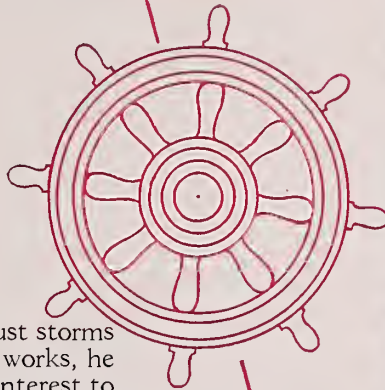


Bob

Troy Gene Ray

MARTHA, OKLAHOMA

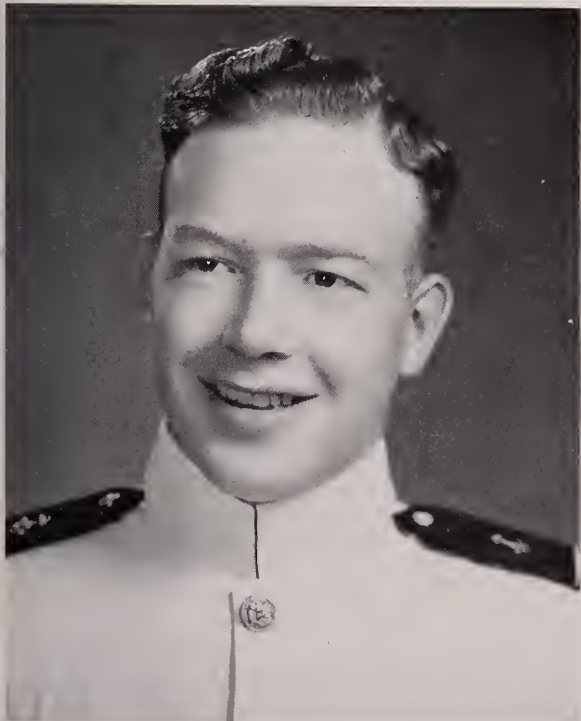
The "Big Red" blew in on the crest of one of those famous Oklahoma dust storms one day, and after discarding his loud shirt for a few dozen pairs of white works, he settled down to a reg life. Women and academics being the two things of interest to "Rojo," he always slashed seriously during the week and socially on the week-ends. What a life! "Rojo's" attitude seemed to be "Where there's a will there's a way and where there's a way there's a Ray."



Big Red



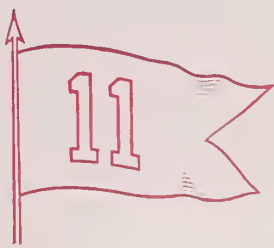
Fred



Fred Prescott Ritchie, Jr.

BERKELEY, CALIFORNIA

From University of California Fred brought a sunny disposition that never failed, as well as a continuous line on the merits of the Golden State, from its oranges to its mountains. Adept at doing anything, Fred stood near the top of his class in academics. Despite the time he spent sailing, managing the rifle team, and working on the Business Gang, Fred never failed to take time out to help a classmate. A natural wit, Fred did much to brighten up the old grind for all of us.



Don John Roulstone

WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK

It was not that Jack was so very much opposed to athletics as it was the mere fact that he just loved to play bridge. His two big worries were youngster Steam and his O.A.O., both somewhat alike in their unpredictable nature. The military track squad claimed some of his winter afternoons, but only if there were not enough plebes to make up the team. If you want to "stay in the chips" just play bridge with Jack for your partner.



Herbert Edward Salter

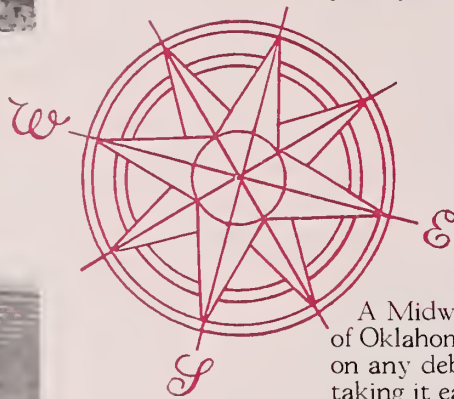
PAWTUCKET, RHODE ISLAND

Whenever someone rattles a deck of cards, a lot of us are going to remember "Indecisive 'erbert," the man who could never quite make up his mind. "Salty" participated in company sports, when they could catch him, and was an ardent sailing enthusiast. An ex-Brown man, he did pretty well academically but excelled with a deck of cards. He will always be remembered by his wives as the sleepest looking man at reveille that they have ever seen, and as one of the few fellows who didn't get fried plebe year.

Salty



Jack



Al

Alvin Nelson Sampson

CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA

A Midwesterner at heart, Sam came from Cameron College and the farm country of Oklahoma. With a broad background, Alvin was always ready to argue, pro or con, on any debatable subject, from farming to world affairs. Al gave the appearance of taking it easy in the academic line, but could get more work done than the best of us. His straightforward, easy-going manner won him many friends, who in turn, often benefitted by his example in taking the rough as well as the smooth with a grin.

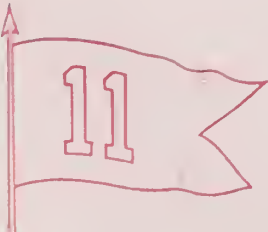


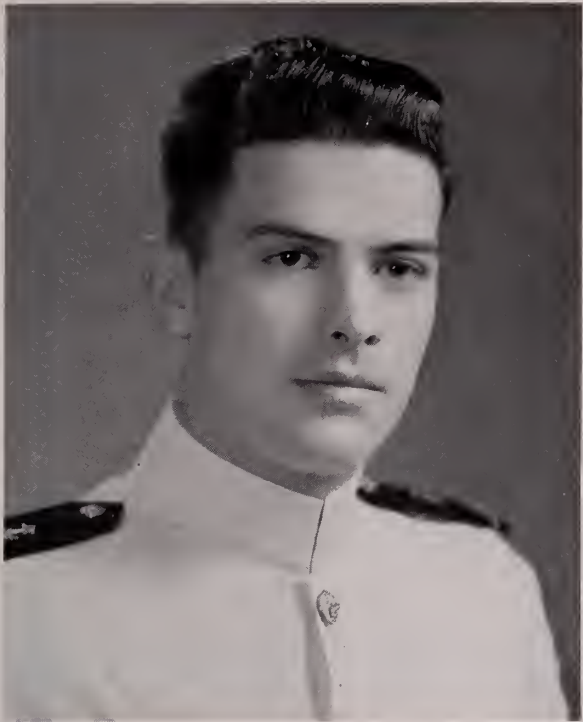
Bob

Robert Bailey Schabacker

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

A graduate of Western Reserve Academy, Bob had joined a Naval Reserve Unit as the first step toward replacing his blood with salt water. He soon discovered that to make headway in the Navy an Academy ring was a prime requisite. When not collecting engagement announcements from "girls he knew when," or spreading Erie propaganda, "Schabbie" sailed on everything that floated, from the starboats to the yawls. If you ever see a pigboat or a can breaking out a spinnaker, Bob will be aboard.





Phil Thomas Sprickman

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

From the beginning it was evident that the academic obstacle course would hold no pitfalls for this boy from the shores of Lake Erie. Phil's maxim in dragging was "quality, not quantity." In the field of sports, crew was the main attraction, but he was equally at home on a yawl. The Executive Department managed to claim only an occasional afternoon during the three-year stay. With his sense of humor, ability, and determination, Phil can make plans for a big future.



Willard Franklyn Searle, Jr.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

After studying at Washington and Lee University and Ohio State, Willie saw the light and joined the Regiment. Versatility was the keynote of his every endeavor, and his classmates were indebted to him for solutions to Math problems. With abounding energy, "Sloppy" sang in the Glee Club, skillfully twisted his opponents into knots on the wrestling mat, and helped to make the *Log* a success. His sun-burned nose and "specs" will identify Bill as a friend we'll be glad to meet again.

Phil

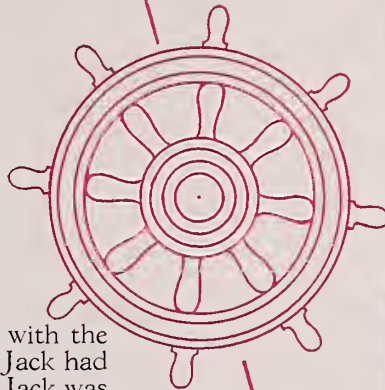


Willie

John Rose Taylor, Jr.

NEW BERN, NORTH CAROLINA

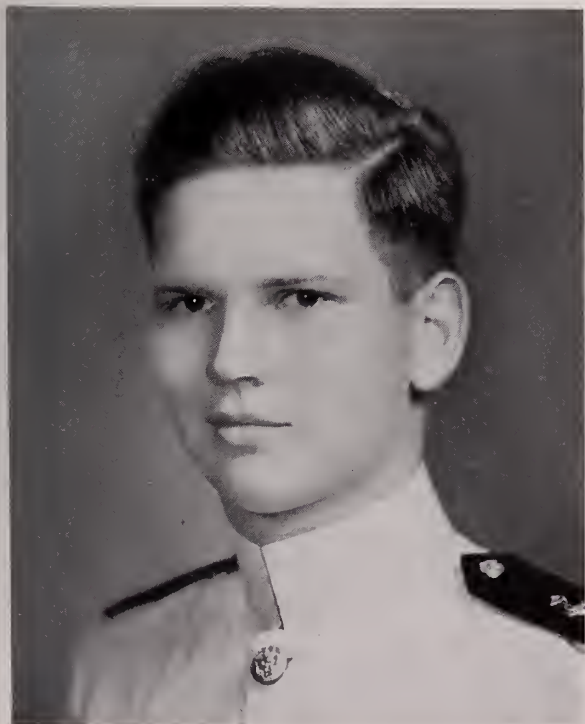
From the land of strictly beautiful women came this gentleman scholar with the remarkable accent. With the exception of Bull, Dago, Steam, and Skinny, Jack had little trouble with academics. His two loves were the Navy and New Bern. Jack was the despair of all plebes, for his, "I did it, why can't they?" philosophy didn't appeal to them. He did not engage in athletics. "Not because I'm lazy, but because I'm tired." Equally at home on the dance floor or on the bunk, he will never be at a loss for words, thoughts, or friends.



Jack



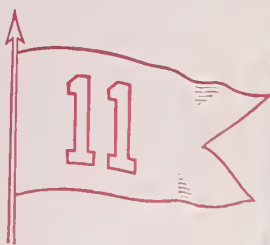
Tommy



Harwell Boston Thompson

ROMNEY, WEST VIRGINIA

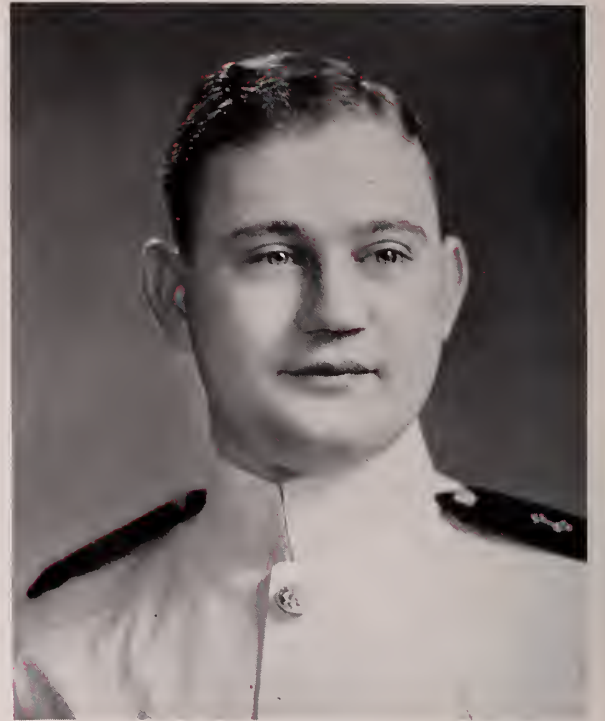
The first sea water of any description that "Tommy" saw was the salty Chesapeake. Coming from "West by God," he entered the Academy to make the Navy his career and to get into the fight. And what a fight he had, barely nosing out the Bull Department in the home stretch. His unassuming manner and down to earth philosophy made him a favorite. We often wondered where he kept his valuables as his strong box was always full of letters from the O.A.O. One of his big ambitions is to spend his last days on a bottom-land farm in West Virginia.



Richard Stewart Vardy

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

This blond, with a continual smile on his face, and an attached "halo," was naturally happy-go-lucky. "Angel" never hesitated to get what was coming to him. He managed a heavy correspondence circle, kept a file of addresses and telephone numbers, and always ended up dragging the Blonde. When not playing liberty hound or sticking around the crew house, he could be found fighting the waves of the Bay on anything that sailed. In his spare time "Flagbag" turned to his hobby, photography, and worked on the Reef Points.



Walter Charles Weaver

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Walt had an amazing capacity for flaking out; his motto "Why do anything else when you can sleep?" Dago and Walt just didn't see eye to eye, and it was a two-year battle to see which could out do the other. When not sleeping, the "Eager Beaver" could be found in the Radio Club. Perhaps the most outstanding characteristic he possessed was an absolute immunity to the attractions of the opposite sex. The day Walt succumbs will be indeed a sad one for those who have utter faith in this "king of all Red Mikes."

Walt



Angel



Windy

Winston Conway Williams

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Entering from high school, where he had edited a newspaper and a yearbook, "Windy" vigorously took up writing for Reef Points, and later became associate editor of Trident magazine. Though not strictly a ladies' man, he usually paced the Flying Squadron and when not fighting the sub squad, he took to track for a sport, where he earned recognition for his flying feet. We'll always remember "Windy" as a cheery, ambitious guy, still bilging academics, and still training for track on chocolate cake.



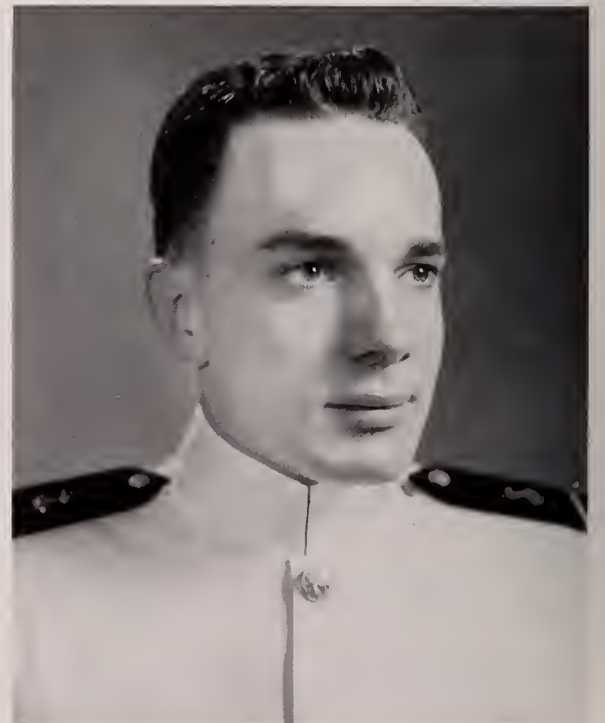
Buddy

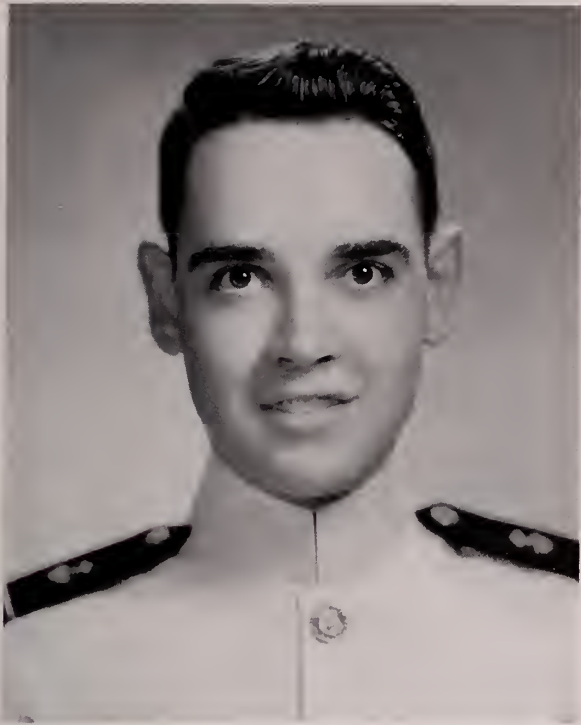


David Cranmer Williamson

KENANSVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Born and bred in the tradition of the Deep South, "Buddy" came from North Carolina as a smiling, easy to get along with Rebel. "Now I'm telling you boy," could only mean that Willy was on the trail of another poor plebe who didn't realize the importance of North Carolina. In his spare time, Willy enjoyed nothing more than to "shoot the breeze" over a cigarette, yet in spite of his sack drill philosophy, he was always ready to do you one better in the gym.





Kenneth Anderson Ackley, Jr.

LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

"Ack-Ack" came East to the Naval Academy to disprove hill-billies by wearing shoes and speaking "impeccable" English. To his despair he learned that the feed water system is not as simple in construction as a bathtub gin still, but he triumphed in good measure. Casual *Log* cartoon contributor, chameleonic athletic, able portrait sketcher, fervent Glenn Miller fan, he found much happiness at the Academy, whether alone or with his comrades. His nautical vocation does not completely dominate his avocational interest in art, politics, and aviation. He wants to live a replete, seafaring, useful life, and we believe he will.



Bruce Arthur Winner

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

"Win" had that valuable combination of a sunny disposition and earnestness which attracted every one he met including—of course—the fairer sex. Varsity baseball and football kept "O. B.'s" athletic schedule full, and it was his booming bass voice that could be heard across the diamond and gridiron as he jammed the "pep and ginger" needle into his teammates' arms. Nor was he only athletically and scholastically inclined, for on hop week-ends he could always be found escorting one of his pretty drags around the yard.

Ack-Ack

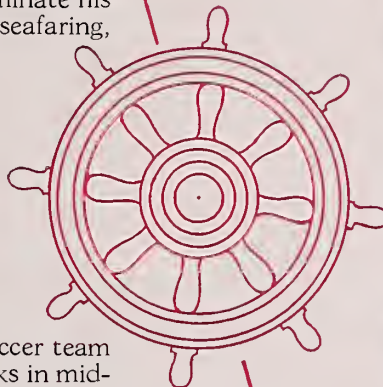


Win

William Henry Adams

MANHATTAN, KANSAS

Plebe year Bill indicated the course he was going to follow. The plebe soccer team wasn't too hard to make and he soon had his major sport. Despite four weeks in midshipman paradise during winter term and a countless number on the goldbrick squad spring term, he managed to ably head the Class Crest Committee. He did not, however, devote all his time to serious things. Bill lived life with a weather eye decked for fun and with the help of his friends things never neared the dull stage.



Bill



Phil



Philip Harcourt Allen

EASTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Phil arrived in Annapolis endowed with an unusual seriousness of purpose; he was Blue and Gold from head to toe. In many ways he is the typical Yankee of American tradition; thrifty, honest, and close-mouthed; he could be amazingly patient with the brainstorm of his spendthrift wife. Easy to live with, Henry spent much of his free time running cross-country races or the half-mile in battalion track meets. Dragging only rarely, Phil spent most week-ends sailing. Though he hopes for submarines, Phil will find satisfaction in any duty he's assigned.



Maurice Alfred Auger

MANVILLE, RHODE ISLAND

"You want the facts about my interesting life?" "Moe" simulated deep thinking, flicked his ashes at arm's length, and answered, "My glorious past is too eventful for a mere summary; my future—too promising for impertinent speculation. I prefer to avoid bothersome fame, at least during my own century." When in a serious mood, "Moe's" favorite diversion is discussing politics, philosophy, books, the war. His are a flair for art, a mastery of French, and a nose which he will tell you distinguishes all great men of history.

Dave



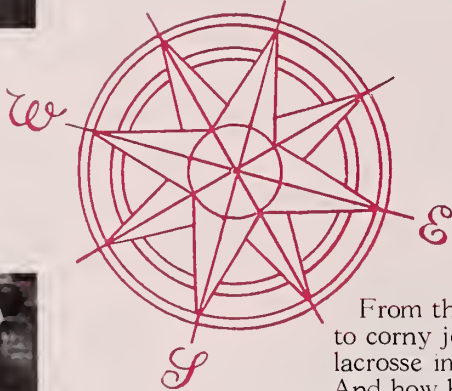
David Armistead Barksdale

WHITEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

After three years at the University of North Carolina, Dave decided to shift his interests from physical education to the Navy. Soft spoken and quiet, Dave was everybody's friend. He was conscientious and on the ball, two traits of character that helped him to achieve his goal, both in academics and in sports. Although occasionally he found the studies hard, Dave was always at ease in his athletic gear, whether it was football, lacrosse, or boxing. Our class can well be proud that it has such a fellow as Dave in it.



Moe



Barney

William Aaron Barnes

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

From the sandy wastes of "New Mehico," Barney came a-ridin'. A perfect listener to corny jokes, his toothy chuckle made everyone else laugh with him. Bill took to lacrosse immediately on entering the Academy; every spring found him playing it. And how he hated to lose! Academics took much of his time, but hard work always got him by. Living so far away, he spent his Christmas leaves in New York and Santa Fe will hear many stories of the "Great White Way." If popularity were the key to success, Barney would be top man on the totem pole.



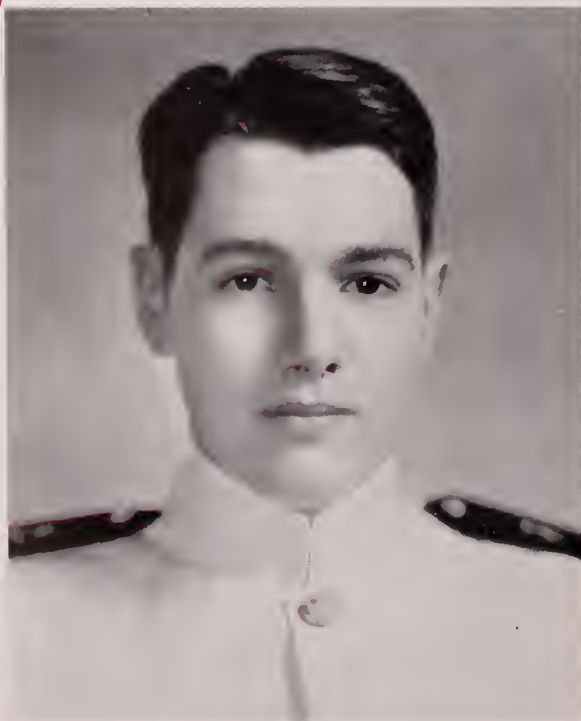
Burr

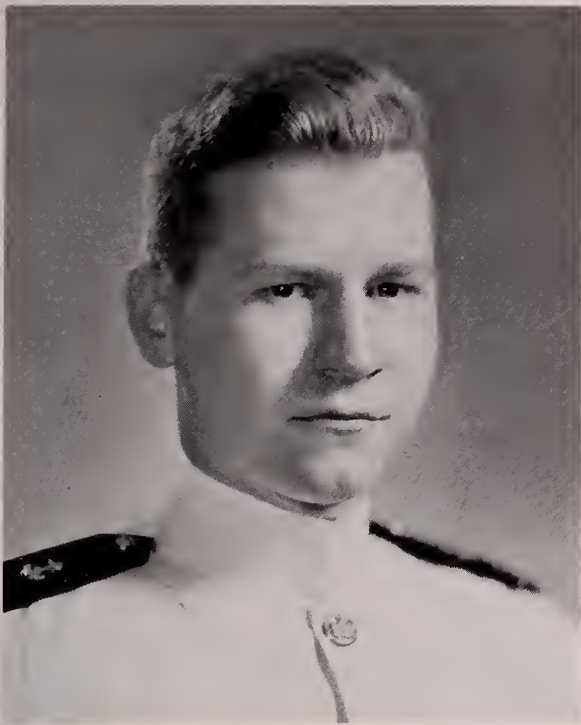


John Heron Burhans

CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

Yes, "Burr" is a stalwart son of the Golden West, whose weaknesses may be listed totally as blondes and "Tin Cans." For three years we have followed this carefree lad through his encounters with the Academic Departments and until now, there have been few complaints. He could have easily been a lawyer for the California Chamber of Commerce, but with due credit to his inner seriousness and the fact that he has been steeped in Naval lore since birth, we know that he will be a lifelong seafarer and an excellent shipmate.





George Aiken Caldwell, Jr.

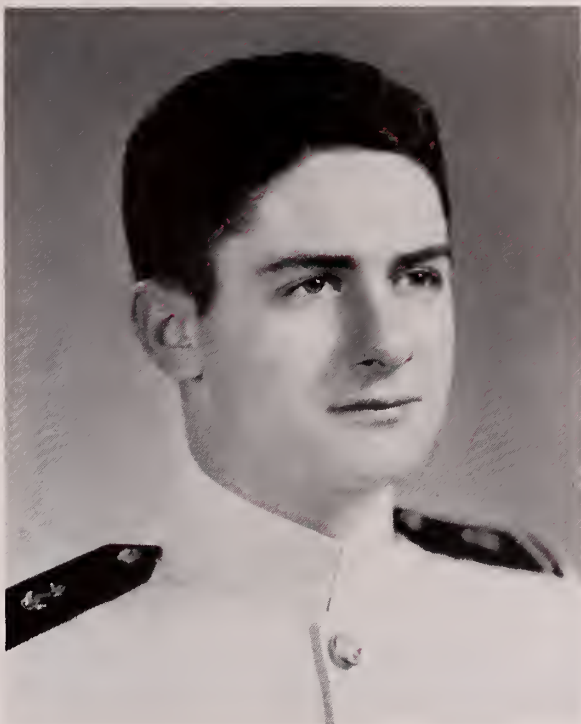
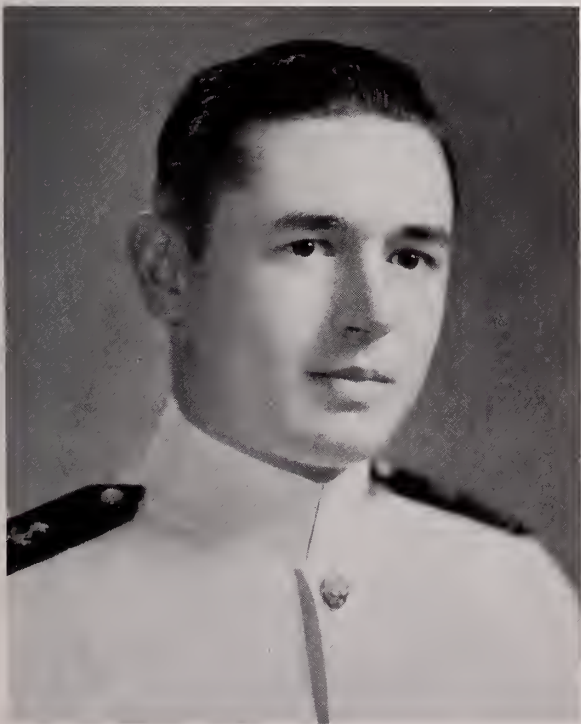
KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

He mimics Damon Runyon, devours *Colliers*, and gets a brush cut every spring. He plays handball, tennis, the horse races and the victrola. He's a master at diplomacy, dancing and sack drills. He was welcome to all bull sessions, and we shall always recall his humor, playfulness, sincerity, and his old brown cigarette holder. If George's readiness to take a blind date is a measure of his courage, we not only have a potential hero in our midst, but also a multi-dyed martyr. George has our best wishes for good luck and swift promotion.

Francis Joseph Callahan, Jr.

LIMA, OHIO

Just three years ago, a typical "Buckeye" whipped into Crabtown, a piece of Lima's famed pipe line clutched in one hand, a sheaf of pin-up girls in the other. Bubbling over with ambition to be a submariner and to drag a queen, Joe soon proved that he was a man of action. A lover of the great out-of-doors, Cal led company teams in basketball, baseball, and military track; yet he found time to give extra instruction in Skinny, Math, and Steam. A demon for work, Joe will always be where the going is toughest, "giving 'em hell."



Edwin A. Burns

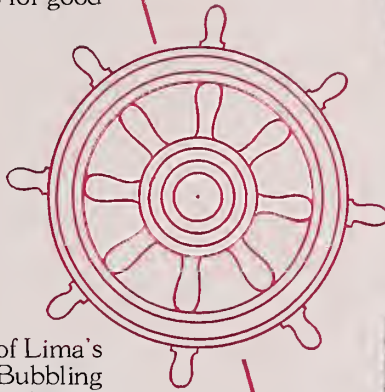
GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN

"Smiling Eddie" blew into Annapolis in '42 bringing a fund of yarns about his home town, a ready handshake for anyone who would admit having heard of Grand Haven, and a tendency to speak his mind freely and often forcefully. Burns spent much of his spare time in informal debates and bull sessions; Ed can recite any one of a hundred poems on a moment's notice. Like almost every midshipman, congenial Ed played intramural sports each term, excelling in baseball. If he has anything to do about it, you'll hear of "E. A." again.

George



Ed



Joe



Al

Albert Joseph Carnegie

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

After gaining the distinction of being the best "Rat" at Citadel, Al came to the Naval Academy where he soon showed his military prowess by leading his platoon to first place in the plebe summer infantry competition. When not pitching for the company softball team or swinging a tennis racket, Al could be found absorbing general information concerning the armed forces. His willingness to learn and pleasing personality have won him many friends who got as much fun out of being run by him as he did in running them.



David Alexander Clement

QUANTICO, VIRGINIA

The Navy's loss is the Marine Corps' gain, but Dave says he wouldn't be happy without a gun in his hands. Someone said that Dave used a rifle for a teething ring, but he wouldn't have done that, for it might have ruined the gun. When he wasn't firing with the pistol team, Dave could usually be found sailing, this sport rating next to shooting in his estimation. Dave will long be remembered for his troubles with Bull, extra duty, and the fair sex. Duty with Dave will always be full of laughs, and we're looking forward to seeing him again.

Danny



Dave

Red



Lew

Lewis Moore Cutter

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

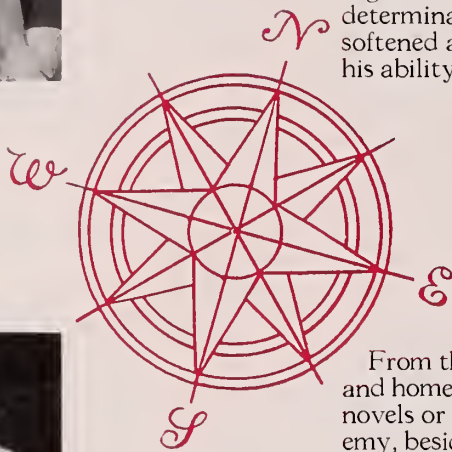
Lew rambled up to Annapolis straight from Georgia Tech, and during the next three years he gained the distinction of being one of the draggin'est midshipmen in the Academy. Plebe rates cramped his style for a while, but when youngster year arrived, he settled down to business and the first thing we knew, he was engaged. Lew's extracurricular energy was dissipated on various company sports, week-end sailing trips, and the Business Gang. Lew's smile, with its flashy display of teeth, will continue to make friends for him.



Daniel Joseph Clements, Jr.

PENN YAN, NEW YORK

Though proud of his small town background, Danny was never the small town boy. Unlike most fellows with a vengeful Academic Department snapping at their heels, he engaged in nearly every intramural sport offered. His favorites were always outdoor sports, soccer, track, football, or sailing. Being Irish and honest, he never passed up a good debate. With classmates and instructors alike, Danny was admired for his determination to speak his mind. A broad grin and explosive good humor, however, softened any sting his words might have, while innumerable drags give ready proof of his ability to enliven any gathering. In short, he likes life and makes you like it too.

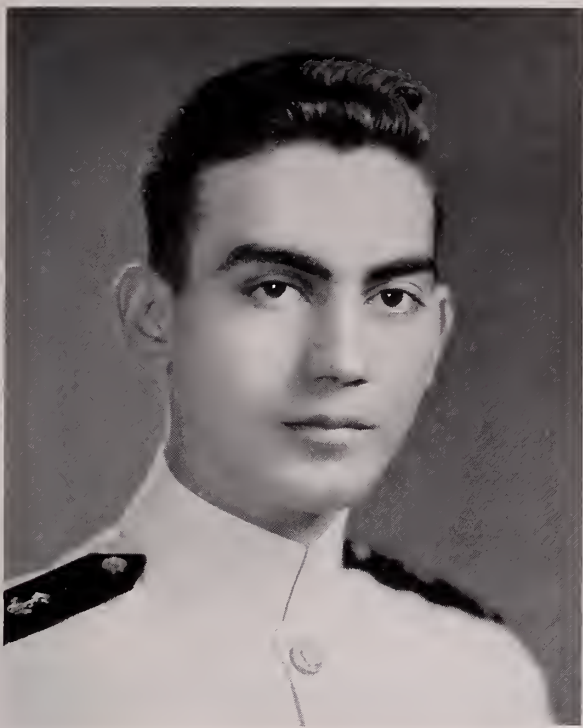


Thomas Joseph Connellan, Jr.

BRONX, NEW YORK

From the beginning of plebe summer Tom won friends with his engaging personality and homely Irish smile. Academics came easy to Red, and he was usually busy reading novels or explaining tough probs to less fortunate classmates. His real love at the Academy, besides working overtime for the Bronx Chamber of Commerce, was sailing in the "Spindy." When winter arrived he helped manage the swimming team and first-class year took over the reins as varsity manager. A keen sense of humor coupled with natural ability in most fields should keep Tom out in the front in whatever he undertakes.

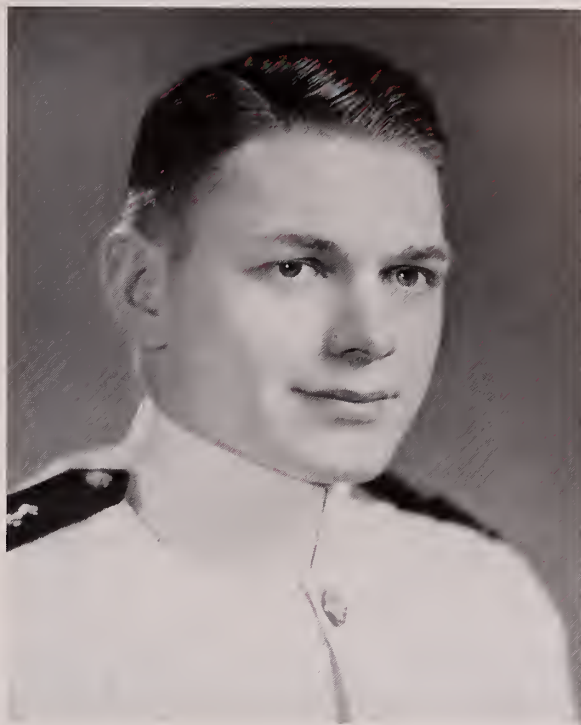




Raymond Carl Damm

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

This nobility-steeped Viking from Norway, or rather, Sweden, came to the Academy to be a rough, tough sailor, and he has succeeded well. Fortunately, however, the roar of firerooms and the multiplicity of technical monstrosities have not upset his fine sense of music. Farragut must share honors with Bizet in the world of this musical literate. "Sir," he would say to his fellow protagonists, "My name's Damm, not damn!" And well might they heed the pronunciation of this phonetic prodigy from "Joisey." His remarkable eyebrows, expert French, running ability, and his complacency in all crises should bring him laurels.



John Carter Dale

MERCHANTVILLE, NEW JERSEY

"Baldy" was another of the many Jersey boys who filled out the twelfth company. Most of his time was spent out on the football field as one of the work-horse linemen trying to nose out the bigger men. (He was one of the very lightest on the line.) Torn between the gridiron and those wild week-end sailing trips, "Baldy" didn't waste too much time dragging—until first-class year when the "reserved" tag was removed and the hops received one of the class' most confirmed jitterbugs.

Ray

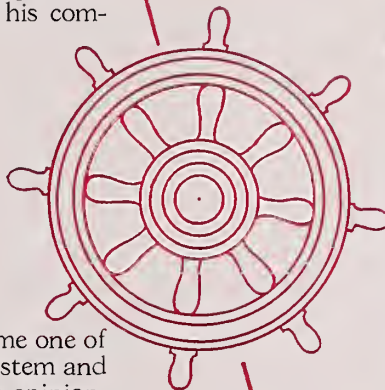


Baldy

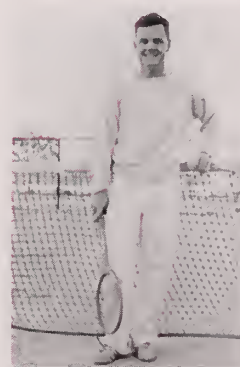
Joseph Francis Dolan

WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

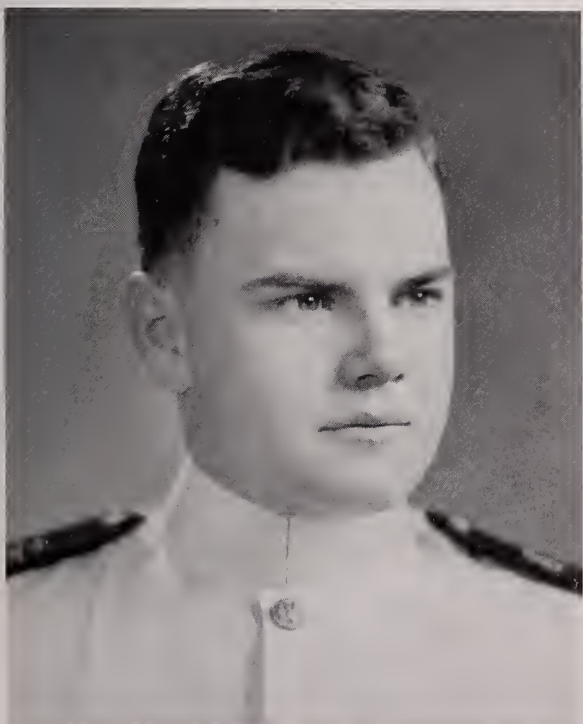
With a broad Boston accent and a year at Harvard behind him, Joe became one of the more bewildered and innocent plebes. Eventually he caught on to the system and settled down to his major task of studying. In spite of an original adverse opinion, Joe participated in company and battalion sports, and learned to enjoy them very much. Submarines and singing were his two major interests, although his vocal renditions were the cause of many disputes among his classmates. Good natured and jovial, Joe's friendly Irish nature holds him high in his classmates' esteem.



Joe



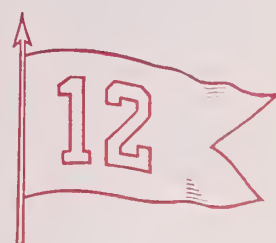
Baron



Robert Doran

MAPLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

From the quiet tinkle of cocktail glasses, "The Baron" arrived to add to the bedlam of the Naval Academy. "Baron" surrounded himself with a small group of close friends, who heartily joined him in a protest of their lot in life. His swimming prowess rapidly came to the fore and an "N" successfully closed his career. He was at his best on the "briny deep" of the Chesapeake at the helm of one of our yachts or yawls. This interest was consummated as vice-commodore of the Boat Club. Thanks for the memories your name will recall, "Baron."



Richard Andrew Dunning

HOPKINTON, MASSACHUSETTS

After twenty months in the Fleet, Dick entered the Academy with an insatiable appetite. Plebe summer he found his main interest on the horizontal bar and soon earned a permanent berth on the varsity squad. His popularity and readiness to "go to bat" for his classmates were proved by his election as company representative and member of the Ring Committee. From the beginning, he professed to be a staunch family man, intent upon a graduation marriage; every happy hour we found him writing that letter to "Shorty."

Bill



William James Ross Dunseath

AUDUBON, NEW JERSEY

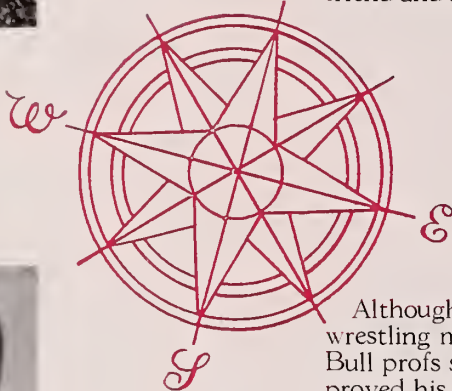
Bill always seemed to be the type to have an O.A.O., but he never has, even after all those various involvements with his mysterious women. Every couple of weeks he would be writing to someone he didn't even know. We never saw anything like the guy. Yes, a romanticist, even though they did call him "Gun-shy." Really a quiet fellow, he saved his fire for the lacrosse field and the juke box. Like most people of depth, Bill was just a little bit difficult to know well, but those who did know him found a true friend and a fine companion.



Dick



Mike



Michael Bernard Elliott

RIVERTON, NEW JERSEY

Although the necessity of taking off another pound for a match kept him busy wrestling most of the year, Mike found plenty of time to spend sailing yawls. The Bull profs stirred up some trouble for him plebe year, but with the chips down Mike proved his salt and has not given them another chance to catch him in his mad dash for an ensign's stripe. He professes to be a "Red Mike," but the beautiful girls he dragged to the hops lent little support to his assertions. His infectious smile and sincere look have paid big dividends.



Harry



Harry Colfax Farmer

WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

Texas lost a favorite son and the Army Air Force one of its finest civilian instructors when Harry entered the Academy. Although he be-moaned leaving his beautiful Texas women, Harry didn't waste his charming curly hair; he never missed a hop or other opportunity to drag. Harry is a man of action — being the driving force behind many company teams during his three years at the Academy. His easy-going manner and cooperative spirit will assure him success in his ambition to be one of the Navy's flying aces.





Samuel Linthicum Fiske

ROUND BAY, MARYLAND

"Sambo" missed his calling by not being a producer or a promoter. He was probably the most ardent follower of athletics and extemporaneous shows in the Academy. He applied a part of his talent to the sailing team where he was perfectly at home, having grown up on the Severn and Chesapeake. Outside the limits of the Academy, his interests were confined to the future wife. (She saw to it). A combination of hospitality and wit gave "S. Linthicum" a group of friends that will last forever.



Percival Norman Fenton, Jr.

COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY

After jobs ranging from soda jerk to shipyard worker, "Fent" came here to try his luck. For a man with fun in his nature, he found it easy to laugh and make others laugh with him. Varsity sports were not for him, but he was always conscientious about keeping in shape, wrestling being his pet pastime. All other interests were overshadowed by his strong desire to be on the water. He was sure to be found out on a yacht or yawl when weather permitted. To know him is to like him, and many people will know him in his career.

Sambo

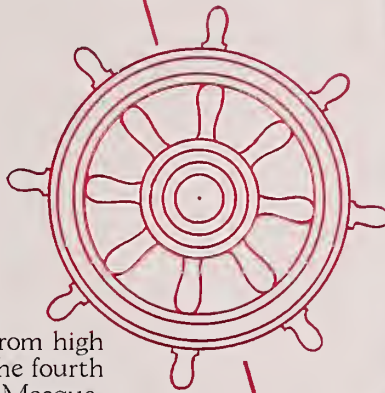


Fent

Luther James Graves, Jr.

STURGIS, MICHIGAN

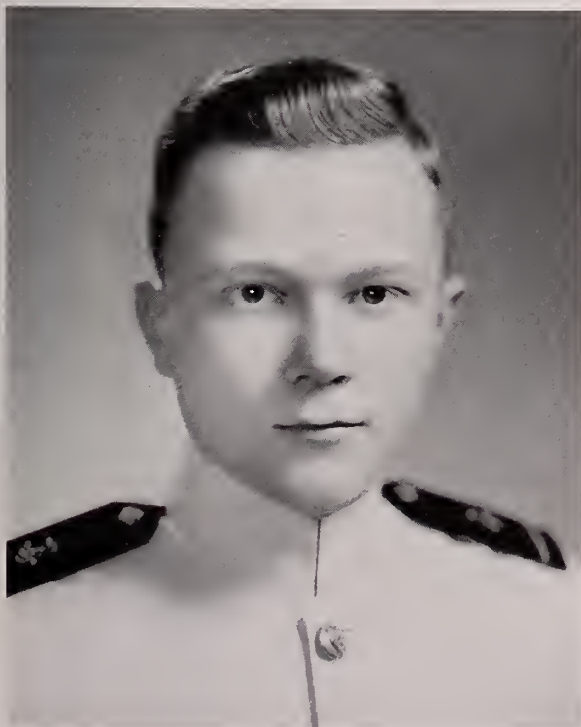
"Luth" was another of the boys that came to the banks of the Severn from high school. You could always spot him, every Saturday morning, racing up to the fourth deck to see if he had that letter from home. During the productions of the Masqueraders and the other Academy theatrical ventures, you would find Luther back stage lending a hand in the Stage Gang. Coming to the Academy with no previous swimming experience, he had trouble with the sub squad, but won out eventually. Even though studious, he still knew the proper time for a sack drill.



Luth



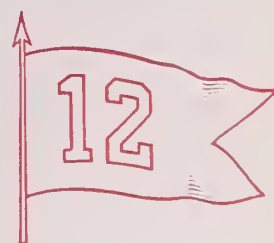
Joe



Joseph Michael Greene

MILLVILLE, NEW JERSEY

Joe left the "Hub" of South Jersey and a two-year down payment on an engineering degree at Rutgers University to come to Annapolis. Because he was on the savvy side in Math and Science, "Greene Bean" shouldered the burden of pushing his roommate, along with several other buckets, through three years of wrestling with a slipstick. During recreation periods, if he wasn't working out with the company basketball or baseball team, he could usually be found in the canteen. Time could have been saved often by looking in the canteen first.



Robert Henry Haslett

RENO, NEVADA

When Teddy divorced Reno to espouse the Navy he found himself with a demanding wife. The academics were troublesome at first, but he stuck to them with the determination of a true Westerner and soon had them licked. His athletic tastes run to fast games such as soccer and basketball, and he proved himself agile and capable at both. Being from Reno, Bob had a gambler's spirit and was always willing to take a chance on a blind drag. Always well up on the grease list, Teddy proved that you could be both apt and popular with your classmates.

Mike



Teddy



Hollie



Jim

James Vance Houston

MOORESVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

After two years of cutting classes at Davidson College in North Carolina, Jim set sail for Annapolis. All went well with this happy-go-lucky Southern lad until annual swim tests appeared when he behaved as the proverbial stone, but Jim always made sure he was off the sub squad in time for wrestling season to rub the competition over the mat. He gave commands as no man has ever given them and has kept many a section guessing; but Jim's voice is finishing its changing stage now and all should go well in the future.



Arthur Michael Hayes, Jr.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

A native of Baltimore, Mike came to the Academy with a ready excuse for Maryland weather; "It's bound to clear up for the hop this week-end, fellahs; it always does!" His managership in plebe and varsity football took up his plebe and youngster falls. Mike's principal characteristics are a quiet reserve, generosity, and strong opinions with a good argument to back them up. A cheerful attitude and thoughtfulness make him a good friend. Confidence and hard work have brought him through a tough course with a good record which he will continue to maintain in his profession.



Louis Samuel Hollier, Jr.

BOZEMAN, MONTANA

Independent—that's "Hollie"—not stubborn, but individualistic. Both profs and classmates found him ready to defend his personal views: often he led ours. Characteristically, he developed abilities in varied sports and refused to overuse his "savvy" in studies. Inherent modesty, natural frankness, meticulous grooming, and instant friendliness mark this original "clean-cut kid." Sam's full of surprises, though, especially when someone mentions Montana shepherders: the ordinary reservedness disappears, penetrating gray eyes shine, that constant smile becomes even more full of fun, and dry humor turns to mock seriousness. There aren't many like Sam—and those who know him are sorry.

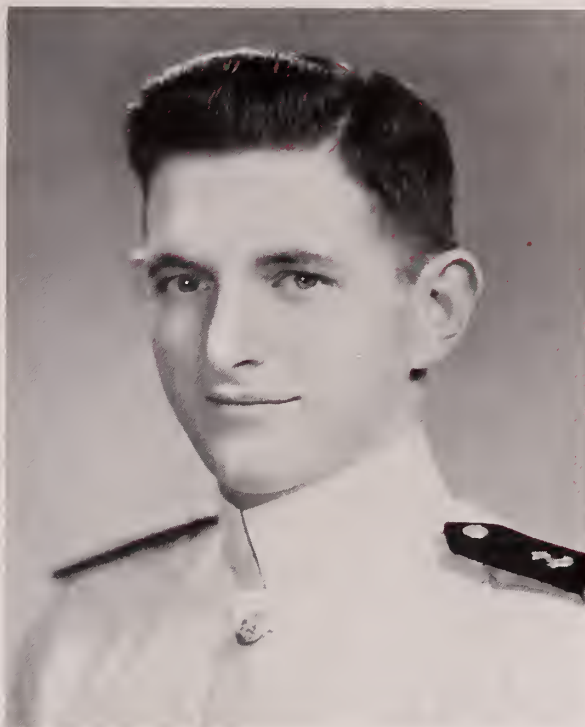




Thomas Donald Kehoe

BRONX, NEW YORK

Fresh from the sidewalks of New York, Don brought with him many characteristics of the big city, except (and no one could figure out why) the accent of his native Bronx. Athletic and extremely fond of sports, he distinguished himself in basketball and various company sports. Academics were a snag, but possessed of an ability to catch on quickly, "Tomato" made out well. Don became famous for his woman troubles, but the things we shall all remember longest are his great affability and his big Irish laugh. Don's judgment and personality will make him one to watch.



John Arnold Jacobsen

STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

Jake entered the Academy with two years of destroyer service to his credit. Among his accomplishments are his active participation in battalion and company sports, his earnest desire to make every "tea-fight" a jitterbugging success, and his definite knack for picking up such descriptive nomenclature as "Sookie." Jake's assiduity and his keen desire to prove himself worthy of his commission will inevitably gain for him the respect and admiration of his fellow officers.

Tomato



Jake

Franklin Theodore King

LEBANON, NEW HAMPSHIRE

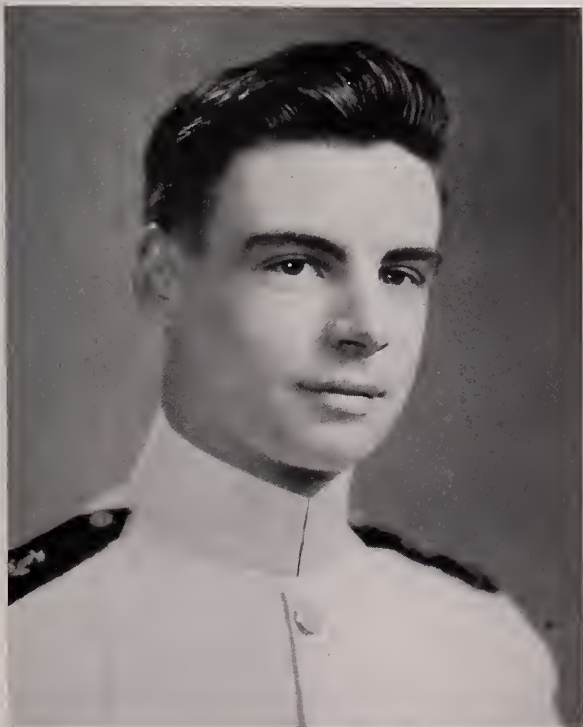
His winning grin, spirit of independence, and love for argument made Frank a favorite with all of us. A veteran member of the Commandant's daily swim party, Frank's motto became "As goes the ship—so goes King." He exerted his leadership in managing a fighting battalion track team. Life at the Academy was made more livable by daily letters of inspiration from Maine. Conscientious, sharp-witted, and able to laugh in the gloomiest situation, Frank is the man you want to have around when there is trouble brewing.



Frank



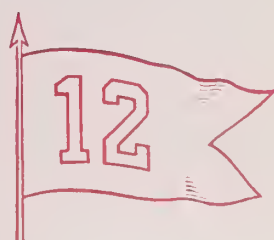
Dave



John David King, Jr.

COLUMBUS, OHIO

"J. D.," a member of one of the First Families of Virginia, came to the Academy singing *Begin the Beguine* and with that song so shall he leave. His personality has been responsible for many friends. Far from being a "Red Mike," Dave felt some sort of self-imposed penalty when he missed a hop. Girls and letters, letters and girls; all made for Dave's happiness. A love for bridge placed him in a category not of the savours and yet far from the buckets. He stuck to the middle of the road and that's where we'll be able to find him.



Donald Merrill Layton

WOOSTER, OHIO

There was never a dull moment when Red Layton, the poor man's Bob Hope, was around. "The Great Red Joker" is a versatile individual with talents ranging from the sub-squad to the Ring Dance Committee, and to top these accomplishments the pride of Wooster, Ohio, is a star man. There is more than one of his classmates who can thank Red for an unselfish helping hand rendered at a vital point when the Academic Board was about to score a knockout. If friends were silver and ability gold, Red would be a millionaire.



John Keogh McKay

DUBUQUE, IOWA

"Black Jack" came to the Academy from the Corn State bringing with him a slide-rule, a basketball, and a two-a-day beard. After starting things rolling by winning stars and a varsity "N" in basketball as a plebe, Mac became a star man on Saturday nights as a member of the Hop Committee. When he wasn't writing letters or flaking out, Mac was promoting extra-curricular sessions in Math and Steam. Always a hard player and an easy loafer, Mac could weather any storm, for when things were blue and bitter, he could laugh.

Mac



Red

Mac

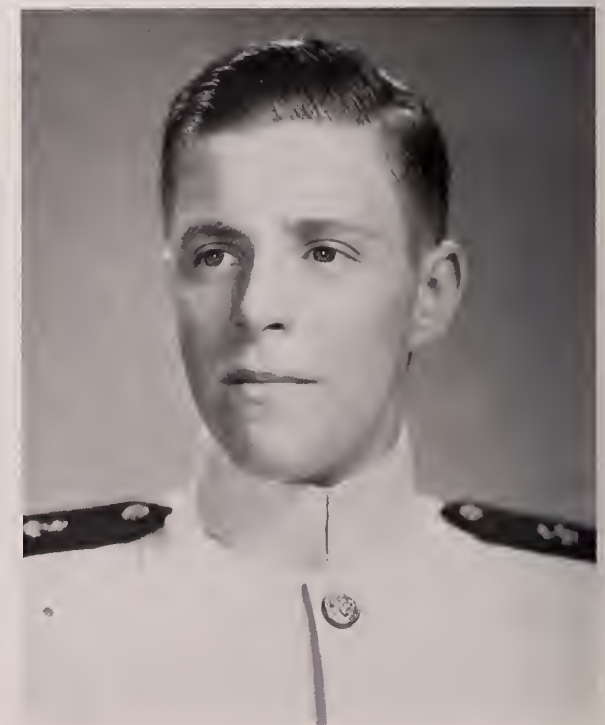


Hairless

Herbert Warren Moody

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

"Hairless" is an old salt who hails from our beloved Crabtown. He spent three years in the Navy preparing for the Academy; his success speaks for itself. Best known by his classmates as the "night-owl," he dragged his Margie every blessed week-end, rain or shine, extra duty or watch, exams or not. His neatness, forbearance, and ability to make wise decisions have made this son of Crabtown a credit to his class. His 135 pound frame has graced the soccer field, bowling alley, and track—to his battalion's credit. Need we say more?



Robert Palmer McKenzie

MARSHALL, MICHIGAN

Straight from high school, Mac moved into the Academy with all the confidence of one who is about to conquer. After ducking the passes of the Dago Department's scythe during plebe year, he settled back and took the academics as they came. Mac's love of sports found an outlet in football, basketball, and softball. With his infectious smile there was no shortage of women in Mac's life at the Academy; this may account for his almost perfect attendance record at the hops.





Baxter Hall Murphree

SENATOBIA, MISSISSIPPI

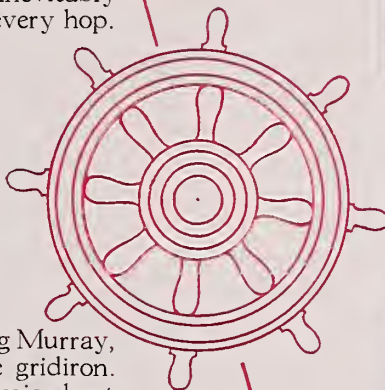
Anyone desiring to continue the Civil War, report to '63 and inquire for "Murph," the redheaded, "anti-anything-Yankee" lad from Mississippi. This academically savvy Rebel can present his arguments forcefully as well as both logically and fluently, since his principal activity at the Academy was boxing. His other spare time was divided between his most beloved occupation, dragging, and his most detested duty, the sub squad. To single out his one most famous accomplishment would inevitably be to remember how he habitually exhibited a different beautiful girl at every hop. Let's wish him the same success in every port.



John Robert Murray, Jr.

FLORENCE, ALABAMA

From the sunny Southland came hedge-hopping, hitch-hiking, high-balling Murray, concentrated T.N.T.—and Marion Institute's most promising son of the gridiron. "J. R.'s" varied interests, football, track, yacht sailing, and a clear tenor voice kept him from starrng, but his natural abilities and sincere efforts placed him high. With a broad friendly smile, a hearty laugh, and a cheerful greeting, Johnny was liked and admired by his many friends and loved by more than one curvacious blonde. What ever comes next there will always be the grin, a fine foundation for success!



David Landreth Munns

ELK RIVER, MINNESOTA

"Let's not study now; let's just talk." From the shores of Lake Minnetonka to the banks of the Severn is quite a jump, but Dave took it in his stride. His jovial nature and ability to laugh at any joke soon made us all want to see more of him. Battalion diving and track, the Glee Club, and yawl sailing were among his outside interests. No "Red Mike," he was always material for the one-three stag lines. A swell sport, a true sailor, and a great guy, Dave will always be a good man to have around.

Murph



Dave

Johnny

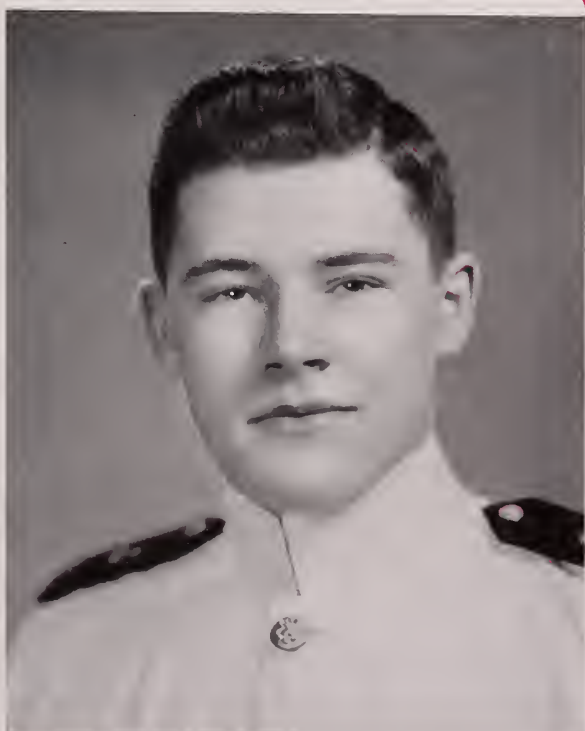


Bill

William Hamilton Northrup

ROUND LAKE, NEW YORK

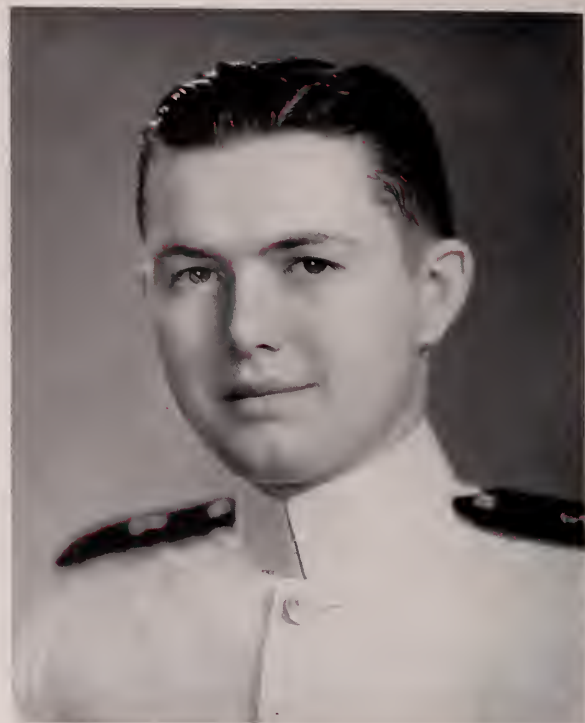
"Women are sheer delusions." With this statement Bill rolls over in his sack and is soon asleep. Three years of Academy life found this Red Mike starring in two achievements, not dragging and not writing letters. Academics interested him hardly more and study hours found him sound asleep or wrapped around a *Colliers*. His pride and joy was albums of Strauss and those week-end sailing trips. His idea of perfect duty—engineering officer aboard the "Reina." Although no novice at the flying game, Bill has decided to wait until after the war to get his wings.



Thomas Gilmore Pownall

MOOREVILLE, WEST VIRGINIA

It's difficult to perceive how a handsome, athletic West Virginian could twice bilge a literary romance course in his Naval Academy career, but that was the way Tom's luck ran. In spite of such breaks, "Poo" will always come back for more as he has demonstrated time and again by his undaunted spirit upon the gridiron. Not at all bashful, Tom has a way with the women, and we are sure that, as long as admirals have wives and daughters, "T. G." will find life well worth living.



Walter Ernest Saunders, Jr.

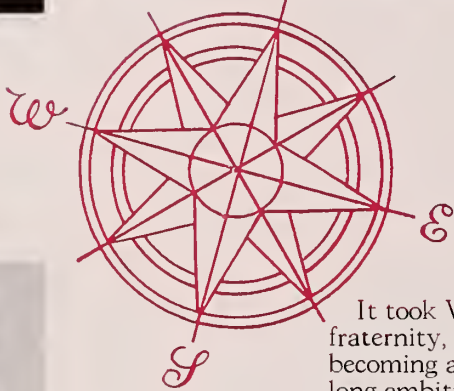
SYLVESTER, GEORGIA

"Where are you from, mister?" always brought forth a conversational spiel, for Sandy had to say Georgia, New York, and Florida. His Southern accent as well as his love for wine, women, and leisure seem to show more of the Georgia heritage. Never in a hurry, "We" managed to get in boxing, battalion football, and steeplechase as sidelines to his principal occupation, dragging. When '46 is eligible for flight training, Sandy will be among the first to win his wings. His duties may be done in a nonchalant manner, but you can be sure that they will be done.

Sandy



Tom



Roy



Leroy John Edward Sindell

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

It took West "By God" Virginia to produce this modern Omar Khayyam of flying, fraternity, drinking, dancing, and wooing fame. "Sinful" was well on his way toward becoming a flying instructor when an Academy appointment, a chance to fulfill a life-long ambition, came. Still, he hopes someday to decorate his blues with a pair of Navy wings. Meantime, believing that variety is the spice of sports, Roy spiced his Academy career with wrestling, swimming, gym, and sailing. If a happy ship makes for efficiency, Roy's good nature and his desire to help others will bring his ship smooth sailing.



Joe

Joseph Laurence Skoog, Jr.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

Annapolis has made a sailor and a man out of the "Reserve Sea Scout," best remembered for his tales about Washington and his uncanny, laugh-provoking ability to "stick his foot in it." Little in stature only, Joe always had time to discuss our troubles or just make talk. Being a star man, President of Trident Society, and affiliated with numerous activities kept him busy, but failed to detract from his interest in those about him. By just being himself, Joe has gone to the hearts of his classmates who think of him as "just a helluva swell fellow."





Macon St. Clair Snowden

BEAUFORT, NORTH CAROLINA

Three years ago, from the sand dunes of the North Carolina coastline, Mac came to us with an easy-going cheerful manner and a deep love of the sea. Making friends came natural to Mac, and he had many in all classes and battalions. One had only to talk with Mac for a few minutes to learn that his greatest ambition was to fly, and at times it seemed that his regard for airplanes was stronger than his unbounded love for the gentler sex. "Snowball's" determination and enthusiasm for the job at hand insure his success wherever he may go.



Cecil Clyde Stout

SALISBURY, MARYLAND

"What's wrong with Maryland?" With this battle cry, Rex was ready to defend his old stamping grounds, and especially the Eastern Shore, against any and all assaults. Rex, as he was dubbed soon after entering, came to the Academy fresh from high school. Slight of build, he by-passed the heavier sports, but could always be seen on the track or cross-country course. Being rather reserved, he preferred a close circle of friends. Those who knew him intimately, however, will remember him as an efficient and hard working friend.

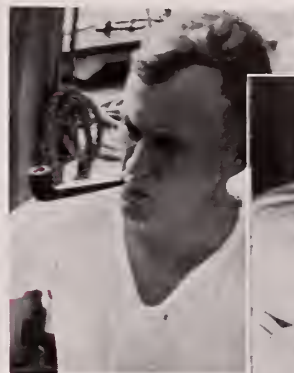


Lloyd Stanford Smith, Jr.

OMAHA, NEBRASKA

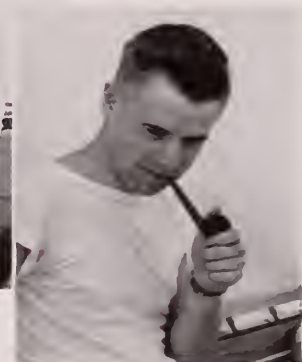
Smitty brought from Nebraska a quiet, easy-going manner. The scarcity of food on Sunday mornings after church was his only constant complaint. Academics never got the upper hand because of his efficiency and willingness to work. He always found time, however, for the daily letter to the blind drag of plebe year. The quarter-mile, boxing, and company soccer occupied most of his spare time between week-ends when "She" was coming down. With luck, a low preference number will send Smitty on his way to an underseas command.

Mac



Smitty

Rex

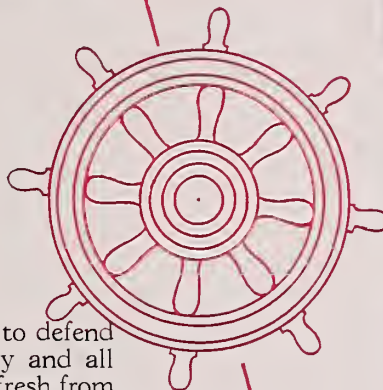


Johnny

John Charles Thompson, Jr.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

Up the Chesapeake a few miles, Johnny transferred his residence from Norfolk to the Naval Academy intent on a Navy career. He was on to the system in short order and could always be counted upon to take advantage of any of the few privileges extended; he could be found in town most any liberty day. The winter terms found John making good in the fencing loft, from which he sent many a man with saber bruises. A happy smile and gay disposition have won Johnny many friends and I can safely say, "He'll get along."



Willbur Frederick Tiemann, Jr.

NEWARK, OHIO

With a smattering of Harvard and a touch of Ohio State University, the "Buckeye State" sent one of her top notch boys to the Navy. Never one to lose his appetite over studies, Fred found his true love to be the natatorium where he spent at least two seasons of the year splashing around, being twice an "N" winner on the swimming team. As for the social side, hops and entertainments drew Fred as quickly as the next one, and his only regret was that Ohio wasn't handy enough to keep him supplied with drags.

Nelly



Fred



Van

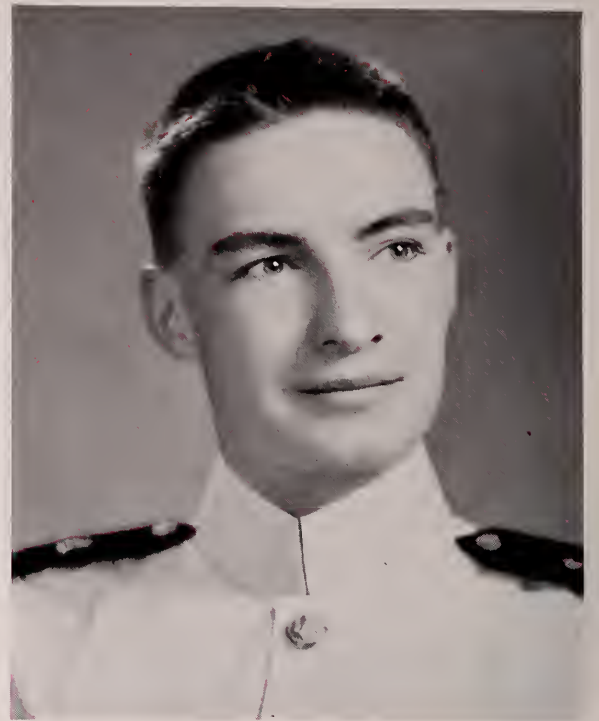


Stu

Stuart Alexander White

ISLAND FALLS, MAINE

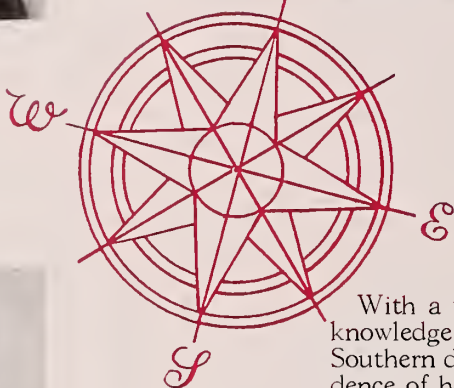
Having lived in Louisiana, Maine, and Massachusetts and claiming each one as home, Stu took high honors in acquiring spoons. Fresh from Bowdoin College, Stu took the only Naval Academy academic cut on record. He did his college credit, however, by usually standing academically in the two digit figures. The Masqueraders, company sports, and a little sailing added color to his Annapolis life. Stu will best be remembered for his vast expanse of forehead and his love for the Boston Pops Orchestra.



Harry Nelson Upthegrove

ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

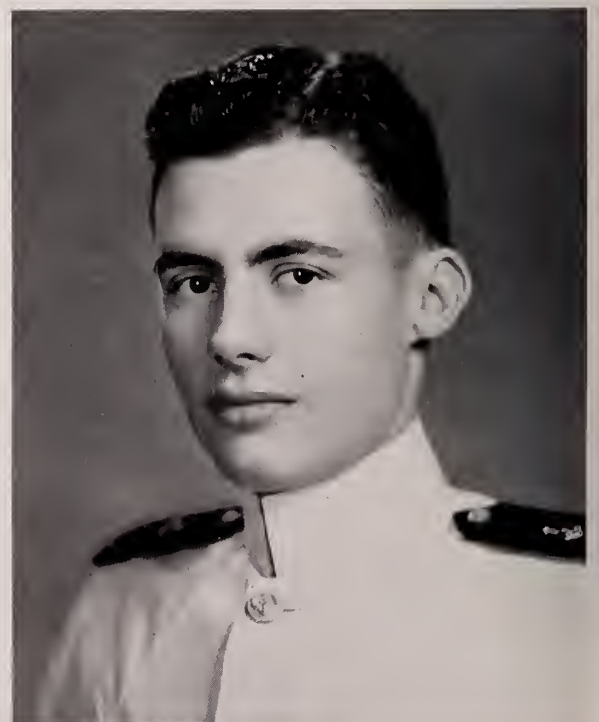
"Nelly" came to the Academy from the University of Michigan where two years of Naval R.O.T.C. had only served to strengthen a ten-year-old ambition to become an admiral. A star man with other interests, Nelson could often be found doing giant swings in the gym or sailing in one of the Boat Club's yacht squadron. An enthusiastic collector of books and records, he was never without something to occupy his time. Though "Uppy" left many a mark with his caustic wit and sharp criticism, he will be remembered chiefly for his Blue and Gold spirit and serious desire for perfection.

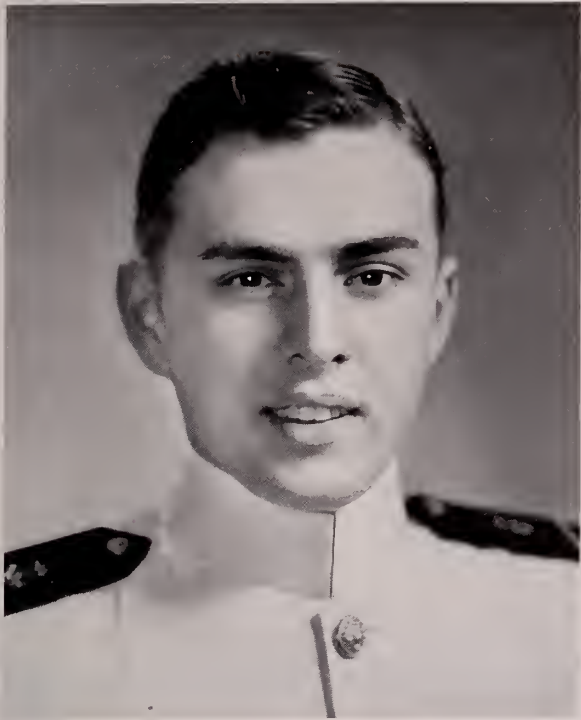


James Callanan Van Antwerp, Jr.

MOBILE, ALABAMA

With a year at Citadel behind him, Van came to the Academy with an unusual knowledge of military matters. He was confident, easy-going, and lost none of his Southern drawl in three years on the Severn. Van's splendid record in conduct is evidence of his admirable habits and thoroughness. He was an excellent sailor thanks to past experience on Mobile Bay, and though his spare time was devoted largely to boxing and track, he was a prized crew member on any boat. Gifted with an ardent love for the sea, Van will do a fine job in the Fleet.

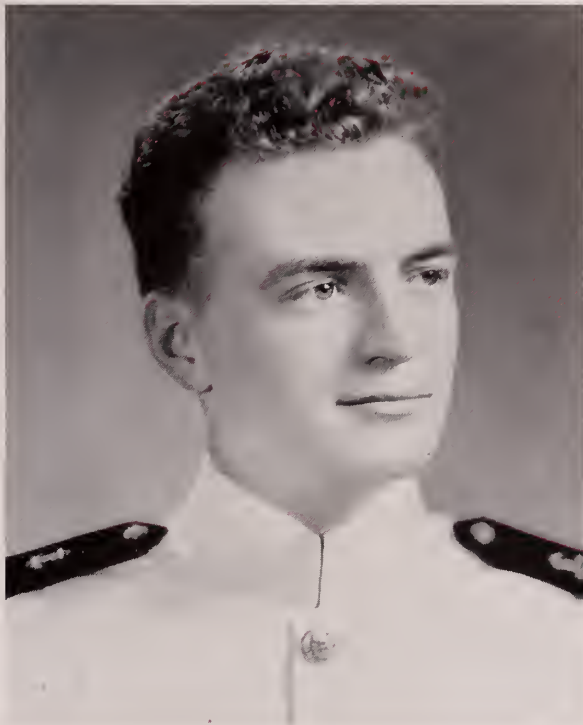




Malcolm Boyd Arthur, II

LAKWOOD, OHIO

From across the hall could be heard Mal's laughing voice discussing last week's hop followed by an anticipating wish for the coming week-end. Ending the conversation was how a slam could be made with only five trumps. With these three subjects covered, Mal would settle down to a little concentrated study, but not much, for bridge, hops, and week-ends constituted his main interest in life. Always involved in intramural sports and fortified by a "Sunny" disposition, Mal really "liked it here at Navy."



Henry Sayward Whittier

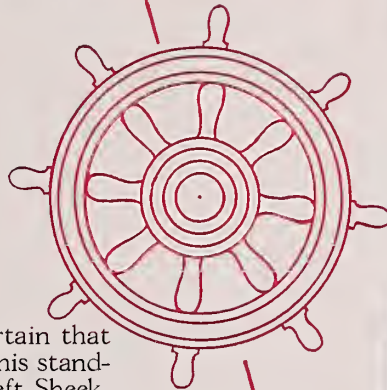
KENNEBUNK, MAINE

A true New England Yankee, Harry joined our class in the winter of '43 and immediately became a prominent addition. Though exam week presented a constant source of worry, he was a hard worker and had little difficulty in maintaining a creditable average. His chief interest in the field of sports was lacrosse and his spare time was spent in writing the O.A.O. or giving "tuneful" renditions on his trumpet. Friendliness and good humor are the qualities which make him always welcome.

Mal



Harry



Ash



Barc

Linsey Simpson Ashley

ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

If you happened to stumble into a long winded story, you could be certain that "Ash" was on the other end of it. Imitations and dialects were also part of his standard equipment; his version of the familiar fencing drill—"Right Sheek, Left Sheek, Parrie!"—has become famous. Along with being a teller of tales, he was one of the lucky few having a permanent base of operations in Crabtown. The question of where "The Nose" hailed from was beclouded by his starting life as a Navy Junior and being on the move ever since. For all his wit, he was serious-minded and seemed to come out better than even in the academic tussle.



Paul Walden Barcus

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Two years of duty with the sea-going Marines preceded "Barc's" Naval Academy career and made him a champion of Uncle Sam's Devil Dogs. With a 4.0 sense of humor and a lightning quick mind, Barc tossed quips and puns right and left. When Paul walked into the room, all hands were soon laughing and joking. A remarkable linguist, he picked up Japanese as easily as he had French and German, a fact which he hopes will cinch a billet in the Marine Raiders. Athletically, he excelled in no one sport, but tackled a different one every season until he learned the tricks of them all.



George William Bauernschmidt, Jr.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Being a Navy Junior of exceptional merit, George is naturally deeply engrained with the Naval spirit. He spent his early years in California, Hawaii, and Samoa, and then came to Annapolis to follow in his father's wake. Tall and lanky, he was active in company sports, making himself well-liked and respected. A favorite with "chow-hounds" (he kept a locker well-stocked with edibles), he acquired a thousand and one friends. Always on the lookout for honest fun, George had his serious side too, being interested in the theories of the universe.

Amigo



George

Benjie

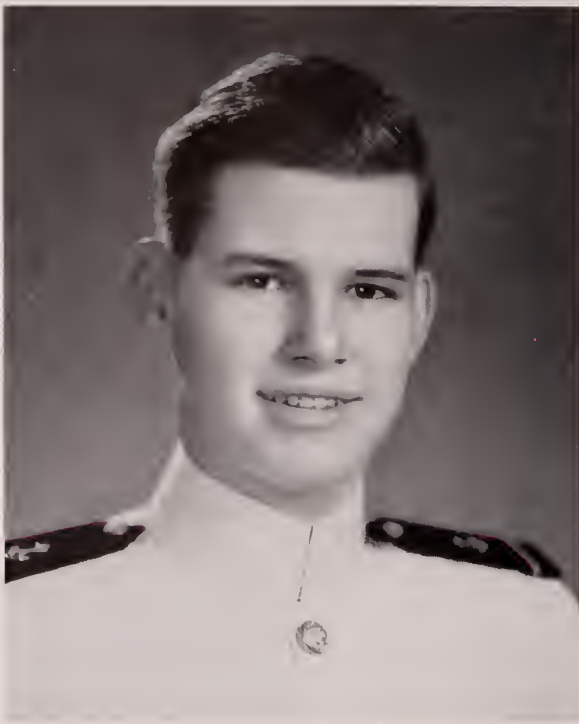


Blackie

Charles Elliott Blackford, III

HACKENSACK, NEW JERSEY

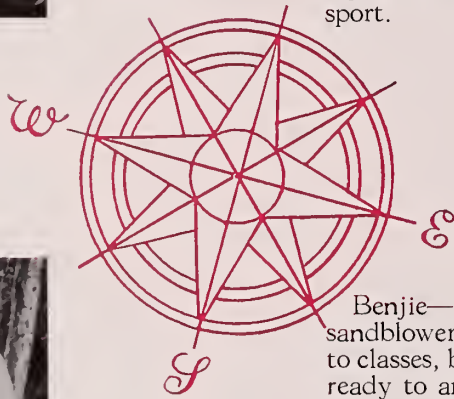
The "Hackensacker" hit the Academy after a dummy-run at Princeton; with him he brought a keen interest for things Naval. Charley was capable of emitting an aura of a splitting headache every morning, but after gulping his first cup of java he would "wing and wing" to class, to lacrosse, to "Moke's" room for a few old songs, or to his drag without further stimulus. Blackie never had to sweat his way through academics, and his only real trouble was getting a good picture for his locker. Chook's good taste made his choice hard, and we can hardly wait to meet the future Mrs. Blackford and Charles Elliott, IV.



Donald Clay Bayly

HILO, HAWAII

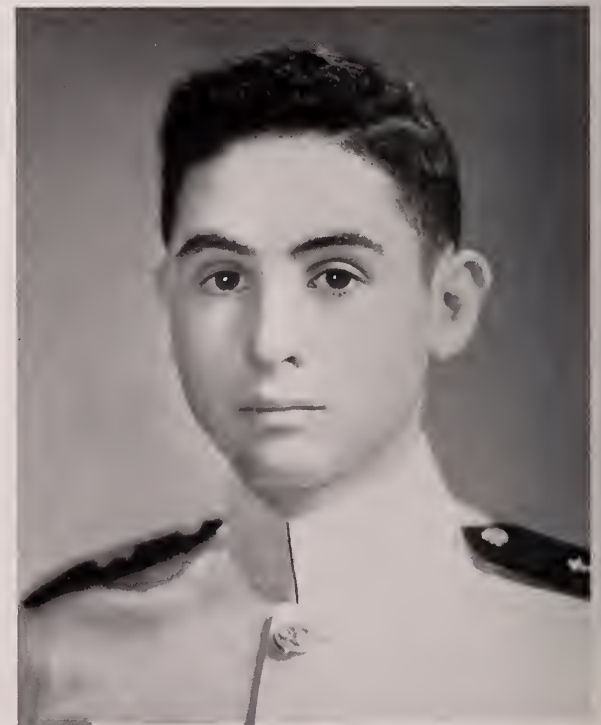
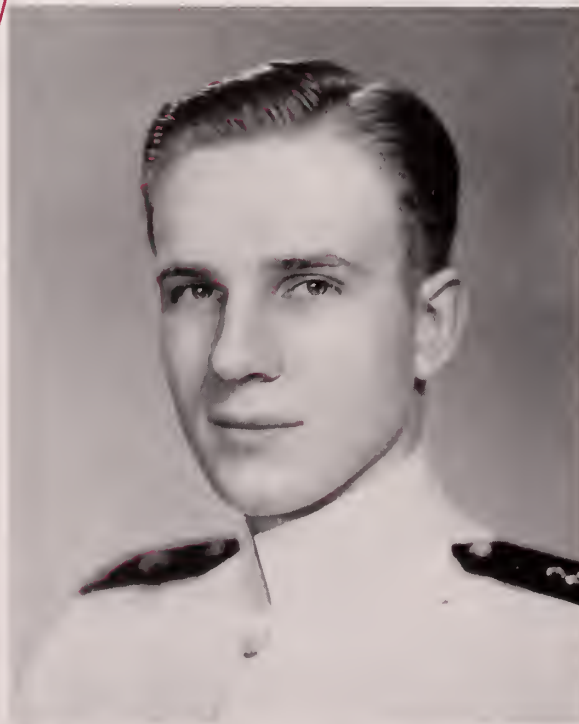
Hawaii's congenial, one-man date bureau "Pineapple" Bayly was disturbed only by an intense dislike for studying Japanese. Keynoting his carefree attitude was a knowledge of all the current popular songs, especially noticeable in the shower. Plebe year he was a regular at the Saturday movies, enjoyed his cokes at Read's, and made the most of his first classman's radio. Upperclass years found him still a cinemadict, listening to foreign propoganda broadcasts, and dragging a Power's Model. Don was tops in swimming and crew, and no season passed without his participating in some sport.

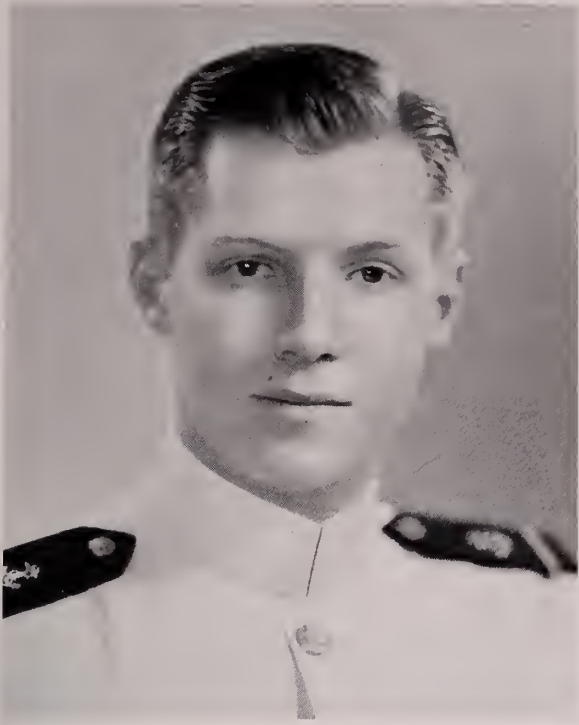


Harry Louis Benjamin

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Benjie—or Benjo as his fellow aspirants of the Japanese language called him—is a sandblower from the Big Town. He had a difficult time keeping in phase as he marched to classes, but once he entered the section room his troubles were over. He was always ready to amuse the rest of the company with his antics. Few of us will forget his impersonations of Hitler, Stepin Fetchit, et al. He had one great problem—that was remembering the jokes he had already pulled on his wife. That Benjie's plans for the future are indefinite is best indicated by the fact that he has "Madame X" engraved in his miniature.

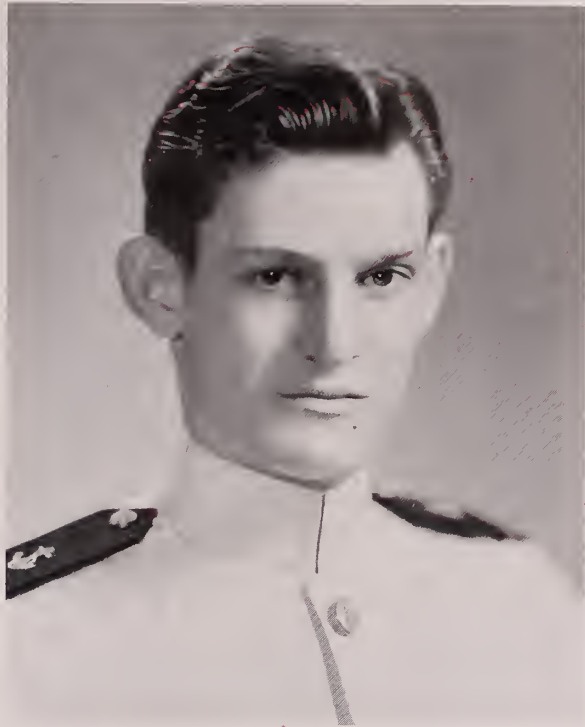




James Brooke Burton

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

We used to wonder why Jim ever left the dreary co-ed campus of the University of Washington for the heaven of plebe year, but we soon realized that he was dead serious about the Navy. At first he showed Red Mike tendencies but soon recovered. A crew man for his own enjoyment, he starred as a plebe and demonstrated his unbelievable good-naturedness by going gripeless for three years; and if that isn't a virtue aboard ship, you name one. Steady, easy-going, and with a good head, his only O.A.O. so far is his sack.



William Rion Bonham

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

Billy, if not the original Southern gentleman, is the undisputed runner-up with his smile and charm. Before joining the ranks of Navy blue and gold, Bill spent four years at college, becoming a member of S.A.E. His activities here were three in number: the first concerned a certain South Carolina belle; his second was dancing of the wildest variety; his third dealt with the so-called B & L Recreation Parlor and Elbow Association, of which he was one of the seven charter members.

Jim

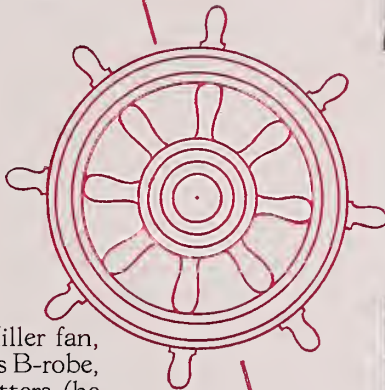


Billy

Thomas Francis Carroll

EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS

Another of the good-looking "Bahston boys," Tom's a mixture of Glen Miller fan, dragging fiend, and aviation lover. Sporting a former rating of his Dad's on his B-robe, Tom spent his study hours earning starring marks in Math, and writing letters (he ranked high in receiving them too). Even before entering the Naval Academy and while at Boston College, this slick-haired fellow made plans for getting aboard a carrier as a stepping stone to flight training. Three years of Academy work change a man, but Tim has the same smile and jovialness that he entered with and chances are he'll never lose them.



Tom



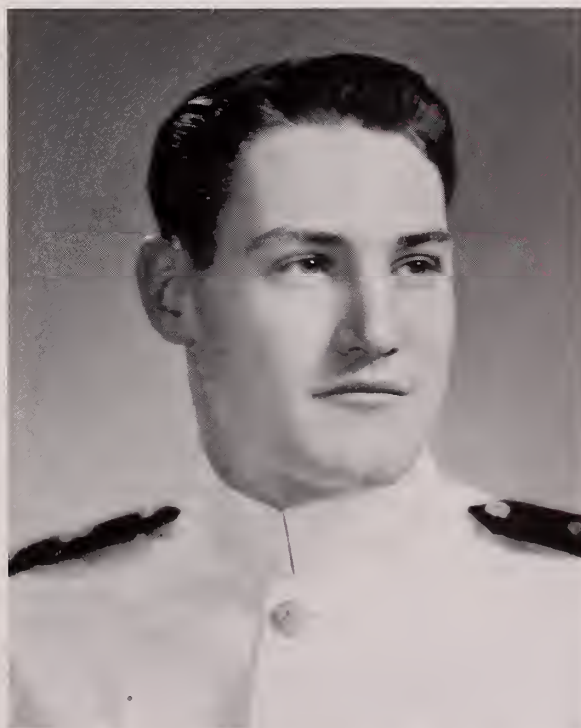
Tiny



Curtis Collison Cordell

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Chicago, Washington, or New Orleans—"Tiny" claims allegiance to all of them; but his favorite seems to be New Orleans! Daily, his booming voice would reverberate from the bulkheads, "Hey mate! Mail out yet?" Also, he was always willing and able to add a word, usually more, to any bull session on any topic. A good athlete with a superman physique, Curt excelled in most informal sports, but his specialty was football, so fall and spring he was to be found keeping an afternoon date with a pigskin.



Richard Bryden Dana

WINCHESTER, MASSACHUSETTS

"Dynamic Dick" entered here with the conviction that effort is the key to success, and he immediately set about proving it. Results of this conviction included academic distinction even in his Russian, an N-star in gymnastics during plebe year, and two letters plus a national championship in cross-country running. Dick's personality was difficult to analyze—his moods varying from melancholy to enthusiasm. His many loves encompassed swimming, philosophy, and beautiful women.

Chas



Dick

Phil



Red

Patrick Samuel Dowling

BUTTE, MONTANA

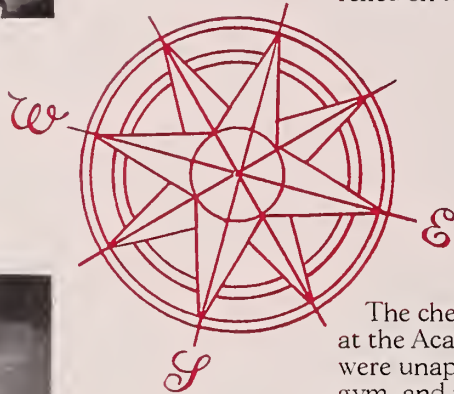
Did you ever see a destroyer in a heavy sea? Then you'd know Red if you saw him. He's long and lean and his gate is like a tin can rolling with the waves. Cocky and a bit of a wise guy himself, Pat took the quips of classmates over his bow, broke them up, added a little sting for good measure, and tossed them back. His athletic activity was fondly managing the baseball squad—when he wasn't horizontal or indulging in a milkshake. By the way, if you ever see Red, wish him luck for me, and tell him I'm lonesome for his line.



Paul de la Llama, III

HABANA, CUBA

From the paradise isle of the Caribbean came this Naval caballero, upholding the Latin tradition of not knowing the meaning of "Red Mike," and bringing with him some of the gayety of the Republics that we shall all remember by the Pan-American sessions and after-chow fiestas. Though the plebes called him "amigo", woe to the ones who did not know the main batteries of the ships of the Cuban Navy. There'll be a fortunate group that goes ashore in Habana, for "Commodore" Pablo can be relied on to prove his well-known Cuban claims.

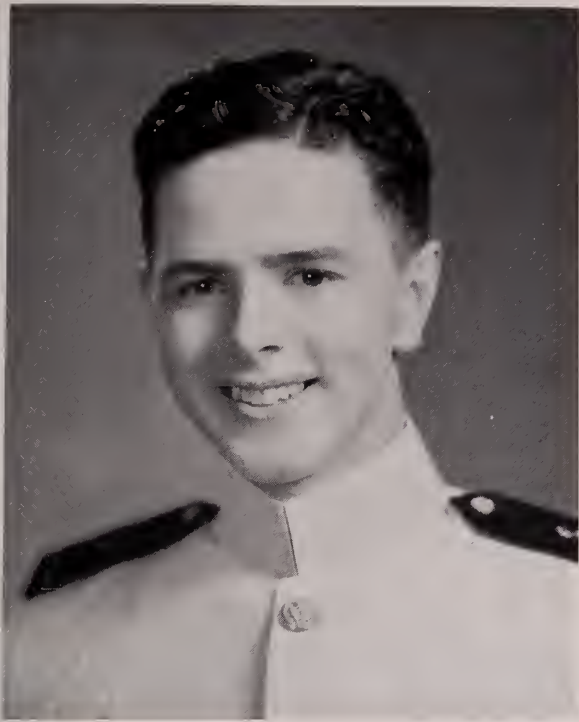


Philip Augustine Doherty

PLATTSBURG, NEW YORK

The cheery freshness of his talk gave Phil more friends than any other New Yorker at the Academy. First-class year came with satisfaction as a goal well deserved. Studies were unappealing, yet he knew when to dig. Rag spent most of his afternoons in the gym, and most of his week-ends on cross-country hikes. Classmates will remember his haunting violin, the orchestra, and the serious side of his talents. If honest effort and application are requisites of success, Phil will achieve his share. Inspired by 'that picture' on his desk he will become all he desires.





Thomas Raymond Fitzgerald

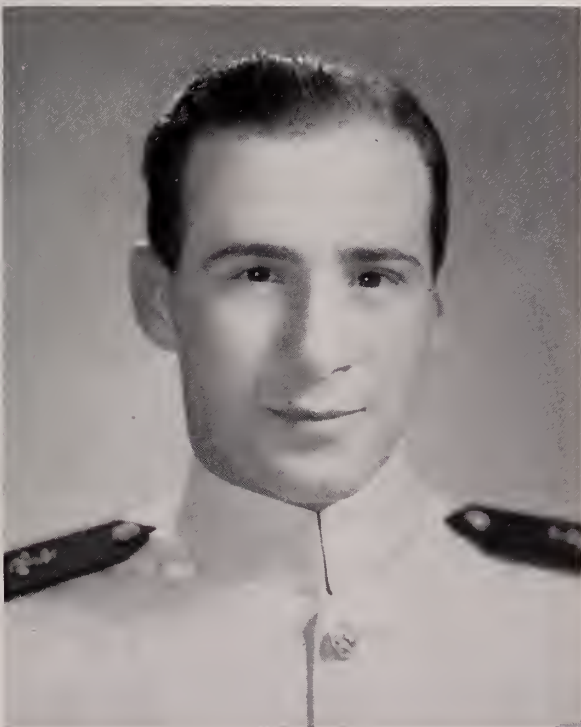
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

Just one generation out of Ireland, Tom held his own and guarded Erin's honor with Irish thoroughness. His personal relationships with the "Department of Discipline" were governed by the theory of calculated risk: "Fitz" risking; Executive Department calculating. With an aggressive defensive complex, Tom saw that neither Ireland, Minnesota, nor Glacier Park suffered insult without redress. Having infinite endurance and an unbelievable capacity for hard work, "Fitz" manages to triumph in spite of all the hurdles he knocks down. His thesis "The Air Corps is as nice a way out as any" will have us all looking for a red nose over a "non-reg" green tie in a shamrock adorned plane.

Samuel Francis

DENVER, COLORADO

Sam flagged his Navy-bound streamliner from the home town platform after a year's stopover at the University of Denver. Stepping ashore at the fair city of Annapolis, he found Navy life, Navy uniforms, and Navy women very much to his liking. Sam was usually quiet and reserved, but when it came to fencing there were no holds barred, and within a short time he had cut his own particular swath "pin pushing" for the varsity fencing team. As we board our ships to contribute the best of '46 to the Fleet, we would like to see Sam as a bunkmate.



John Atterbury Dugger

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Dug is the sort of chap you like to smoke a pipe with. A Navy Junior, he came, to Annapolis steeped in Navy traditions, good natured, and with an unfailing ability to bilge Math P-Works. He passed just one. For spare time duty he liked ketch trips, girls, and bunk drills. His French was excellent, but he impressed us most of all with his easy-going, determined manner of getting things done. He has that rare quality they call seamen's sense. Now that Math and Steam are only memories, Dug's all set for a swell career afloat.

Tom



Dug

Sam

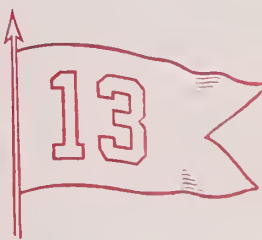
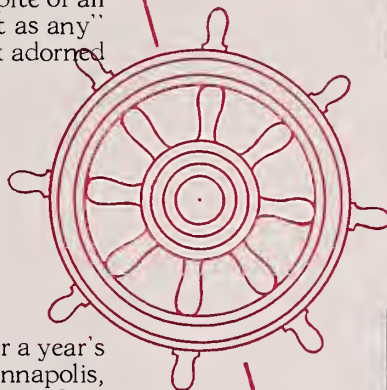


Bill

William Austin Glaser

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

After spending three years at the University of Detroit, the "Wag" came to the Academy. A quiet, easy-going fellow, he impressed us plebe year with his melancholy, punctuated by outbursts of singing. His sandblower stature placed him at the end of the platoon, but didn't keep him out of basketball, handball, or softball. In the evenings after returning from a Russian Club meeting, Bill would break out his pipe, spot the next day's "Bull" quiz, and then sweat over Steam. Bill's combination of a logical mind and the ability to see both sides of a question always made him a requisite for the numerous bull sessions of Bartcroft Hall.



Joseph John Gorski

IRON RIVER, MICHIGAN

Joe came to Annapolis from the Upper Peninsula to become a Russian who laughed at our cold winters. Serious about Pensacola, he made certain that the plebes were well-informed on aeronautics. His frequent demonstrations in the mess hall of the theory of flight with squadrons of "flying spoons" menaced every man aboard. The Bull course in diplomacy enabled him to keep us in a condition of "guess what." Anything and everything could happen living with "J. J." May he win those wings as speedily as he ran the commando course, first in every heat.



Richard Pendleton Hall

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

A devotee of old English briars and choice tobaccos who had spent a year at Harvard and a season at Johns Hopkins, an ardent sailor, and an active wolf on week-ends, "Beeg" became known for his humor and his laughs and as the boy who got the answers. He was a talented though violent squash player, but his favorite athletic diversion was playing a hard game at midfield for the varsity lacrosse team. Blond Dick specialized in starring, but Math and Steam came so easy to him that his high grades in them were almost a crime.

Dick



Joe

Luke



Stew

Stewart Freeman Hancock, Jr.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

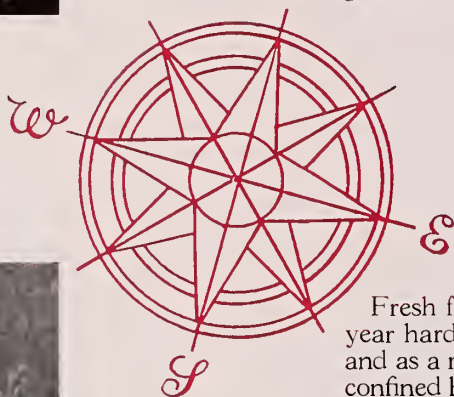
Even the tough days at the Academy couldn't change the carefree attitude that "Stew" brought from his Syracuse home. He upholds the good qualities of Yankee territory as staunchly as he defends the virtues of gold, his favorite sport. As a barber shop singer, he has no peer as will be testified for by all who saw his numerous performances in the "Broadway Quartet." Because by his easy method of accomplishing both simple and difficult tasks, Stew was erroneously called lazy. But his quick mind makes him a past-master in the art of ambiguities.

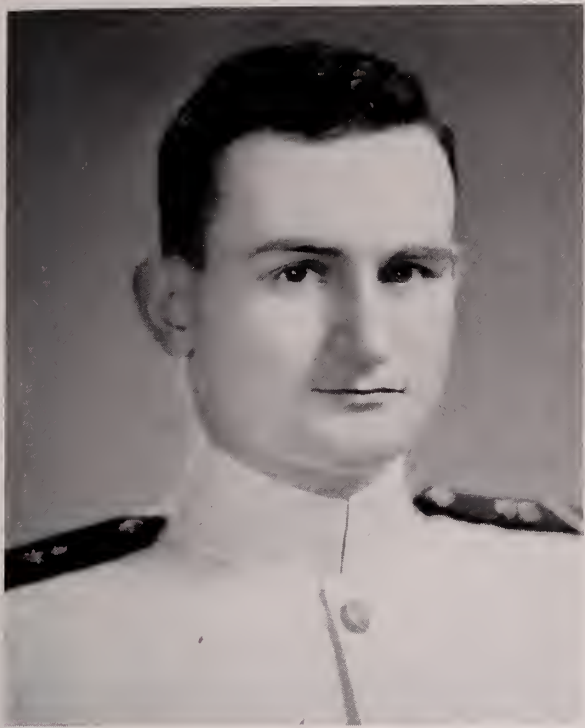


Luther Hamilton, Jr.

MOREHEAD CITY, NORTH CAROLINA

Fresh from a gay year at North Carolina U., Luke found the tribulations of plebe year hard to bear, but as an upperclassman he lived more as a Southern gentleman, and as a result felt much more at home. A lover of music and a good musician too, he confined himself to the harmonica and radio, thus having time for shooting the breeze and even studying. Homer was a one-man Chamber of Commerce for North Carolina and was always ready to argue the course of the South. Nevertheless he was a pal to everyone and the best kind of friend.

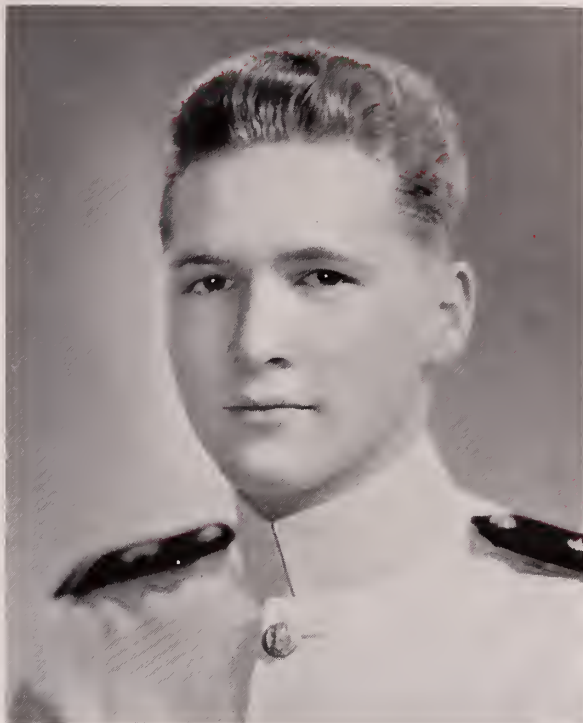




Raymond Elliott Howe

ROCK FALLS, ILLINOIS

"I'm going to run my ships on rubber bands since steam is so unducky," claims R. E. who perfected every bolt in plebe Steam and ran into the Bish and the "Bake" for youngster Naval Machinery. But the Steam Department was his only Jonah for he was a star man plebe year and a Dago slash the next year. "Plowhow," as his fellow Russian students called him, maintained a meticulous record with the Executive Department. A self-pronounced woman-hater, lover of cream puffs, and a recognized authority on aircraft identification and designs, Ray aspires for those wings of the Air Corps.



Jerome Edward Henderson

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Always outspoken on the subject of the amount of smoke in Pittsburgh, Jerry rallied many times to the defense of his home town. He didn't star in academics, but he did take an active part in the Musical Club's shows and Masquerader's plays, finally becoming the director of the Combined Musical Clubs. Any spare moments were well taken up with dragging or bunk drill. The ability of liking people in general and having them like him came natural to Jerry. The most conspicuous in the Henderson bag of tricks was the famous winning grin and a knack of getting along.

Ray



Jerry

Jim

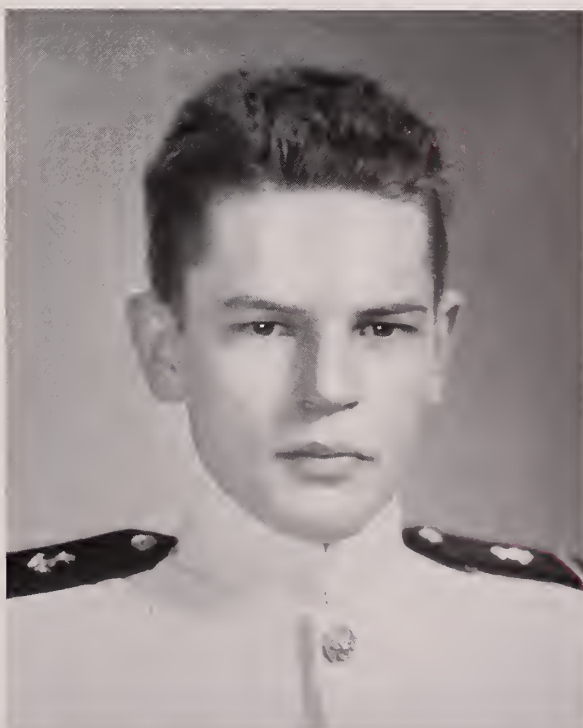
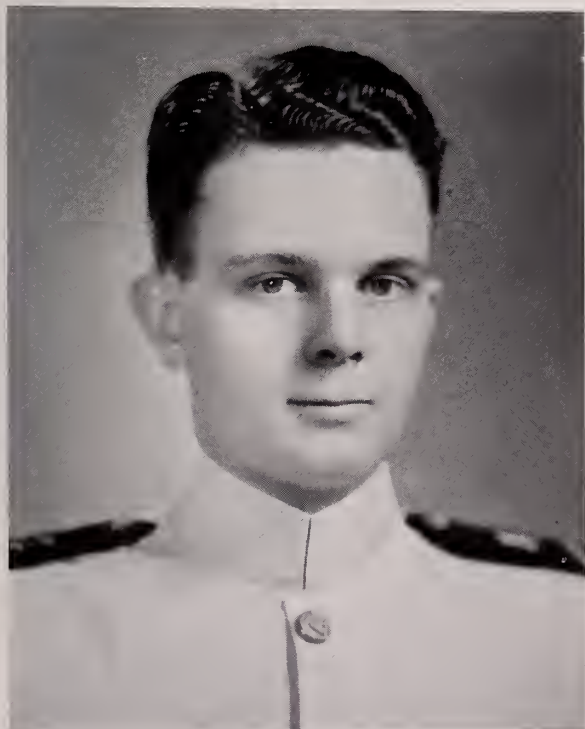
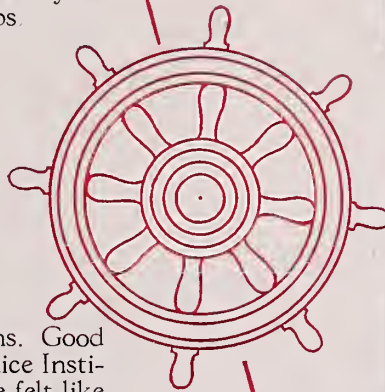


Frank

James Farra Irvine, Jr.

HOUSTON, TEXAS

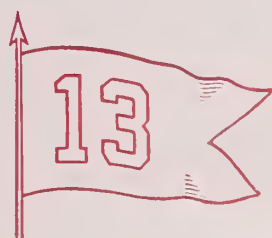
"Hey Gish, here's Cugat!" Enter another of the distinct species of Texans. Good music and beautiful women have given Jimmy his two loves. Two years at Rice Institute plus an acute mind enabled him to draw down those stars whenever he felt like it. His enthusiasm for company athletics, dragging, letter deciphering, and any form of argument has been dimmed only by his belief in the virtue of an uninterrupted sleep. All will end well when this easy-going lad receives his coveted dolphins.



Frank Smith Johnston

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Before leaving his sugars and donning the Navy blue, Frank was the top student in the law school of the University of Utah. Never forsaking his precious volume of *Blackstone's Commentaries*, the "Counselor" was always in his glory when clarifying legal technicalities for bewildered classmates, eventually became the Academy's foremost "legal eagle." Academically Frank lived up to his previous reputation, breezing through the tough courses in a typical "savvy stride." His genial, thorough manner of accomplishing each day's work made him an ideal "wife"—the perfect answer to a bucket's prayer.



Eugene Crouse Kenyon

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

And now let's go to the natatorium where we find Gene, the human sealion, or should we call him the sea-wolf, since he spent most of his time either swimming or dragging. By splashing around in the pool, Gene managed to secure a berth on the varsity swimming team and to become a mainstay of the battalion water polo team. After a frustrated love affair during the early part of youngster year, Gene came to play the field. Kenyon's social life did not keep him from sporting gold stars, indicating his ability to fool the Academic Department more than half of the time.

Bubbles



Val

John



Lem

Andrew Anthony Lemeszewsky

ALEXANDRIA, VIRGINIA

Just about every Friday night Lem's face acquired a familiar beam, which meant that a dragging week-end had arrived. Andy was one of our most ardent supporters of the fine old custom of dragging—and little wonder. Every Sunday evening invariably found him steaming back through the gate with only seconds to spare. During the week, Skee, or Boris, could usually be found working out in the wrestling loft. It took a great deal to put a dent in his good humor, or to take the sparkle out of those big brown eyes.

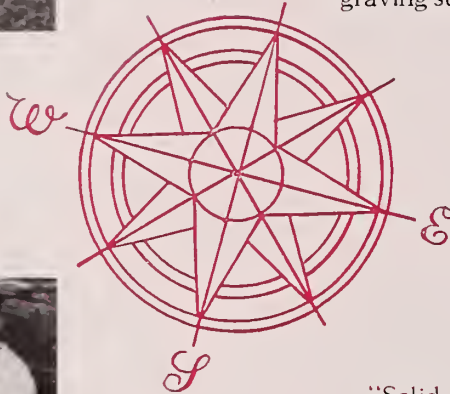


Charles Edward Kloss

BUCKSPORT, MAINE

The only Midshipman in captivity to have found the second of two Naval bases at Norfolk to the disapproval of the Executive Department. "Chas," that fair-haired boy with the nasal "R's" came to Annapolis after two years of college humor at the U. of Maine where he was a brother to "the Sweetheart of Sigma Chi." A favorite pastime of Charlie's was repairing to the "mat" to work off the after effects of numerous boxes of "chow" donated by his feminine admirers. The LUCKY BAG owes its engraving superiority to none other than that papermill wizard, "Chas."

N



Robert Lee Ledbetter, Jr.

OKLAHOMA CITY, OKLAHOMA

"A pot of joe, a trusty pipe, and chow
Beside him on the forecastle.
Ah! Forecastle were paradise enow."

"Solid John" is one of those rare midshipmen who doesn't care what preference number he draws. (You can always get battleships.) But one thing you can always say about John is that he never stole a classmate's girl. Concerning women, however, his friends think he's due for a fall. Be that as it may, in "Battleship John" the Navy has a real, lifetime, "out on 65" sailor on its roster.





Sumner Adam Long

BROOKLINE, MASSACHUSETTS

"Huey," the last man to enter our class, came with a wealth of nautical education and experiences; he was a graduate of the Merchant Marine Academy and had roamed the world for three years in both the Merchant Marine and Navy. Huey did much to champion the cause of his favorite service among those individuals who need enlightenment, and many a bilger was guided into the Maritime Service. This Casanova, who claimed no matrimonial intentions, was most susceptible to feminine charms and we could usually find him snaking at any of the hops.

Milton Crawford Mapes, Jr.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

As an Army brat and a Yale man, "Mokes" had quite an unusual background for the Navy. Maintaining a starring average, a full athletic schedule, choir, Glee Club, and keeping his many women in line really kept him busy; his bathrobe displayed awards in swimming, cross-country, and baseball. Probably Milt's best-known musical activity was his membership in the "Broadway Boys" quartet. Forever tripping over something, he outdid himself with his header into the icy Severn from an LCI in March of youngster year. Naval Aviation and blondes are his chosen fields.



John Blair Little

DENISON, TEXAS

"Tex" was known and liked by all for his Southern smile and disposition. If, however, you didn't agree with him and his Texas almanac, he would "have nothin' to do with you." Continually dragging beautiful Texas ladies, Jack was fond of what he called "South Texas courtin'." Incidentally, he was a member of the B. L. Recreation Club and Elbow Association. With any luck in drawing preference numbers, John B. plans on cruisers or the Air Corps.

Huey



Tex

Milt

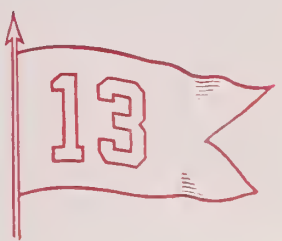
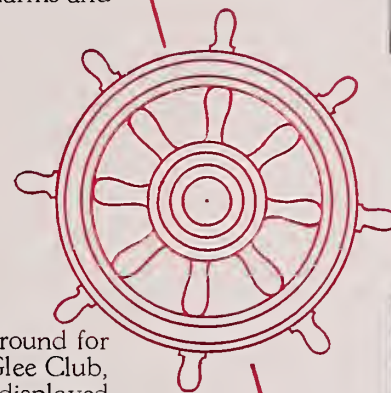


Wild Bill

William Coker Marble

SKOWHEGAN, MAINE

From behind the door carrying the illustrated slogan, "Hit 'em Where It Hurts—Join the Submarine Service," came a "hahdy" Maine accent expounding mightily on any subject. "Following the boys around," as Wild Bill put it, during the track and cross-country seasons kept him busy, but supplied numerals for his bathrobe. His only trouble inside the Academic Group came from his habit of setting the profs straight. Chief claim to fame was Bill's statement to his battalion officer, "It should be done the logical way—even if we are in the Navy."



William Massarella

BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS

William Massarella— Bill to his friends, and to his most intimate associates. Lamo—has the distinction of being one of the few people who is sure that the Navy was born in Beverly, Massachusetts. Yes, that is his home town, and he will explain it is just outside Boston (pronounced Bahston by Bill who also will tell you that he paaks his caa on the Chaales.) Lamo is noted for his good heart too. Whenever anyone was working his way through the Naval Academy, selling stationery, tooth picks, or just running a pool, he would always come to Bill.



George William Mayo, Jr.

LACONIA, NEW HAMPSHIRE

George was nearing the end of his courses in Laconia High School when he heard of the U.S.N.A. Mainly in disbelief that anything existed outside of New Hampshire he came south to see for himself. A freckled face and pleasing smile quickly won him new friends to replace his many old ones. New England's winter sports gave way to varsity lacrosse, but his native accent weathered every storm. Judging from his social adventures and extensive achievements, George seems to have found the world a good place to live in.

George



Bill

Mac



Mac



Robert Alexander McClelland, III

DWIGHT, ILLINOIS

Here's the lad who used to hunt cottontails "78 miles southwesta Chicawga" and came here with an eye that twice earned the rifle expert ribbon. A year at the University of Illinois made "Mac" a Theta Chi and increased the muster by one, of girls who have to decipher that cryptographic longhand that goes out periodically by air-mail. A former virtuoso, Mac turned up at the Academy with a battered cornet that has fortunately been inactive because of threats from the "wife." Athletically, Mac has followed a rugged schedule, in fact, "Fosdick's" tailors haven't yet put a pin-hole on his fluctuating dimensions.

John Francis McNamee, III

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Quiet and amiable, Mac was always on hand with a good joke which he frequently bungled! Academics were a small problem to this Boston Latin School prodigy, and study hour usually found him on his sack with a volume of Montaigne or Wadsworth. Next to dating that WAVE officer his biggest thrill seemed to be breaking rifles at P-rades. Tennis and squash represented Mac's fortes and music was also a favorite, his taste ranging from Lower Basin Street to Carnegie Hall. And oh, we mustn't forget that cornet how could we!





Robert Reeve Park, Jr.

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

"Air-Air" was contented here at the Academy because he was happy only when sad, and he took full advantage of the unlimited opportunities offered to worry. He spent the first half of each study period cursing over the preceding class and the last half straining his brain for the next period. He delighted in the self-torture of weight lifting and partaking in the weekly rat-race of dragging. Being impressed by the "Cleveland" his plebe year, Bob has his eye on the captain's quarters of a cruiser.



Valentin Nasipak

OBERLIN, OHIO

"I beat your haid in" would ring out and not far away we'd find the grinning "Mad Croat." This husky Ohioan came to us after a couple of years as a cruiser sailor, a real salt and a true Navy man. Val breezed through academics near the top of his class, and his good-natured extra instruction kept many less savvy classmates "sat." Football, pushball, and Russian combined to keep him busy at the Naval Academy, but on leave or a ketch trip we were sure of a lively evening with Val. We expect to meet him again at the Royal Hawaiian Bar.

Bob

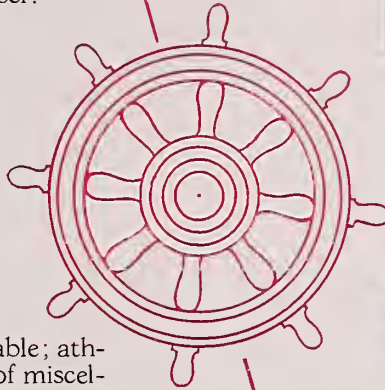


Pineapple

Hugh Buchanan Patton, Jr.

BROWNSVILLE, TENNESSEE

"Huge" was a great one for collecting things: nicknames, mostly unprintable; athletic equipment he figured the NAA could spare for a while; and quantities of miscellaneous gear he thought might come in handy someday. A true son of the South, perhaps his hardest task was explaining Sherman's "strategic retreat" through Georgia to his Yankee wife. "Bubbles" is best known for his picturesque language, his happy-go-lucky nature, his brief but colorful career as a wrestler, and his firm conviction that Tennessee girls are the most beautiful in the country.



Gene



Pat



William Childs Patton

CAMDEN, OHIO

From that wilderness called Ohio, Bill brought his strong right arm, his unfailing good nature, and an insatiable desire for fresh air. To his arm Navy owes its first intercollegiate javelin championship, for Bill could do things with a javelin that soon earned him the nickname of "The Human Slingshot." His good nature made living with him a real pleasure, for try as we might we were never able to get an angry word from him. Contrary to midshipman custom Bill remained faithful to one girl and resisted all efforts to lead him astray.



Robert George Phillips

ROCKAWAY BEACH, NEW YORK

With two years in the Navy already behind him, Bob came to the Academy with one thought in mind: to get as much out of his courses as possible. Though Russian proved trying at times, he dug in and always managed to come out on top. When not juggling the books around, he was earning the three baseball letters that decorated his bathrobe, indulging in a little close harmony or writing to "that certain person." Though quiet, when we drew him out we found a subtle sense of humor that livened many a bull session and "happy hour."



John Buckner Rogers

WESTPORT, CONNECTICUT

This Buck Rogers may not have had a flying belt, but he certainly could get around on the athletic field. Three years of hard work on tennis and soccer earned him two of the coveted N's and stars to go with them. Prepared by two years at Amherst, the only thing about academics that bothered Buck was the fact that he wasted five previous years of French on a study of the intricacies of Japanese. Buck is noted for his ready repartee and a continual search among the plebes for Delta Kappa Epsilon's.

Buck



Faug



Walter



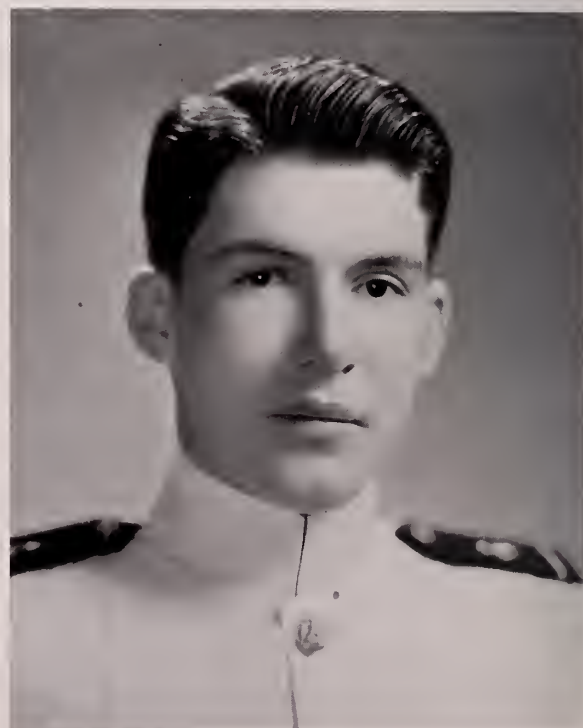
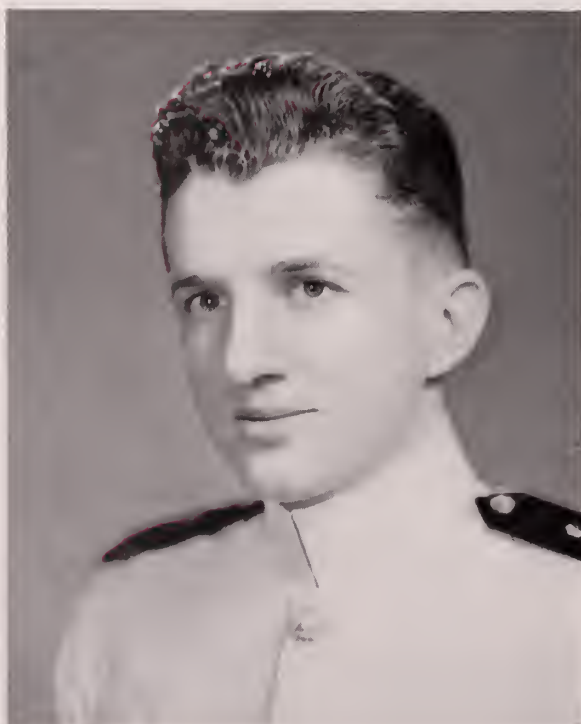
Sid



Nicholas Michael Sidrow

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

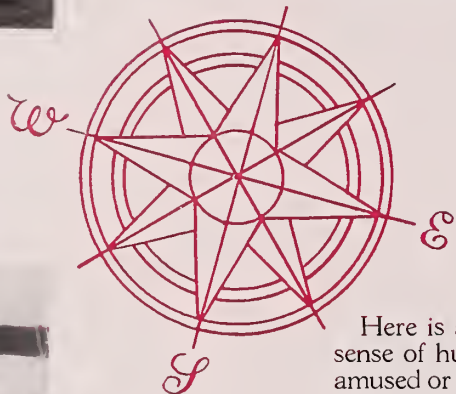
"Sid" entered the Academy as a pre-Pearl Harbor salt, but where he put in duty is hard to say. Sometimes he wore the Atlantic ribbon, other times he sported the Pacific bar. However, there was no two ways about his love life; Vi had a definite monopoly here. Music and basketball shared second place in Sid's list of loves and how he emerged unscathed from some of those more bloody contests still remains a mystery. Sid's most enviable possession was his keen sense of humor which never once faltered even during those depressing days of plebedom.

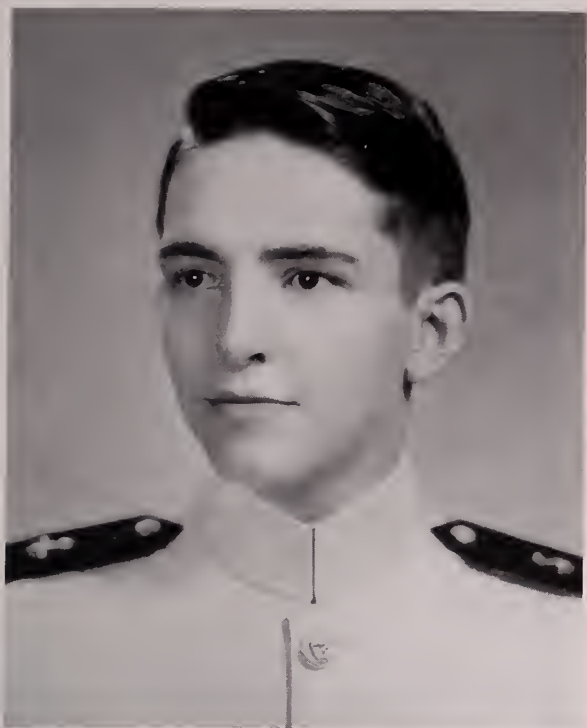


Walter Marty Schirra, Jr.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

Here is a guy who could make anyone laugh, even at 0616. . . . His never-ending sense of humor, descriptions, and ability to execute new pranks have kept us either amused or holding the bag. Walter is a successful athlete—soccer and lacrosse keeping him in fighting trim. "Rah-Rah's" Academy career was not effortless, but he had a way of doing things in the easiest and most effective way. We expect one of his women to snag him soon, but meanwhile his big brown eyes still have that new-fields-to-conquer look.





Edward Otis Skidmore

LANSING, MICHIGAN

"Got a skag, Skid?" That was the usual greeting as half of the company poured into his room for a bull session, bridge game or help on problems from "efficient Ed." Not a slouch by nature, two years at Michigan State and an engineering mind enabled Skid to stand high on the "sat" list when the smoke of the annual academic battles cleared. "All work and no play makes Skid a dull boy," so he sailed ketches and played lacrosse with the enthusiasm that's so characteristic of his 4.0 personality.



Minot Simons, II

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

Si's friends may remember his black beard and his English accent; certainly, however, they'll remember how he made use of his English background in soccer and after-dinner speaking, or better yet how he maintained himself in the 440-yard races and striper race. Fitting into Annapolis life with ease, he nevertheless had a minor skirmish or two with the Steam Department, but never slipped in anything pertaining to Dago. Si was not an easy-going fellow on the whole, but over-exertion was never apparent, and no one can accuse him of burning the midnight oil in the head.

Skid

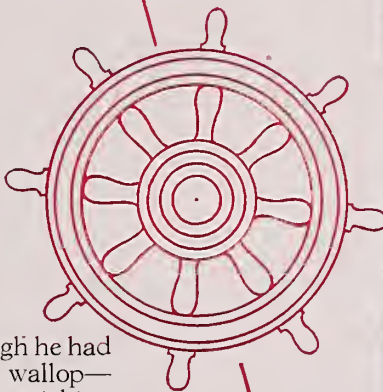


Si

Robert Vincent Towner

IOWA CITY, IOWA

"Well, I'll tell you—" and Bob was entered in another bull session. Although he had trouble stretching his frame to five and one-half feet, this little man packed a wallop—literally and figuratively. Athletically he kept within his weight class by sticking to boxing and wrestling, but this was for convenience only, for he could cope with anything except falling hair. Ambitious and flawlessly efficient, Bob did twice as much studying, dragging, reading, and bulling as the rest of us and still managed to keep well acquainted with his bunk. Little man? Yes, but whatta man!



Bob



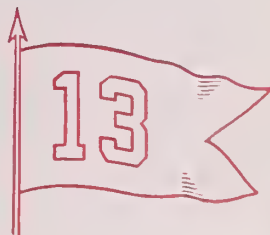
Van



Stanley Kenneth Van Stone

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

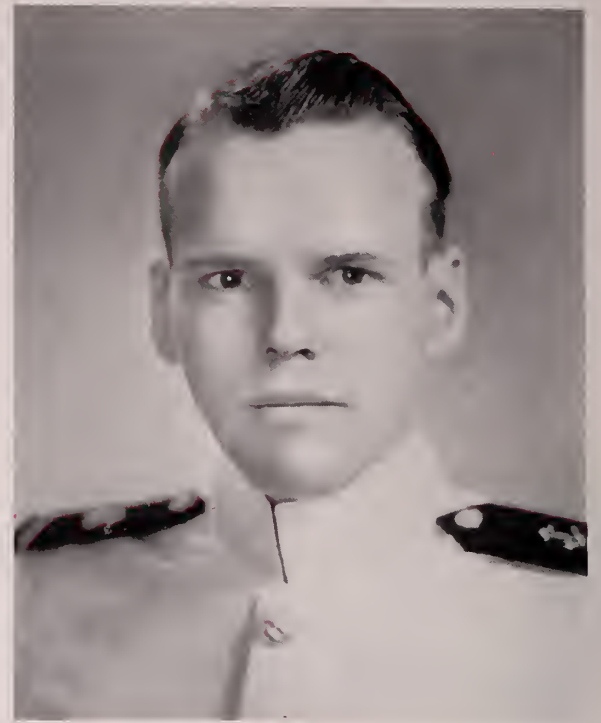
Sports, academics, and women all came easy to the "Great Van Stone." He early forsook his native Alaska for sunny California, where he got his head above what few clouds there were, first as a skier and then as a private pilot. While playing tag with the Academic Department, he never let studies interfere with his dragging and soon became an ace in the flying squadron. Likeable as a pup, Van has his eye on the diplomatic service, and if making friends makes a diplomat, he may be one of those keeping ours a peace-time Navy.



Roy Babbitt Weaver

FILLMORE, NEW YORK

Before the fateful step Roy lived on a farm near Fillmore in western New York State and was graduated from nearby Houghton College with a BS degree. With this excellent academic background he has been able to stay in the upper quarter of his class with a minimum of work and plenty of time out for recreation. Snapping pictures, and working with the Radio Club and Movie Gang have offered diversion from the everyday military routine. Roy's long legs make it difficult for him to keep in step with the sandblowers.



Charles Tylden Westcott

PROVINCETOWN, MASSACHUSETTS

It's "From the Halls of Montezuma" in the morning and "to the shores of Tripoli" at night that brand this lad with the women as the "Gyrene of '46." With no conceit, "Punky" practices the common sense and good humor that have made him so likeable. A conscientious student, Scotty found time to keep in trim by going out for wrestling, lacrosse, cross-country and Cuban women.

So we lift our glasses to a plucky Marine.
You're lucky, you Corps de Marines;
A wonderful guy, that's what we mean.
So long, you handsome Gyrene.

Punky



Roy

Fritz

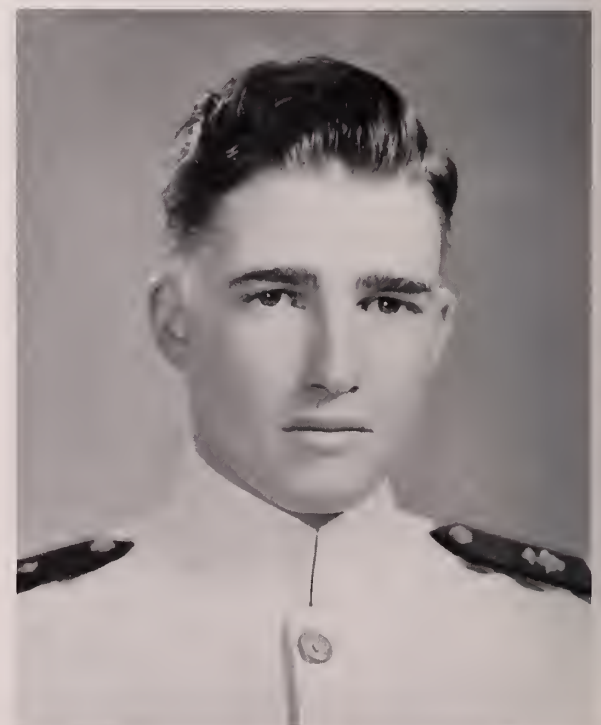
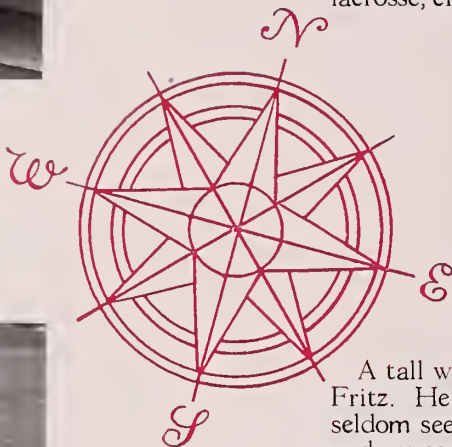


Reggie

Frederic Franklin Wiedemann

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

A tall wavy-haired Californian, full of fun, successful in all his ventures—that was Fritz. He had a way with drags, but could never forget that Hollywood O.A.O., so seldom seen but so constantly present. Fritz's colorful bathrobe, heavy with letters and numerals, gave solid evidence of his remarkable prowess in varsity soccer, track, and pistol. Waging a two-year uphill battle with Math and Skinny, Fred finally came into his own first-class year. A hard worker, a competent striper, and a natural leader, Fred carries with him our confidence for the years ahead.

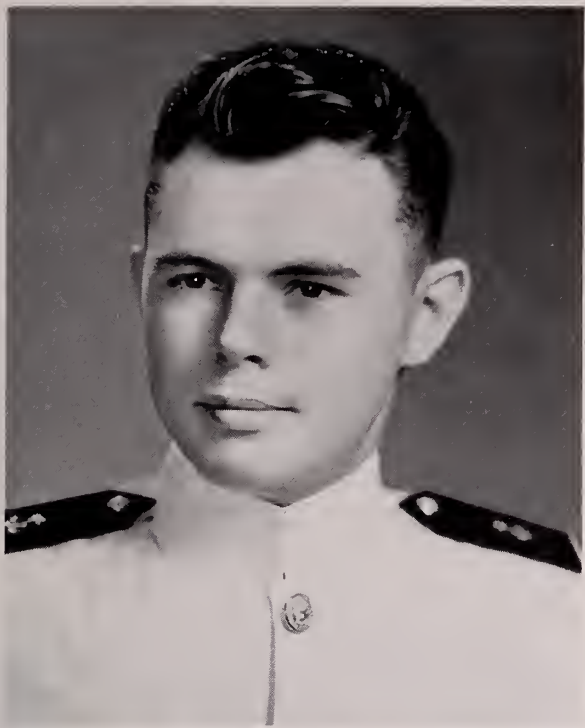


Reginald Robert Zisette, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

As the most active member of the "B and L Recreation Parlor and Elbow Association," Reggie will be well remembered for his unfailing love for the game of chance, AND—for feminine companionship. Somebody once gave him the idea that he had a pleasant and agreeable voice. Well, his singing, Off Tune of course, will be a pleasant memory, as it reflected the happy character that is his. Active in company sports, he was that big "spark" that kept the company softball team on the go. Reggie's comradeship and loyalty will make him exceedingly well liked in the future.

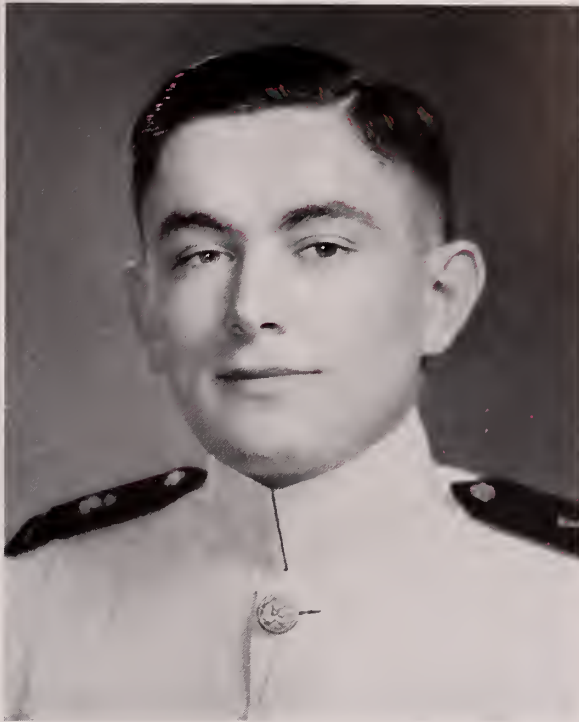




Alfred William Albert

BRAINTREE, MASSACHUSETTS

Transplanted by the fulfillment of a life-long desire from Cornell to the "Institute" on the Severn, Bill brought with him a vast store of knowledge—not all academic. With this background, he delved into the mysteries of Steam and Juice. When these perplexed him, his "Oh well, things are tough all around this year" quickly broke ground for a fresh start. He was always ready to deny himself a well-earned sack drill at the mention of baseball or chow. Bill's quick wit and quiet, good nature revived many dull afternoons and won him a host of friends.



Emil John Adams

NORTHAMPTON, MASSACHUSETTS

A real Yankee was Emil—he was continually singing the praises of everything in New England from its mountains and rivers to its women. In fact, most of his spare time was spent arranging for those all-important dragging week-ends. Afternoons generally saw him playing tennis or in the wrestling loft, where his teammates insist he did as much work in keeping down to weight as in grappling. The traditional Yankee austerity was unknown to "Amil." His quick smile and amiable nature made him always welcome, and will undoubtedly continue to do so.

Bill

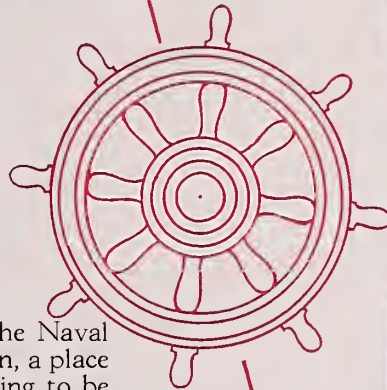


Amil

Charles Ledin Billings

PROCTOR, VERMONT

"Turkey" came to us with great ideals—ideals concerning Vermont, the Naval Academy, and women. To him Vermont is a place where great men are born, a place of honorable men and faithful women. As for women, they were something to be looked at and admired, but always from a distance. His jump from the life of the University of Virginia to that of the Academy was made without much trouble. Ration points were getting scarce anyway. Although, to hear him talk, he never got enough sleep, never got enough liberty, or never got enough to eat, he always managed to have a cheerful smile and a "Wie geht's mein Herr?"



Turkey



Big John



John Francis Crehan

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

"Big John" missed the college campus, summer sailing, and cosmopolitan New England society at first, but then crew workouts, interest in Academy yachts, and youngster hops "engaged him in tactical maneuvers as before." Allegedly he was sent to the Academy because his appetite demanded too many red points—watching him eat we understood. With six sisters he learned about women, because his address book was full of choice numbers. His quick wit and jovial disposition led to conflicts with the Executive Department but made him well liked by the boys.



William Harvey Crosby

LAWTON, OKLAHOMA

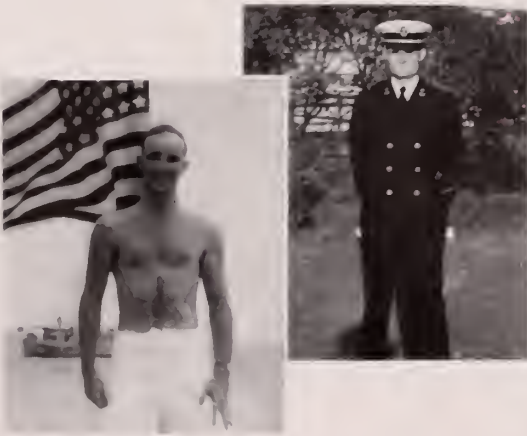
After three years of pre-med at Oklahoma University, Bill decided to embark upon a Naval career. Bringing with him his winning smile and a philosophy that was concerned only with the brighter side of life, he plunged manfully into the long struggle. Academics and the Executive Department were minor considerations in comparison to the eye chart; but vitamin pills, carrot juice, and that old Irish fighting spirit won out. In addition to being a hypnotist and a staunch believer in "wine, women, and song," "Bing" proved himself an able wrestler.

Andy



Bing

Hang-Fire



Big Ex

John Dryden Exum

JOHNSON CITY, TENNESSEE

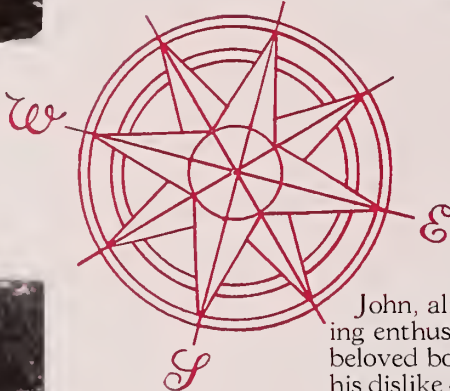
John came to us as just one of the boys, hoping to graduate as an officer and to hell with everything else. Studies came hard with him but he had waited too long to let anything deprive him of his life's ambition. His friends called him "Big Ex," but he secretly prided himself on having his girl call him a "big hunk of man." There was no doubt of that, and there is no doubt that the Academy is losing a good man to the Fleet.



Andrew John Dearman, Jr.

EUTAW, ALABAMA

A true Rebel and lover of warm sunshine, Andy's favorite pastime was to complain about the cold Maryland weather. Andy always eagerly looked forward to leave, when he could get back to Alabama to see all of his belles. Although the Academic Department managed to keep him rather busy, he found time for outside activities, and when not studying or writing letters, Andy could be found in the gym. His friendly disposition, his willingness to cooperate, and his ability to make friends made him well liked by his classmates, by whom he will be well remembered.



John Walter Erickson

OSWEGO, OREGON

John, alias "Leif Erickson," was probably one of the Academy's greatest ketch sailing enthusiasts. Every day during the sailing season "Erick" worked or sailed on his beloved boats. His enthusiasm for sailing, hunting, and fishing was matched only by his dislike of Dago. However, even demon Dago couldn't keep "Erick" from obtaining his lifetime goal of a Navy commission. "Erick" loves the sea, and was one of forty-six's saltier members. Although a notorious "Red Mike" who seldom went to social functions, he mixed easily and formed a host of lifelong friends at the Academy.

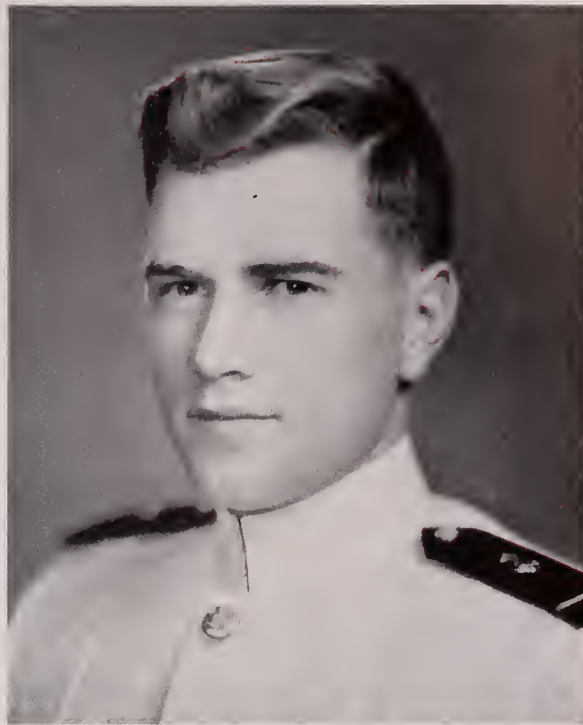




James Emery Forrest

ALHAMBRA, CALIFORNIA

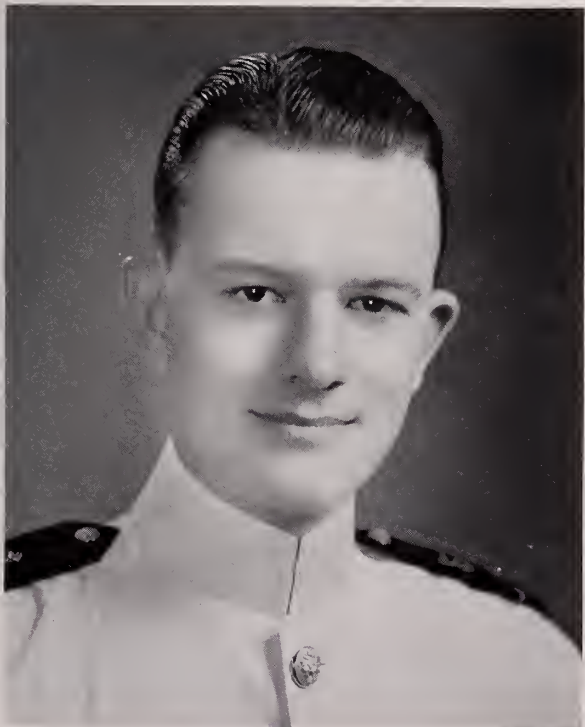
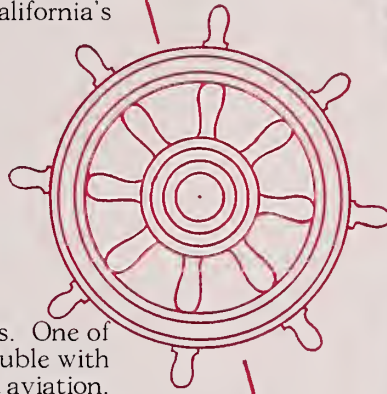
Originally a charter member of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, "Bosque" quickly transferred his interests to the promotion of the sub squad. Always with a grin that said, "things are finally breaking my way," he sailed lightly through academics only to concentrate on the complete exploitation of those too few hours of liberty. Anchor man of the "flying squadron" and foreman of the "salt mines," he quickly gained the respect of classmates and plebes alike. Those who recall his booming voice and carefree attitude will always remember those days spent with California's own "fuzzy-wuzzy."



Nolan Randolph Gibbons

NORMAN, OKLAHOMA

Nolan came to the Academy from Oklahoma by way of the Marine Corps. One of the inherently savvy boys and a natural artist in Juice, "Gib" had little trouble with academics. Instead, he spent his time gathering the latest dope on sailing and aviation. Never one to over-exercise, "Gib" spent much of his time resting up, but the mention of a sailing trip or the Marines would find him ready for fun or an argument. Randy is a quiet, likeable guy with rare ability, and his friendship will be long remembered.



James Edward Farnner

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

Indiana University lost a promising pre-med student and an outstanding basketball player when Jim entered the Academy. Academics bothered him plebe year until he began to study, and his main worry was how to drag Mary every week-end. Friendly with his light-hearted cheeriness, Jim was usually in some good-humored argument about the chow or the current sports—two of his big interests. But making enemies was an impossibility with Jim in spite of his arguments. His determination when the chips are down will pull him through many of life's problems.

Bosque



Jim

Gib



Benny



Howard Ben Gibbs

OSKALOOSA, KANSAS

Chesapeake salt water washed the Kansas dust out of "Benny's" hair and a Siberian Salt Mine degree plebe year assured him a wealth of nautical lore. From time to time, academics called for a few extra burners (Type-Midnight Oil, MK. 1) to negotiate the various mental obstacle courses but the course was always steady on a certain 1945 date. His greatest trial—the shortness of dragging week-ends; his greatest joy—those frequent letters from a certain girl back in "God's Country." When his sincere determination and winning personality put "Benny" on top—he'll still be grinning; he always was.



Willard Charles Gieseke

PARK RIDGE, ILLINOIS

"Goose" was always a good influence. Quiet and conscientious, he managed to make the most of his time. Although not a star man, he managed to stay well ahead of the Academic Departments. Pretty close to a "Red Mike," he did blossom forth now and then, and when he did it was well worth the trouble. Bill will always be remembered and envied for the stacks of mail that found their way into his room and even more so for the abundance of chow always on hand. Few will forget the steady, reliable friend that "Goose" was to all of us.

Chauncey



Goose

Kid Graff



Gundy

Nels Andrew Gunderson, III

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

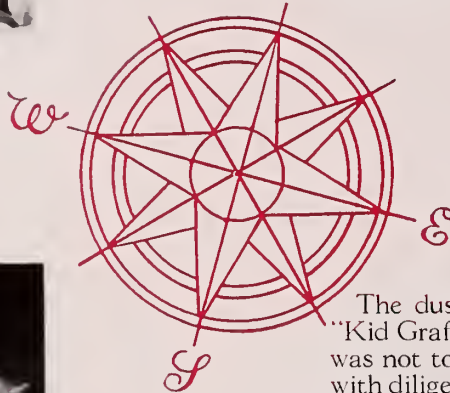
"Ah, my sack." These were invariably the words of Minnesota's one man Chamber of Commerce when the day was over. "Gundy" was a firm believer in the path of least resistance. This attitude didn't last long when it came to something he liked. Afternoons found him hard at work practicing with the lacrosse team. Nels made the varsity early, youngster year as goalie. Academics and the Executive Department never bothered him much. With his infectious grin and constant good nature, "Gundy" made life pleasant for himself and those who knew him.



Claude Massillon Glenn, Jr.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

The Tactical Department at West Point was waiting eagerly for "Chauncey" to arrive, but, after having spent two years in the regular Army, he changed his mind and decided that he was more suited to Navy life. As a gentleman of the old South he never let anything disturb him too much—not even the eleven weeks of youngster year he spent in the hospital after tangling with a football. Claude's intense following of sports was evidenced by his attendance at some athletic event, even when dragging; and the times when he was not dragging were few.



Sylvester Michael Graff

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

The dust had hardly settled on the parade ground when that dashing Marine, "Kid Graff," came strolling into the Academy, ambition shown on every feature. He was not to bilge—he owed it to "Lovey Dove," to the Marines, and to himself. So with diligence he topped every academic hurdle, but always had time for an argument, a handball bout, or a blind drag. No matter how alluring his drags, he'd always coyly declare, afterwards, "I'm faithful." A sharp punch line and an ingratiating smile were keys to the personality that was Graff.





Robert Timothy Hexter

SHOKER HEIGHTS, OHIO

Bob had to choose between being a banker and a Naval officer. While he had no antipathy for the folding green stuff, he decided he'd do better on the rolling blue. As a plebe he dreamed of hops and beautiful drags during youngster year. After a succession of bricking parties during youngster year in which he was the principal character and owner of the masonry, however, his dreams changed. He doggedly attacked academics as an outlet for his energies. Though ostensibly a "Red Mike," Bob spent his last year wistfully hoping that somewhere, sometime the right girl would appear.



John Reginald Hess

ATHENS, OHIO

Johnny found academics fairly simple, especially Math. The son of a German professor, we expected a real "Dago savoir"—but not John; he liked engineering. Even though he started most of his three years, his books flew against the bulkhead when those Skinny probs were too tough. A sports enthusiast, "Big John" spent all of his free time with basketball and crew. His ambition to cover his bathrobe with awards may have developed after he spent many afternoons rowing on the Severn. Not often seen dragging, he maintained, "A queen or nothing."

Bob

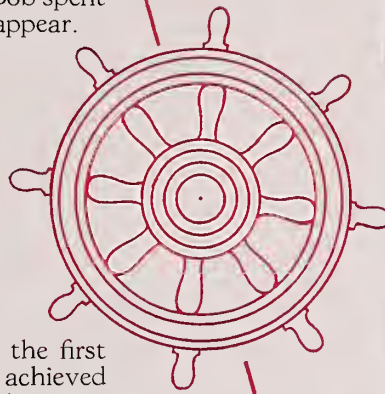


Big John

Laurence Leroy Jackson, Jr.

BIRMINGHAM, ALABAMA

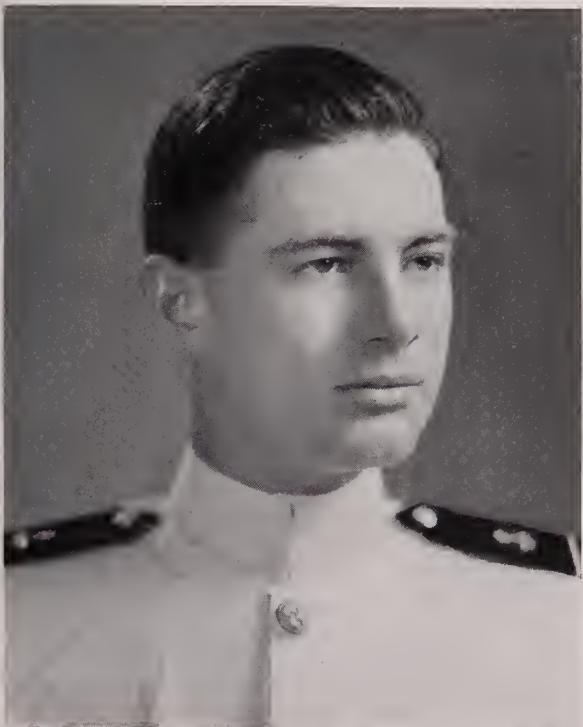
"L. L." first became known to his classmates when he was selected as the first battalion striper during plebe summer. Tall, athletic, and good-looking, he achieved success from then on in everything that he undertook including sailing, crew, dragging, and extra duty. Crew, the sport in which he won his "N," remained his first love, however, and every afternoon, rain or shine, he could be found faithfully sprinting over to the boathouse for a big workout. "L. L.'s" one great difficulty at the Naval Academy was that he could never say "no" when he was asked to do a favor.



L. L.



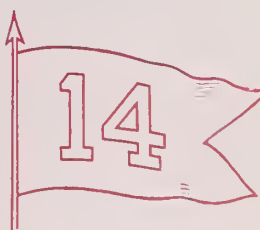
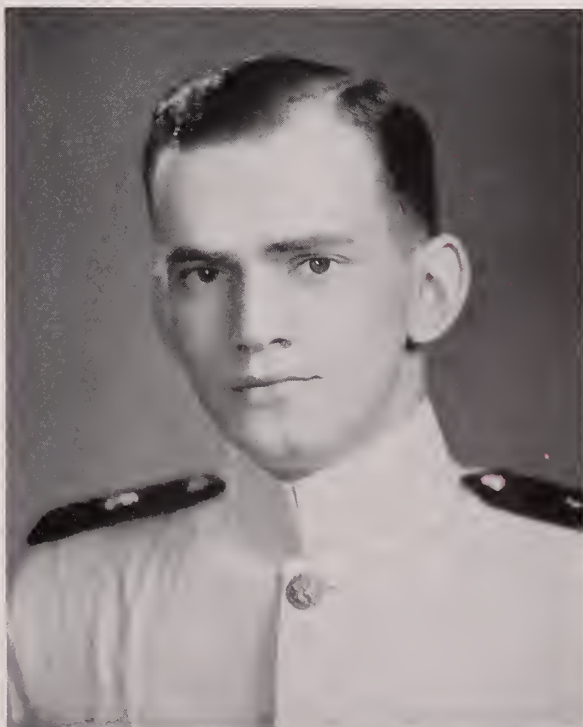
Kelly



George Robert Kelly

ELDORADO, ILLINOIS

Kelly left medical school bound for the Academy with a round trip ticket in his jeans, but decided to stay and the return half of the ticket was never used. Youngster year, with the privilege of "sack drills" unlimited, was worth waiting for, and the privilege was never neglected. Aside from a definite stand on the Irish question, Kelly was easy-going and nothing bothered him except "What's the movie?" and "I wonder if she can come up next week-end?" He was a J. V. wrestler and although just fair at the game, no one knocked the "L" out of Kelly.

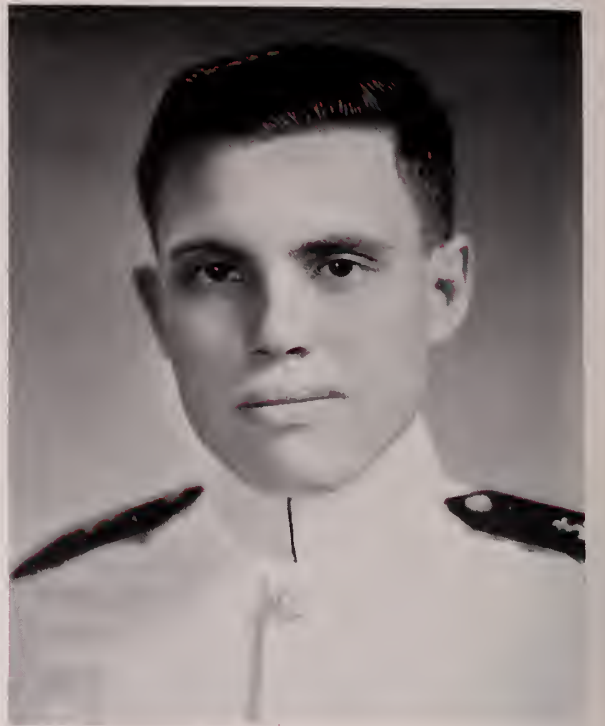


Homer Anderson Key, Jr.

MACON, GEORGIA

We found Homer wise beyond the ken of normal man and all listened in awe when "yer daddy" spoke. His fund of knowledge ever made him the center of the biggest and best bull sessions. Where did this handsome easy-going lad with his soft Georgia drawl and Southern grace learn to argue as he did? His ready wit and biting satire were always prepared to curl the hair of every challenger. We have bowed before his gifted oratory, but since he is a journalist at heart, it is likely that public opinion will someday be molded by his pen.

Dwight



Dwight Arnold Lane, Jr.

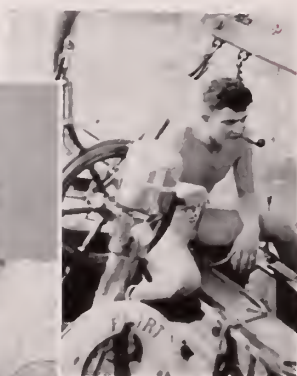
GLENDALE, CALIFORNIA

He came; he saw; he took a picture of it. These brief words give one the history of Dwight's stay here at Bancroft. He spent most of his spare time, and a little more besides, getting life at the Academy into focus, and saving it for posterity. Over the week-end, you would find him in the darkroom, or out taking shots. That he was successful is evidenced by the many pictures of his which were in the *Log*, *Trident*, and the *LUCKY BAG*. Truly an excellent photographer, and a great guy to know.



Homer

Bill



William Frankland Longton

MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

If you couldn't see him you could always hear him for Bill had the lungs of a five-striper. You could never find him in his room for he was either playing lacrosse, touch football, making telephone calls or upholding his reputation as an expert yawl sailor. Next to a broad grin the most familiar expression on his face was the "I've found her at last" look which was inspired by any of the many drags he sported. Bill worried little and worked less, but his carefree manner has won him many lasting friends.

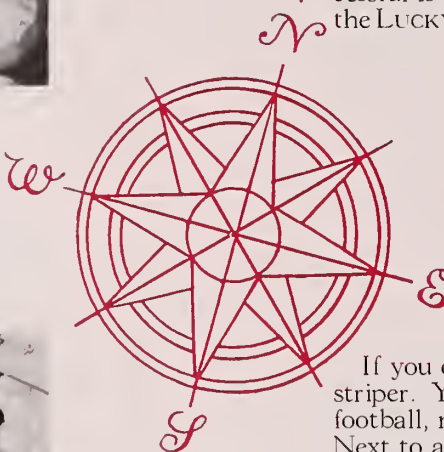
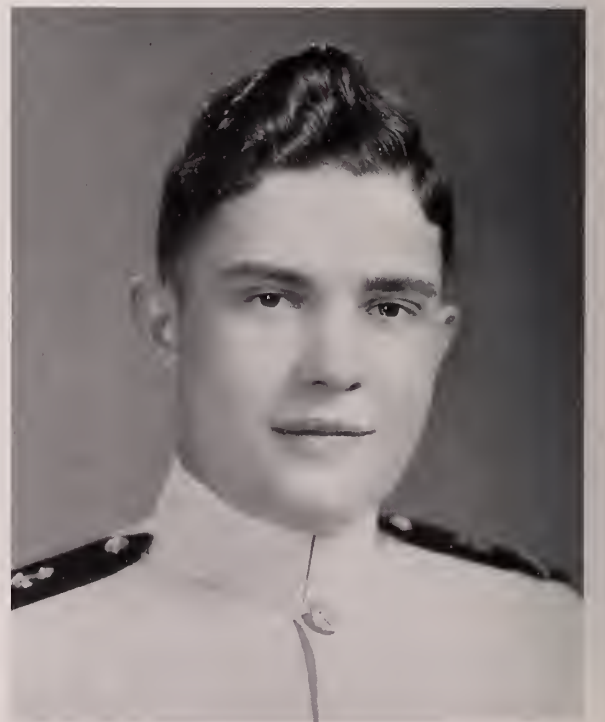


The-Reach

Theodore Clayton Lonngquest, Jr.

PENSACOLA, FLORIDA

Ted, as he is known to his numerous acquaintances is better known by his many friends as "The-Reach" for it can be said of him: "He came, he saw, he devoured." As a company wrestler, track performer, and sailing enthusiast, he spent many of his few free hours engaged in some form of athletics. He is industrious, sincere, earnest, and possesses a genial, happy-go-lucky, gregarious personality. Bull was his specialty—both as an academic subject and as a general pastime. His cosmopolitan past has provided him with a wide perspective and an abundance of knowledge.

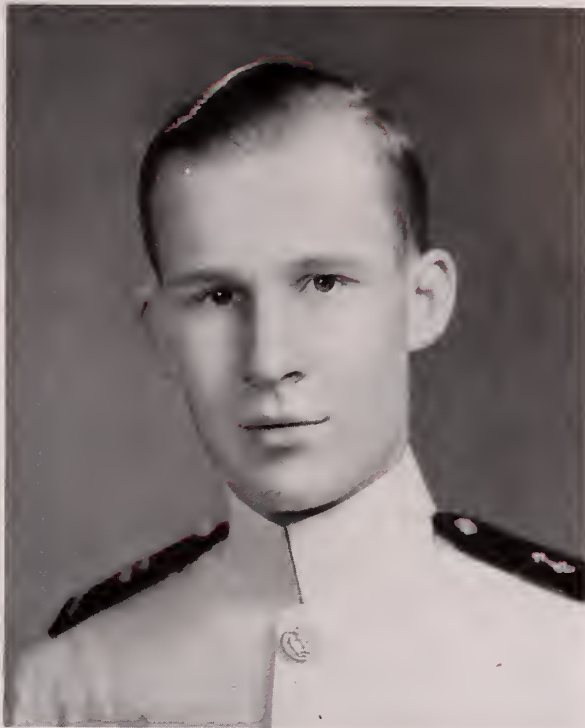




Kenneth Hugh Lyons

DALLAS, TEXAS

"Take your troubles to Lyons"—from academics to "sack drill" problems, it was a sure bet Ken could help you. His versatility and cheerful acceptance of hard work left him holding the familiar "burlap bag" much of the time; however, he allotted his time so that a minimum was spent in winning his stars, a generous amount in dragging captivating queens, and a maximum in sleeping. In spite of a few Executive Department forays and tiffs with the "system" Ken's cheerful personality remained intact, assuring us that wherever he goes there will be a feeling of good spirit and fellowship.

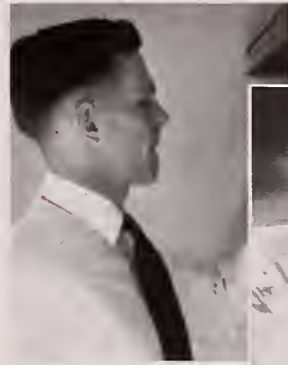


Robert Douglas Lyon

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Always ready for a quick game of "Ducats," any afternoon would find "Tiger" with a handfull of pasteboards and a pile of chips. "L. A.'s" voriferous press agent was well known for his outstanding ability to argue "logically" both sides of any question, whether right or wrong. During youngster year, "Gangrene" or "Chest" acquired fame through his frequent sojourns under the table. But this usual symbol of an off-the-ball fellows won't detract from our memory of Doug; if anything, it will make him stick in our minds as a good sport and a regular fellow.

Ken

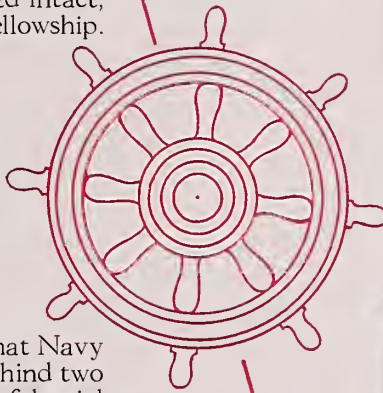


Tiger

Harry Roy Macdonald, Jr.

PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY

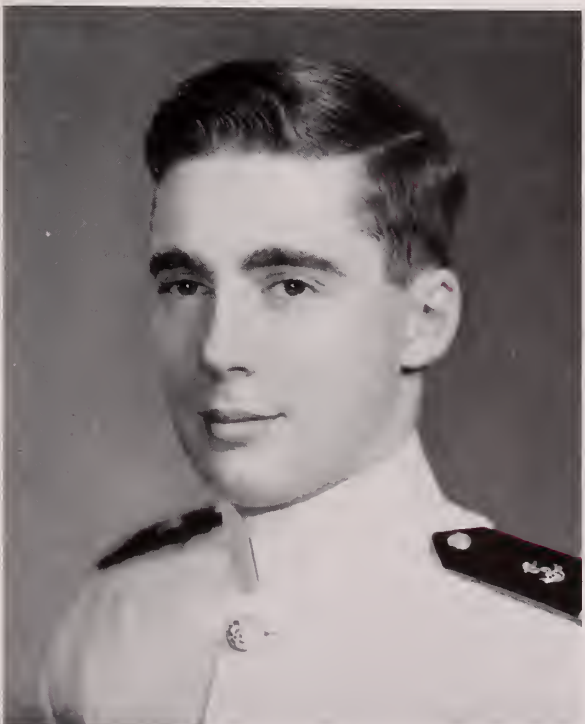
Mac was Navy blue, and the going had to be tough before he admitted that Navy life was trying at times. To realize his desire for a Naval career, Mac left behind two years at Princeton to become one of forty-six's finest. Strong boxes and confidential lockers were his nemesis, for he seldom remembered to lock them. Writing letters, grunting in the wrestling loft, and extra duty didn't leave him much time for academics, but somehow he was always near the top. Mac's natural ability to succeed will insure our hearing of him in the future.



Mac



Tony



Anthony Melvin Masich, Jr.

WINSTON-SALEM, NORTH CAROLINA

A true son of the deep South, Tony was a foremost exponent of the fantastic theory, "I'll spot the Academic Department today, tomorrow is another day." Studies, women, and beating the system were second nature with Tony which explains how he could operate week after week and remain a top man in academics. His athletic abilities were torn between football, tennis and soccer in an honest endeavor to keep as many coaches happy as possible. His "anti" leanings, his frequent and tragic love affairs, and his amiability endeared him to us.



Robert Lee McElroy, Jr.

EARLE, ARKANSAS

Weighing in at 120, Mac donated to the Navy one of the toughest little packages it ever got. Straight from "God's country" in East Arkansas and every ounce a Southern gentleman, he made good use of his natural friendliness, his consideration for others, and an ever-present smile, to become one of the favorites of his class. An all-around athlete and quite a hustler for his size, Mac won his "N" in pistol and covered his bathrobe with sports awards; and, in spite of the obstacles of academics and dragging, he still managed to become a Naval officer.

Bub



Mac



Doc



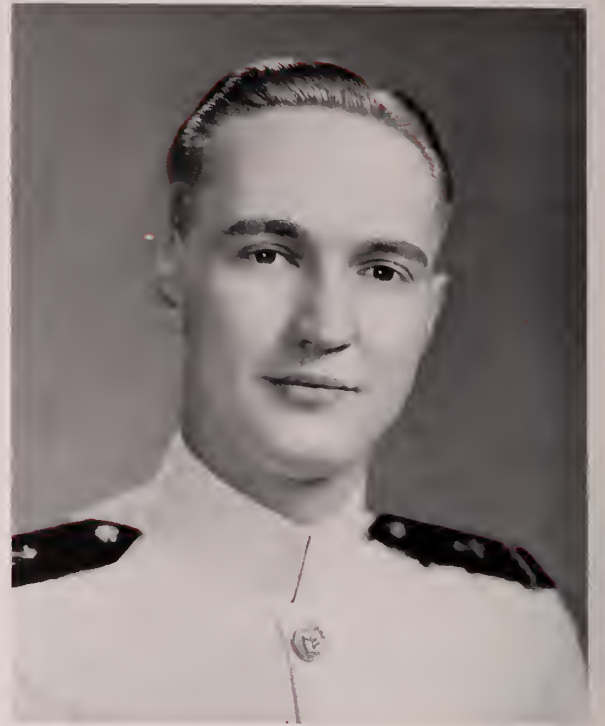
Miz



Harlie Leon Mize

AKRON, OHIO

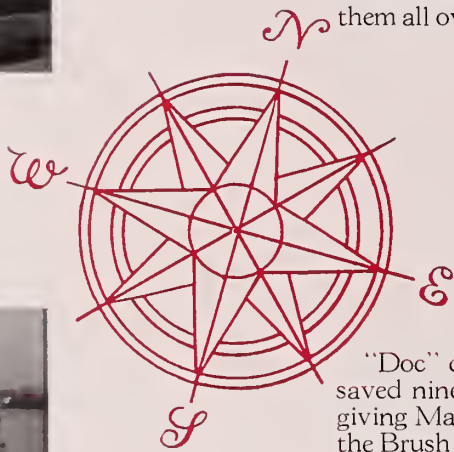
Harlie possessed the virtue of earnest endeavor. Only two things came easy for "Miz"; swimming and dragging. We watched his motor boat feet win him his "N*s" on the swimming team since plebe year. Those gruelling hours of training in the natatorium gave him an alibi for chowing down in the mess hall. Take enthusiasm, pep, a broad smile, his natural ability to get along well with his shipmates, add his athletic physique and you have "Miz," a true friend and an asset to our Navy.



Robert Ernest Megee, Jr.

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

A typical Texas Aggie, "Bub" loved his wine, women, and bunk. He wanted to be a West Point Kaydet, but finally wound up in the Navy with a dogged determination to get his wings and obtain a flat top command. Sundays would find the "Obispo" teaching Sunday School, at "Holden's Hole," or cross-country hiking. An easy-going field artilleryman, "Bub" was at the bottom of a long line of Army men and threw them all over for the Navy. Chalk up a lucky break for Navy.

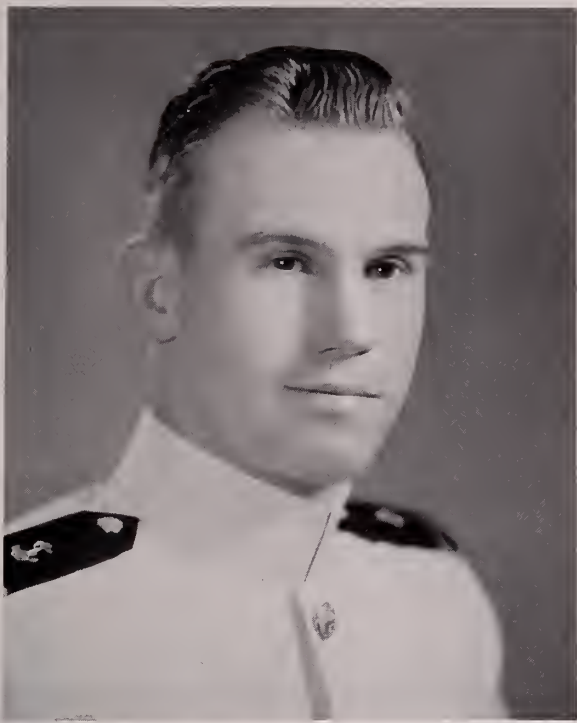


Keith Showalter Messenger

BRUSH, COLORADO

"Doc" came to us fresh from Colorado University with a background of Math that saved nine-tenths of the company from bilging every week. If you didn't find him giving Math extra-instruction to the boys you could find him sacked-out, absorbed in the *Brush Tribune* or *Colliers*. His specialties for recreation were the commando course and sun bathing. Had it not been for "ye olde Bulle Department" he would have sported stars his first two years. A subtle joker, a winning personality and a willing helper, "Doc" would never lack friends.





Robert Worth Myers

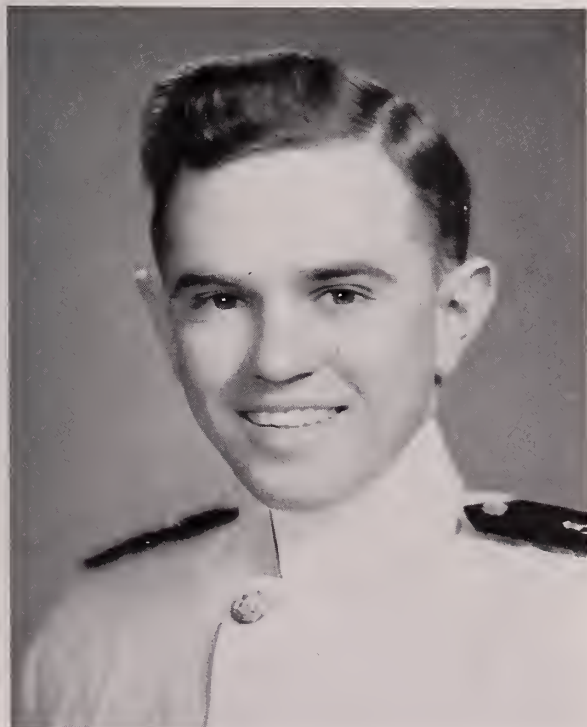
EFFINGHAM, ILLINOIS

After spending most of his life in the thriving metropolis of Effingham, Bob decided it was time to see the world. He has been good Navy material from that moment. Having heard of beautiful Annapolis with its gorgeous women, he came here and was not disillusioned about the women. He preferred to observe the scenery from a horizontal position, but didn't spend all his time there. He saw his girl weekly and phoned her even more frequently. During the week he found time for his favorite sports, soccer and track, and enough book "larnin" to evade the dreaded foliage.

Henry Ortland, III

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Living on the outskirts of "Crabtown," "Hank" didn't have far to travel to the Academy. His love for Maryland and Annapolis seemed to be genuine, but we still wonder what prompted him to be a University of North Carolina "Tarheel" for two years. Perhaps the Southern Conference yielded better swimming awards to this "merman." He said he wanted to be a chemist. "Hank" and swimming seemed to be synonymous; heredity was on his side, but the fight he showed in the finish of the quarter mile was all his own. Savvy? "Well, academics weren't everything," smiles diminutive "Hank."



Wendell Boyd Muncie

SEMINOLE, OKLAHOMA

With a one-sided grin on his face and a belligerent look in his eye "Munse" sailed into the Naval Academy from the Fleet, bringing with him the idea that "It'll be rough and it'll be tough, but so am I." Consequently, during plebe year Boyd was often swamped in the Executive Department's sudden squalls. With a philosophy toward life that was closely connected with pretty faces he dragged often—in spite of his fear of fouled-up week-ends. His favorite sports were wrestling, boxing, and cross-country; his first love, the sea; his ambition, to skipper his own can.

Bob



Munse

Hank

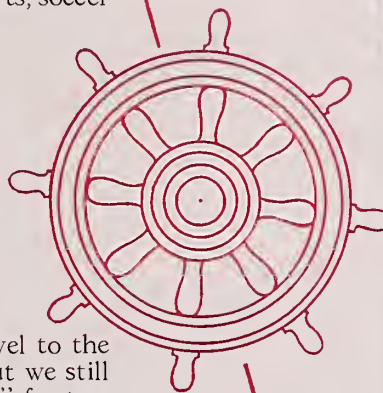


Bob

Robert Alfred Page

GREAT NECK, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"No, no, not Lungk Island, it is Long Island, if you please!" That was about the biggest rise that you could get out of this amiable, impossible-to-run New Yorker. Though not happy-go-lucky, Bob possessed a purposeful philosophy of life of which laughter and good times were integral parts. Far from being a sack artist, Bob was a physical culture fiend who rarely missed a chance to box, wrestle, or work out on the gym apparatus. An ardent advocate of sailing, independent Bob was happiest at the tiller of his own sailboat on Long Island Sound.



Harmon Charles Penny

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Hey, Penny, who are you dragging this week-end?" You could bet she would be a real beauty—none other suited his taste. Between week-ends he interested himself in academics. Everything came to him naturally and before almost every class there would be a classmate in his room asking for a little last-minute "dope." Well-proportioned and athletic, he caught the coach's eye in any sport. Crew, however, was his selection among varsity sports, with football practice in the fall. The Army lost a good man when he elected to enter the Navy from an Army prep school.

Bob



H. C.

Sam

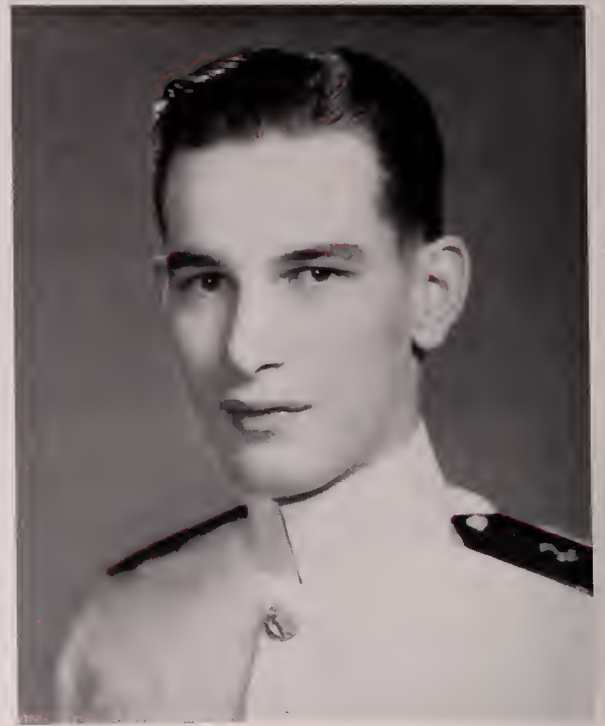


Robbie

Horace Bascomb Robertson, Jr.

KANNAPOLIS, NORTH CAROLINA

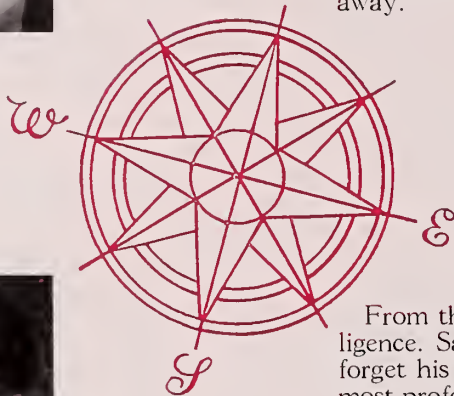
From inland Piedmont, North Carolina to "Crabtown" is a big step for any landlubber, but "Robbie" was quick to learn the ways of the sea, and by the end of plebe summer he was as salty a sailor as ever came to the Academy. With two years at Davidson College behind, academics never bothered him, so almost every week-end, you found him dragging. Although never a varsity athlete, his company could always count on him at wrestling or military track. Nor will anyone ever forget his famous "sack drills." "Robbie" will always be welcomed wherever good fellows meet.



Glenn Austin Reiff

NEWTON, KANSAS

Have you ever seen a smile as wide as the plains of Kansas? You should have seen Reiff with a deskful of letters from his O.A.O.'s. They were smiles of triumph, for Glenn, with a glib tongue and brilliant pen, was seldom without a drag. Except for a year at Texas A. and M. and a spell at Bull and Dago, "he spent most of his life in bed." Basketball claimed those rare moments of energy; that is, basketball and eating. Owner of a sense of humor that won't quit, Glenn will ever be able to laugh his troubles away.

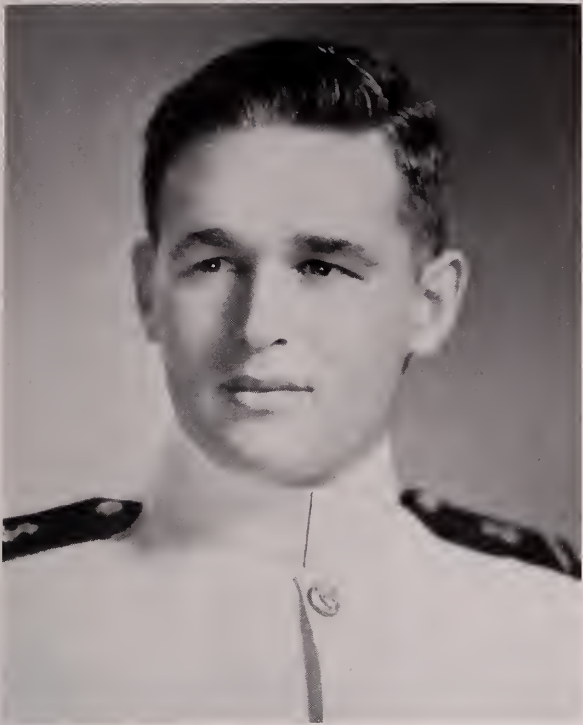


Samuel Walter Reingartz

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

From the shores of Lake Erie came this lanky lad, possessed of an amazing intelligence. Sam exchanged his clarinet for a foil when he came to the Academy, but didn't forget his impressive musical background. His favorite compositions vary from the most profound classics to the hottest swing. We know Sam for his witty comments—and some not so witty! He is seldom seen without that characteristic sparkle of cheerfulness and congeniality. Add to this his desire to see things done to perfection, and surely a successful career lies ahead.





David Alfred Rogers

SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

With a bag full of jokes Dave boarded the train for Annapolis to fulfill a childhood ambition and to show the fellows a few tricks. In addition to keeping the company savvy in Spanish, "D. A." was at the front of the line to receive his stars. His boundless energy would not tolerate sack drill, and every afternoon found him in the gym improving his Atlas physique or garnering a few points for the battalion track team. Laughter and friends will accompany Dave wherever he goes. "If you think that one's good, I have plenty more where that came from."

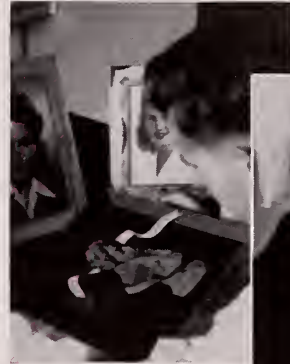


Charles Mebane Robinson

GASTONIA, NORTH CAROLINA

Charlie has the distinction of being perhaps the only man to have completed his years at the Academy without ever having learned a conversion factor. However, after a minor engagement with the Skinny Department at the beginning of youngster year in which he was victorious, he was bothered but little by academics. Although not an outstanding athlete or the most brilliant student in his class, Charlie can be remembered for his good humor and his love for Tennyson and North Carolina.

D. A.



Charlie

Mel

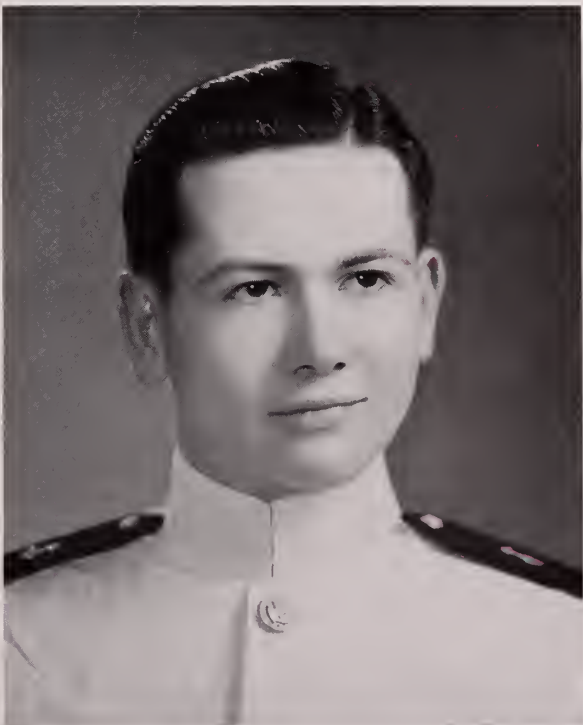
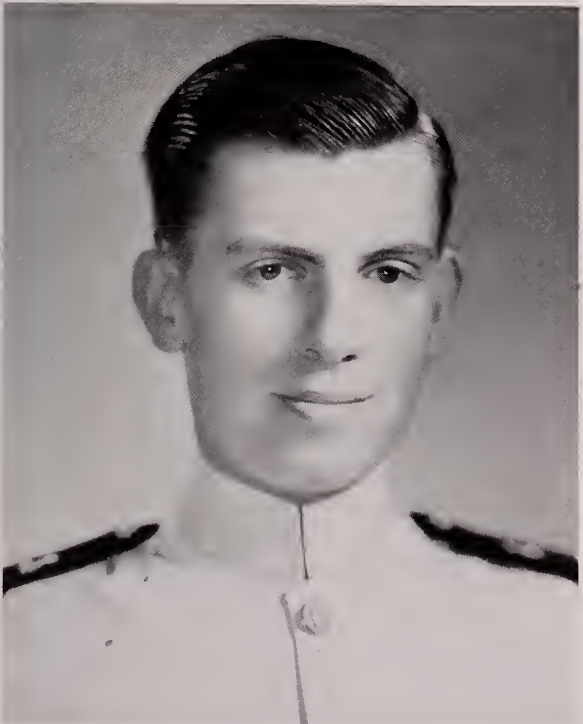


Bill

Harry Melville Rogers

INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

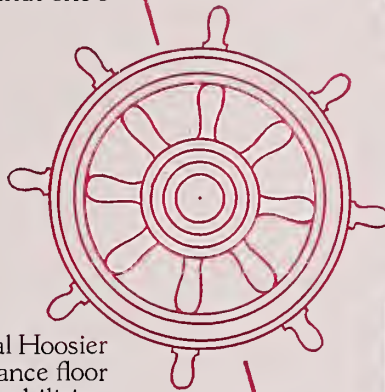
"Mel" hailed straight from two years engineering work at Purdue. A typical Hoosier of the tall, silent type, he enjoyed gliding his six foot three frame over the dance floor at the hops. "Balls" took pride in his good health and in his varied athletic abilities. After finishing his academics in short order, he could be found catching up on horizontal engineering. In tight spots "Mel" was at his best; he thought, acted, and got results, especially in Steam. The Field Artillery may have lost a good man, but the Navy has gained one.



William Stanley Rothwell

SUPERIOR, WISCONSIN

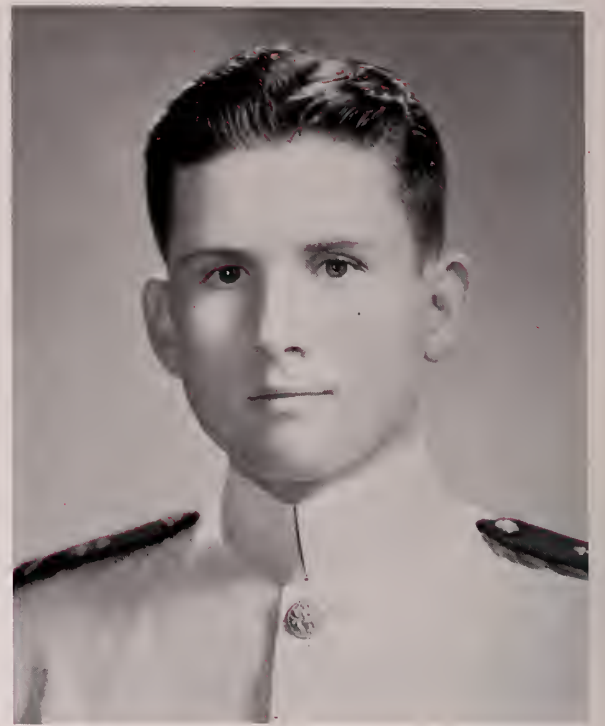
Bill bounced onto the Bancroft bandwagon from Wisconsin, the fisherman's paradise, with an intense interest in Beethoven, Byron, and "bunk drills." Never ruffled by academic storms he found it easy to adjust himself to the Naval routine as long as a supply of "skags" was handy. Easy-going and ever helpful, Bill helped light the way for more than one of his less savvy classmates. Not entirely a horizontal athlete he participated in several battalion sports and could often be found out on the bay enjoying a nautical life. His only regret—there were no trout in the Severn.



Stuart Savage, Jr.

ALBUQUERQUE, NEW MEXICO

A Naval ROTC. cruise was responsible for bringing "Bud" to the Severn where he swapped sand from the "Land of Enchantment" for salt water and the command of the yacht, *Vamarie*. A real "Red Mike," he preferred week-end sailing trips to the rigors of Annapolis dragging week-ends and could be seen only when the boats were out of the water. Two years of engineering school made academics incidental once Bud had been overcome. Bud went his way with a minimum of exertion and annual rest cures on Hospital Point.



Gordon Edward Selig

HOUSTON, TEXAS

Hailing from Texas, "Gord" proved that the lads from the Lone Star State can be at home in places other than a saddle. Coming to the Academy with an engineering background, he managed to stand well up in his class without studying too hard. In fact, his favorite pastime was writing letters to Bebe during study hour. Tops in personality and sports, he was never too busy to help a classmate with a knotty Math prob or Juice circuit. He'll keep on getting the right answers after graduation.

Gord

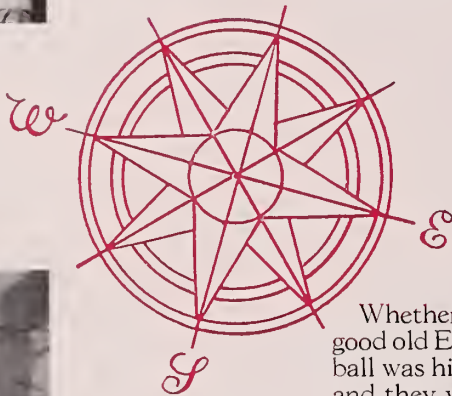


Bud

Shof



Bill



Howard Bentley Shofner, Jr.

SHELBYVILLE, TENNESSEE

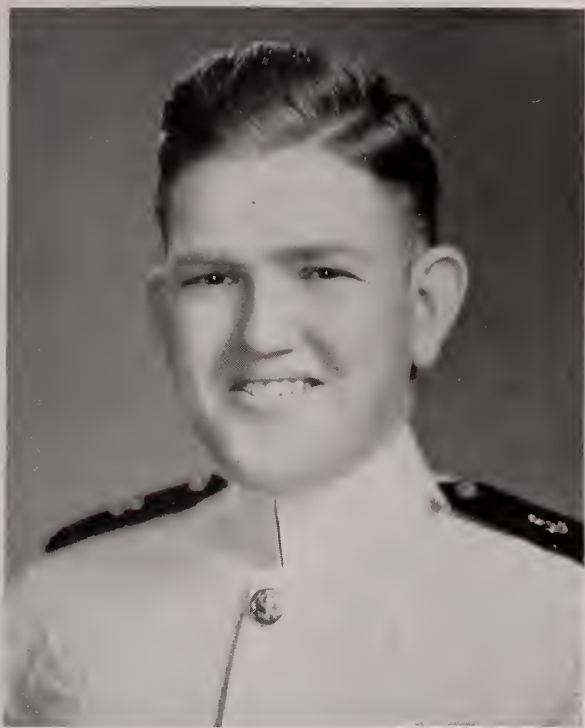
Whether it was a songfest, a bull session, a football scrimmage, or a contest with the good old Executive Department, you could always find "Shof" in there pitching. Football was his O.A.O. and extra duty his great specialty, but, despite the latter's inroads, and they were considerable, his social life was seldom entirely obscured. The inborn rugged individuality of the Tennessean has a premier spot in "Shof's" philosophy of life, and his love for the game, for the sake of the game, is real and vital. You can bet he will be "on target" whatever it may be.

William Henry Simonson

RICHMOND HILL, NEW YORK

With his experience enriched by a youth spent in the city of New York, Bill came to the Naval Academy with a store of tales that lasted throughout his career here, and ever was he willing to spend a study hour telling them—much to the pretended annoyance of his roommates. Bill's favorite pastime was just shooting the breeze or giving his numerous friends the benefit of his doubtfully wise advice. Although Bill's academic attainments were not outstanding, his level-headed common sense and good humor will stand by him in his career after leaving the Academy.





Perry Nelson Smith

DALLAS, TEXAS

"It's too much like work" belied efficiency rather than indolence with "Smitty." When given a task, his quiet, effective methods proved productive of good results. Academics was a harmless necessity, but when he settled down with his pipe and a good book, it was another story. Perry didn't drag habitually, but when he did, his choice was a queen. Sports in general, and baseball in particular appealed strongly to him. His activities around second base proved that he was no novice at the national pastime. An unaffected manner and a contagious smile made "Smitty" a welcome addition to any group.



James Reddoch Smith

FOXWORTH, MISSISSIPPI

"Smitty" came to the Naval Academy, by way of Marion Institute, from the land of perpetual rest. True to his Southern heritage, his greatest complaint was that the Academy curriculum did not allot enough time for participation in his most highly cherished pastime—sleeping. Academics were fruit for him and he was never troubled with the strenuous week-end "rat races" that go with dragging because his true love was down in Mississippi. A list of "Smitty's" friends would read like a class muster. This congeniality proved itself priceless when there was a job to be done.

Smitty

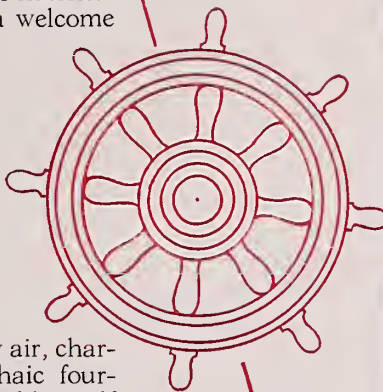


Smitty

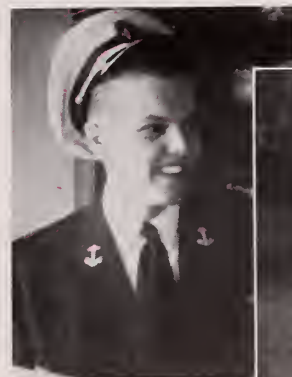
Robert Burton Snowden

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Acquiring his yen for the sea the hard way, Bob came to us with that salty air, characteristic only of the true sailor who has manned one of the Navy's archaic four-pipers. Far from being in the sack artist category, Bob industriously applied himself to all tasks coming his way, and on week-ends, unselfishly devoted his time to his multitude of feminine admirers. He was equally versatile as an athlete, whether in a boxing ring, on a wrestling mat, or on the soccer field. His congeniality, and sincerity are ever in our hearts, and jealously do we envy the tranquil ease with which he faced life's stormy waves.



Bob



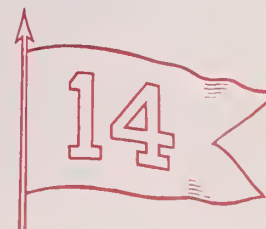
Bob



Robert Allan Weir

GRENADA, MISSISSIPPI

"Weir here" was Bob's password at every occasion and he made his presence known by his Mississippi humor and ready wit. Bob was a prominent member of the pistol team, scoring more misfires than any other man, but always coming through with a high score. When he wasn't on the pistol range you could be sure that he was either dragging or sailing—his two other favorite occupations. He drifted through academics with his usual carefree attitude, confident in his belief that too much studying made Bob a dull boy and that sleep was just as important.



Donald Malcolm Wynne

MOUNT MORRIS, ILLINOIS

"The very difficult will be done quickly, the impossible takes a little longer." These words typify "The Governor's" attitude toward the snares of Naval Academy life. Even the most difficult academic hurdles failed to daunt his confidence. This confidence plus irresistible energy carried him to success on the athletic field as well as in the classroom. "The Governor" soon blossomed forth as a real salt and spent many summer days on the yawls and yachts acquiring sunburn and seamanship. With his energy and ability Don will do well whatever the circumstances.

Joe



The Governor

Lou

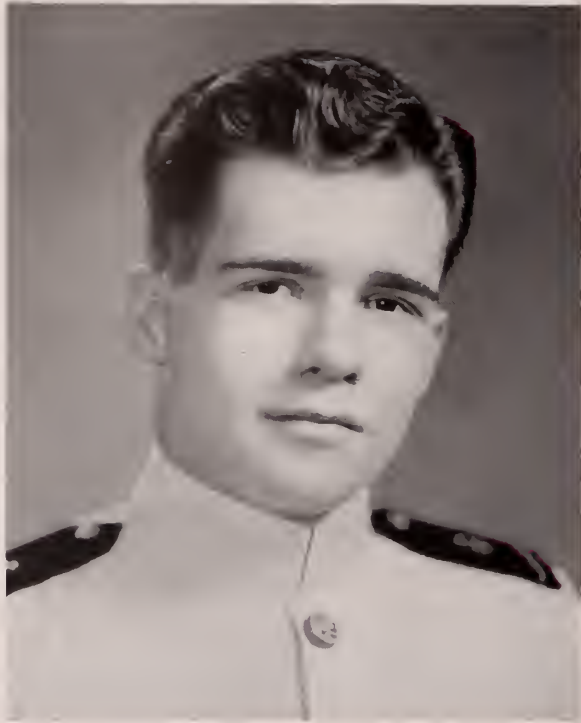


Ash

Donn Langdon Ashley

NEWTON, MASSACHUSETTS

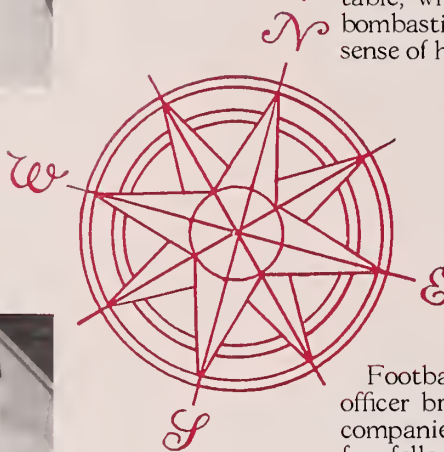
With a simulated Southern drawl, the "Barrel" greeted all those whom he knew. A zealous worker, a superior athlete, the "Blimp's" notebook of Naval actions prove that his will be an active and successful life in the Fleet. A 40 man in bull sessions, Donn would always defend his rock-bound New England coast or his chosen profession. "Ash," whose capable pen wrote many a sports article for the Log, was a soccer letterman and excelled at squash, tennis, bridge, hockey, and baseball. If you wanted a cheery word, a pleasant smile, or a true friend—Donn was the man.



Joseph Francis Ahearn

NEWTONVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS

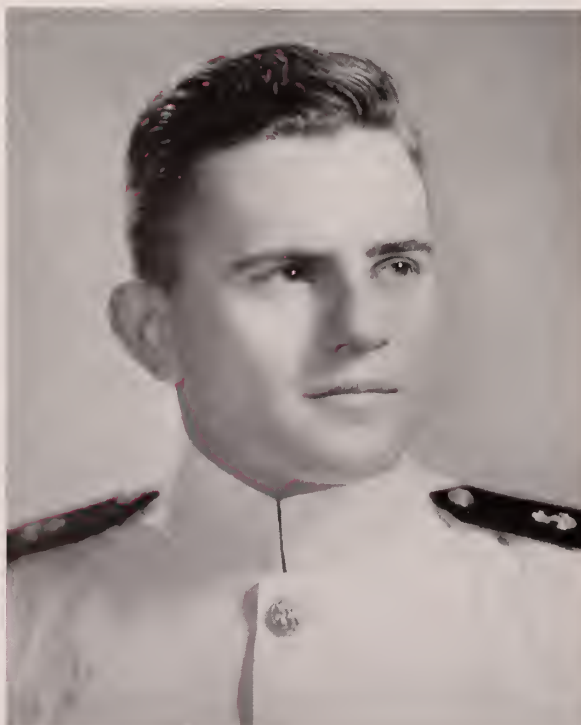
When Joe left his native "Bahstun," he brought with him a no strain attitude and settled down to a full life of track, cross-country, dragging week-ends, and record sessions, with classes and drills interfering annoyingly. To keep life moving, there were the daily combats with the alert O.D.'s and the nightly battles over the bridge table, which always ended in a slam bid after the study-hour bell and an unfailing bombastic "Ahearn saying." With his athletic prowess, star academic ability, and keen sense of humor, Joe could not fail to have a good time.



Louis Vincent Aronson, II

SOUTH ORANGE, NEW JERSEY

Football at Newark Academy and Severn coupled with a sincere desire to be a Naval officer brought Lou to the Naval Academy. Because of the necessity of balancing companies after the first year Lou changed battalions, consequently was one of the few fellows in the Regiment with intimate friends in three battalions. An infectious grin, pleasant disposition, and ever willingness to lend a helping hand made this husky "Joisy" lad a cherished friend and fine comrade. At times he found Steam hard, but it brought out his sheer ability to accomplish that which was most difficult; an attribute indispensable in the Fleet.





Richard Fayerweather Babcock, Jr.

EVANSTON, ILLINOIS

Dick came to us after two years at Northwestern University. He was a very likeable chap and found no trouble making friends. His good humor and ready smile were well known to his classmates. "Bab" was a mainstay in the line for his battalion football team. However, Dick's favorite sports were canteen drills followed by a flakeout period listening to his favorite symphonies. His weakness was girls, and a week-end never passed that didn't find "Bab" dragging. His war cry was, "I like it here," and that is what we'll be listening for in the Fleet.



Thomas Earnest Auger

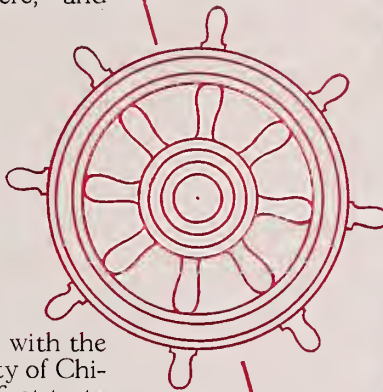
SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

Tom (better known as "Eag") traded his Army uniform for the Navy Blue. During plebe summer he became enthusiastic about track, and during plebe year won his letter. Tom was not really a "Red Mike," but Marion was 3000 miles away. When not at the gym, track, or on his bunk, Tom could be found writing those monstrous letters to the West. Because he was so very industrious, "The Little Man" was kidded occasionally, but his quick rebuttal and amiable manner stopped his would-be tormentors and won for him many friends.

Dick



Eag



Lawrence Clloyd Baldwin

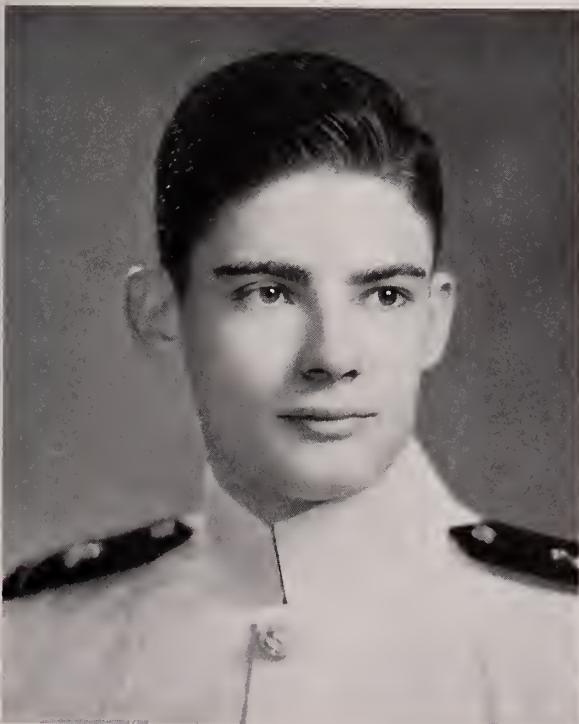
SUMNER, ILLINOIS

Lawrence, commonly referred to as "Shakespeare," came to the Academy with the words, "What can I lose?" and with the desire to give it a try. The University of Chicago's loss was the Academy's gain. During plebe summer "Baldy" got his first taste of wrestling which enabled him to get his letter plebe year. Sleeping was his hobby, and reveille always came too soon for him. When not on the athletic field, wrestling, or dragging, "Shake" could be found helping some less fortunate shipmate with academics. Thoughtful, friendly, and with a will to work, Lawrence will undoubtedly do as well in the future as he has done at the Academy.

Shakespeare



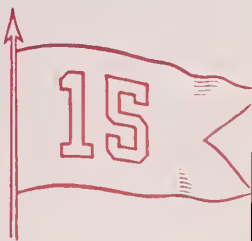
Bud



Edwin Lee Ball

FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

Bud came to the Academy with a quick wit and large assortment of appropriate remarks for any occasion. These helped him in plebe year against upperclassmen and in the following years against any opponent in an argument. Wisely keeping his sense of humor plebe year, Bud experienced no difficulty in making friends, finding a bridge partner, or writing to the fairer sex. "Scratch" believed in quality, not quantity, and did not spread himself too thin! He played hard and studied enough so that he always managed to get a little more out of each day without having to bump his noggin against the well-known bulk-head.

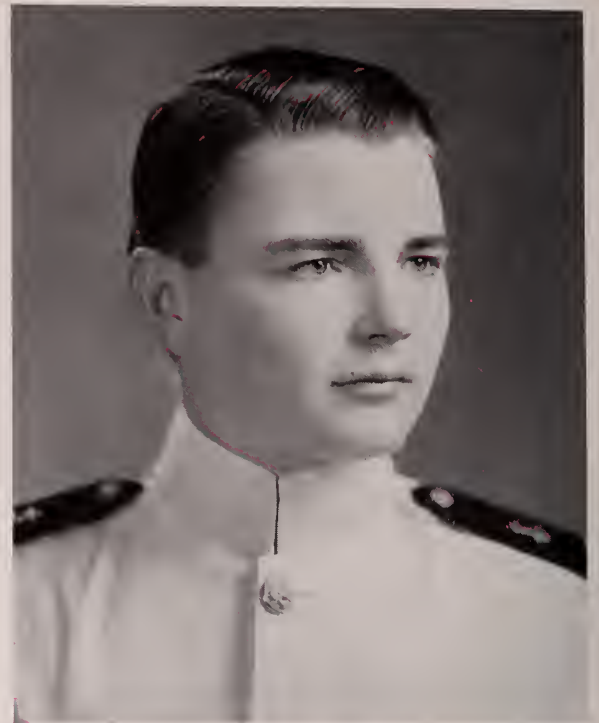


Hartley Stockton Bancroft

COLLINGSWOOD, NEW JERSEY

'Flash' or 'Little Joe,' he was known as in them days. With his trusty Speed Graphic under his arm and a pleasant grin on his face, Hart went about his business from morn' till night as photographic editor of the *Lucky Bag* and *Trident*. This 'Joisy' sandblower gloried in fattening his collection of boogie-woogie records. A capable jitterbug, Hart was a better than average athlete, and came to blows with but one Academic Department—Dago. Always ready to drag, sail, or sleep, Hart is looking forward to the day when zoot suits will become the standard Navy uniform.

Jim



James Crawford Bellah

LAFAYETTE, GEORGIA

The only man ever to graduate from the Naval Academy without wasting a happy hour—that's this Southern lad's greatest distinction. And how were the valuable happy hours spent? That's easy, say all who knew Jim. On the sack! This belligerent Rebel, always ready to defend his native Southland, knew all and would tell you all there was to know about the war between the States. He was the greatest exponent of the Rebel cause that ever passed through the portals of Bancroft Hall. A capable athlete, a staunch and true friend, the "horizontal kid" was one of the most military to ever carry old lady Springfield.



Hart

Jazzo



Book

Thomas Franklin Booker

MEXIA, TEXAS

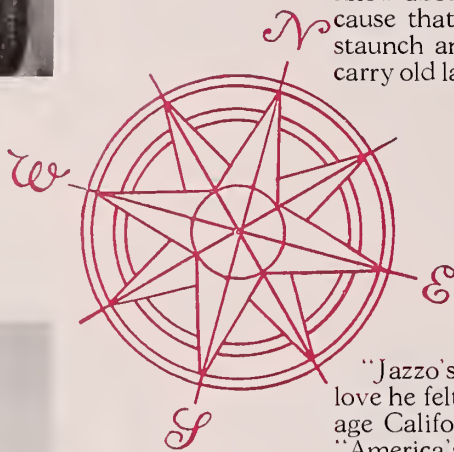
With military discipline instilled in "Book" at Texas A & M, learning to relax in a braced-up suit was no strain; in fact, Tom relaxed his way through the Academy, devoting most of his energy to dragging and blowing about Texas. His athletic abilities embraced softball, soccer, boxing and bowling. With "T. F." nothing equaled a big beautiful blonde—Texan of course—and nothing could be worse in life than more Portuguese classes. Tom's genial personality and hearty smile won him friends wherever he went; though he talked loud and long, his thoughts were as deep as his talk was loud. "Book" will always be there when there's a job to be done.



John Sanborn Blake

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

"Jazzo's" association with the Smoky City was far too brief to remove any of the love he felt for his native Maine. He was a more proficient press agent than the average Californian, and would talk for hours without being urged on the wonders of "America's Vacationland." "Jazzo" was strictly a salty sailor, having virtually grown up on the water. His love life fluctuated like a wartime stock market, but he had his own ideas on the one to settle down with. His infectious personality captivated everyone he met, and it will always be an asset to him.





Joseph Woodward Campbell

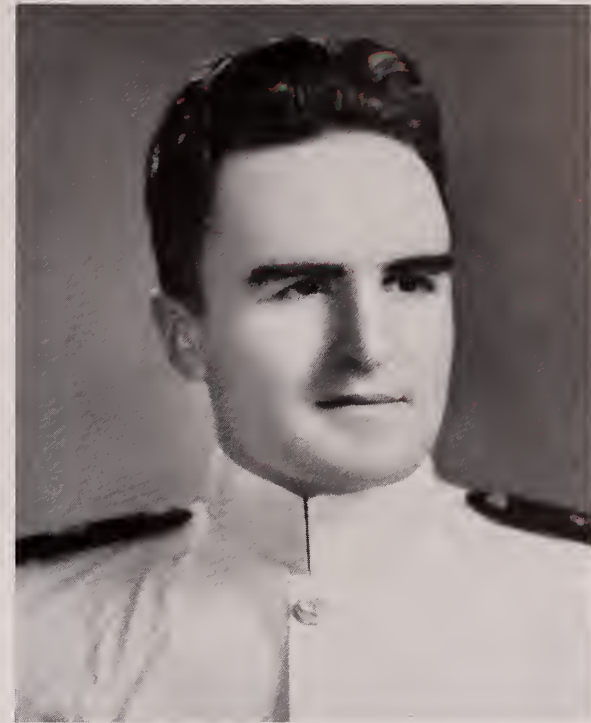
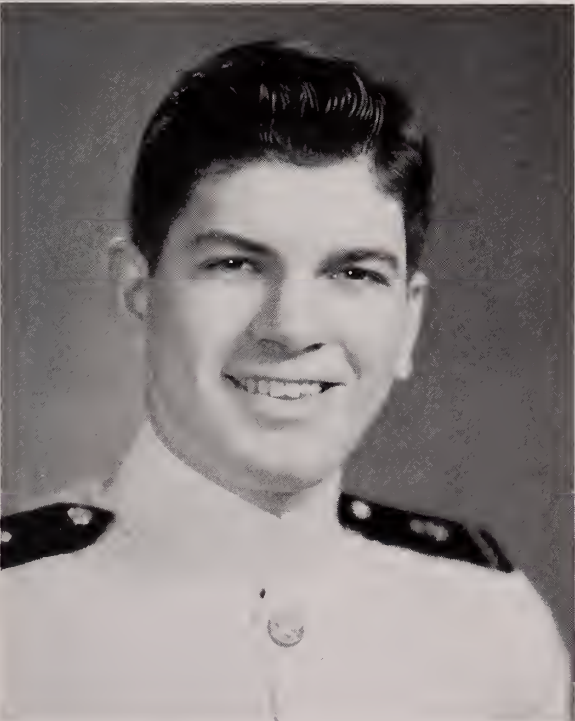
FORT WORTH, TEXAS

"Heave to and wash up, men, we're going ashore." Those who ever sailed with "Soupy" remember him for these famous words, his genuine love of sailing, and the fun enjoyed by all with him on one of those week-end liberties. Academics held no terror for Joe, having already graduated from T.C.U. before entering U.S.N.A. But this did not increase his lust for the sack as he always seemed to find something to do with his time. Although not a Red Mike, he could not "see" weathering the obstacles to drag often at the Academy, but instead confined his dates to week-end liberties and leaves.

John Thomas Collins

CHEVY CHASE, MARYLAND

Hailing from Chevy Chase, Maryland, John had the edge on the rest of us from the beginning. On hop nights, we didn't have to look far to see him dragging the home town's best. Bringing his high school basketball playing ability with him to the Naval Academy, he played junior varsity basketball three seasons. Not one to chain himself to an athletic career, his musical ability kept him busy with the Musical Club shows and choir. The Academic Department had few arguments with John, as each year saw him within one point of starring. We will all remember John as one of Bancroft's best shipmates.

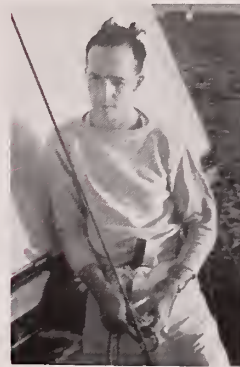


Robert Malcolm Boyle

EVERETT, WASHINGTON

The State of Washington lost an up and coming real estate agent when Bob migrated from the shores of Puget Sound to the grounds of the Naval Academy. Handsome, determined, and down to earth described Bob. He was never the dashing Romeo, but more the quiet reserved type who could be counted on when there was a job to be done. Bob excelled with enthusiasm when it came to sports, letters to the O.A.O., and sack drills. We will all remember him for his big-heartedness and his cheerful, friendly company.

Soupy

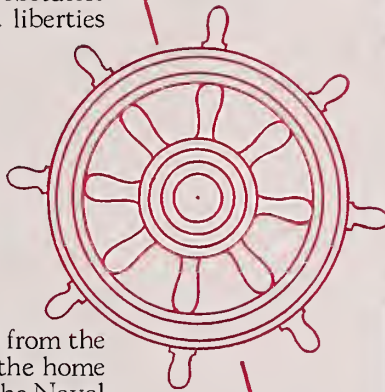


Bob

John



Ted



Theodore Humble Collora

PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY

Although this tall lad never found studies too easy, he always managed to stay sat. His happy hours were spent on his sack with his head in a pillow or else writing letters to his many acquaintances. For three years, week-end ketch trips were Ted's prime interest, and first-class year found him in command of most of the Crocodile's Chesapeake cruises. "T. H." wasn't exactly a Red Mike, but he preferred to take long walks when the rest were dragging. Ted's heart is set on blimps and he intends to render his abilities to Lighter-Than-Air service at the first opportunity.



Jack Bertram Coulter

ROANOKE, VIRGINIA

A plaintive sigh rose hesitantly from beneath the impenetrable stack of gouges, "Oh, if only Steam were Bull!" Steam was the only nemesis to "Jelly Belly's" otherwise carefree existence. A varsity baseball letterman, "J B.'s" naturally aesthetic tastes ran particularly to lovely Roanoke girls. Though his glib tongue and propensity for clever witticisms oft made him the target of friendly ridicule, he was never nonplussed, but retaliated more loquaciously than ever. Jack is known for tolerance, industry, and consideration of others.



John Gleason Curry

FARMINGTON, MINNESOTA

Every fellow comes to the Academy with real ambitions, but it was difficult to keep up with John. From his first week with the Regiment, when he and his wife scrubbed down their walls for weekly inspection, until graduation he never lost sight of his plebe year resolutions. He was top in conduct every term but one. Quite a feat when you're still one of the boys. John had two years at Minnesota's St. Olaf College, so he knew what to find under the cover of a book, although no one recalls any such manifestations of curiosity at U.S.N.A.

John



Jack



N



John Joseph DeMayo, Jr.

NEW HAVEN, CONNECTICUT

Gay, affable Jig could not be termed a slash in class, but when it came to telling jokes, he was right on the spot with all the hot ones. Even on the soccer field, where Jig excelled as varsity goalie, his humor was rampant. He had a knack for making friends which will stand him in good stead wherever he goes. We predict a bright future for Jig because he has the qualities which will make him successful in life—perseverance, honesty, an agile mind, and a brilliant wit. Here's hoping we meet you in the Fleet, Jig.

Jig



Hawk

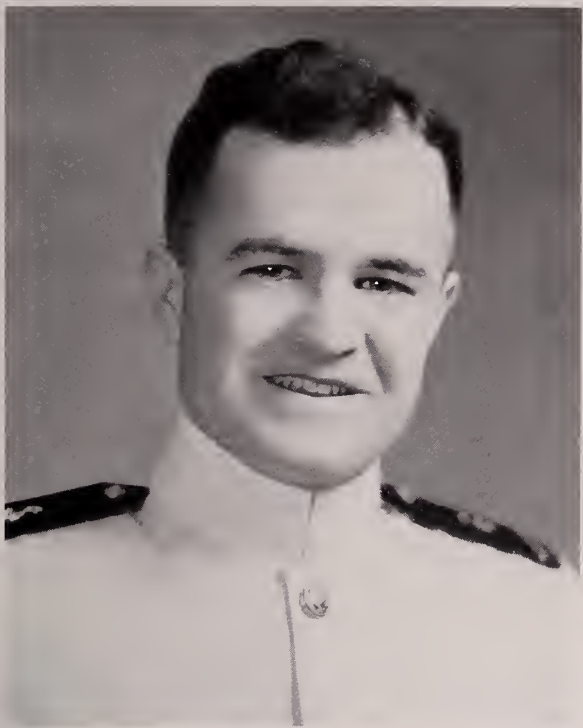


Robert John De Temple

MARINETTE, WISCONSIN

A confessed believer that women were a snare and a delusion, the "Hawk," nevertheless, always maintained an enormous correspondence with the weaker sex. After a year of college, Bob had little trouble with academics. He was always prepared to air his viewpoints on anything because there was nothing he liked better than a good argument. A firm believer in discipline, Bob kept the plebes on the right side of law and order. With these many pressing problems, Bob still found time to play varsity tennis, and compete in the many intramural sports at the Academy.





William Frederick Dyroff

HIGHLAND FALLS, NEW YORK

A true son of the Hudson Valley—that's "The Roff." Although he left the shadows of West Point to come to Annapolis, his enthusiasm for the Naval Academy left no room for doubt that he had made the right choice. Maryland weather hid his ability to excel on skates and skis, but his speed was plainly evident in intramural athletics, especially football and track. His only academic problem was Steam, which almost proved to be his undoing. "The Roff" won, however, and in doing so he showed the kind of spirit and determination that will always make him a winner.



Robert Clifton Duncan

XENIA, OHIO

One of Navy's hardest hitting ball players, Cliff lived for sports, dragging, and Uncle Dan Beard. Too much faith in human nature, made him prey to many a prank at the hands of fiendish friends. He had a mania for getting into social difficulties. Dunc was tops in academics and making friends, who feared for his face whenever he laughed hard. The only thing Dunc ever boasted about was his billiards game, and that was about the only thing at which he didn't excel. If his future is as sunny as his greeting, "Weasel" has nothing to worry about.

The Roff

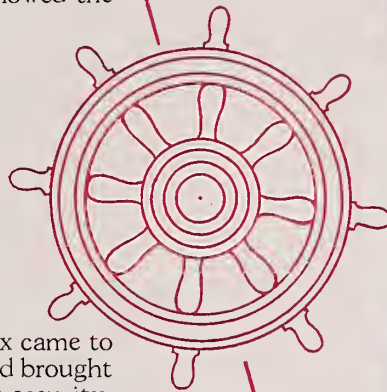


Dunc

Myron Eckhart, Jr.

SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

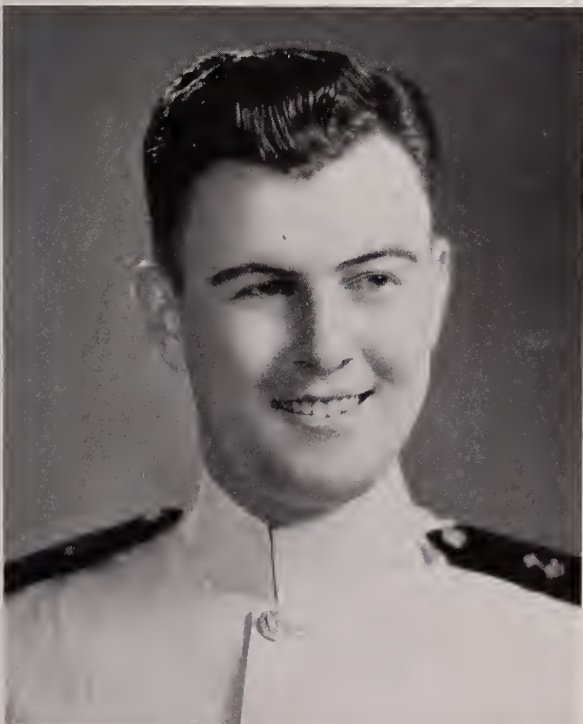
Math student par excellence, and trouble-shooter for Bell Telephone, Max came to the Naval Academy from inland Indiana. His hunting and fishing prowess had brought him many hours of pleasure, and incidentally put quite a strain on wild life security. However, save for the inevitable bull session, they were all laid aside. In their stead he took to sailing, and as a yawl commander found the Chesapeake to be a boundless playground. Max's genuine and much admired devotion to the Academy manifested itself in tireless ambition and, more materially, in the gold stars he wore.



Max



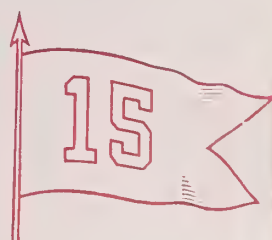
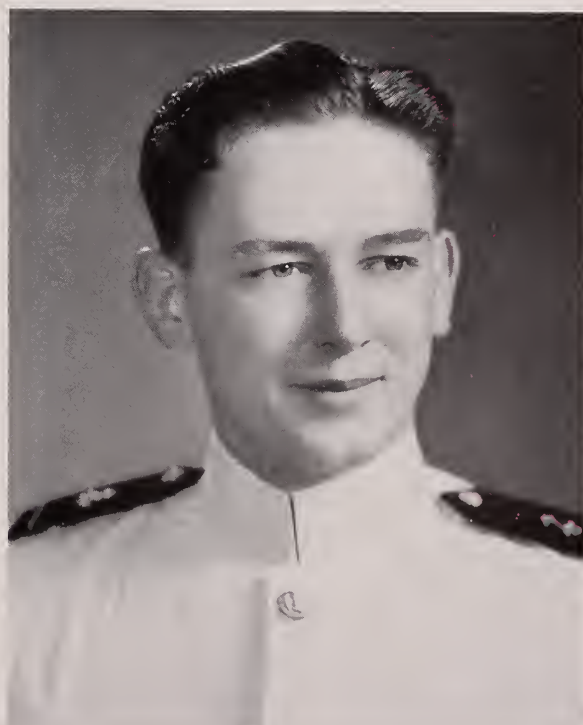
Flyboy



George Ferch, III

DES PLAINES, ILLINOIS

"Is that an extra box of cereal?" A chow-hound spoke, and only the proverbial "Tain't no mo'" could stop him. To "Salty," eating and flying came as two great loves, and with solo time and three years in the Fleet behind him, his preference went to the Air Corps. "Flyboy" had a theory that twenty-one hours of the day were for sacking out or letter writing, the other three for crew practice. During season, Saturdays would find him stroking his shell to victory; while out of season, he displayed his prowess as a wolf and dragger par excellence.



James Woodrow Ferguson

ASHLAND, KENTUCKY

"Fargo" declined an appointment to West Point before he came to the Academy, bringing his "brace" and military ideas with him. Since academics were sheer fruit for "Fergie," he donned stars plebe year and continued to wear them until graduation. His athletic program was well-rounded, but "Fargo's" true love was his rifle and the rifle team. Every evening his wives received a shot-by-shot narration of the afternoon's practice. "Fargo" is striking for a destroyer where his keen powers of observation and ability to get things done should make him an ideal officer.



George Neil Frazier

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

Just one look at Neil as he strolled to formation, and you could easily see why he was the most no-strain man in the Regiment. Quite an all-around athlete, Neil could usually be found chucking a football or pounding up and down the basketball court. He also spent an unusually large part of his time reading, but still managed to stay well above sat. One of the most cheerful fellows you would ever want to meet, Neil made many friends who are hoping for his success.

Neil

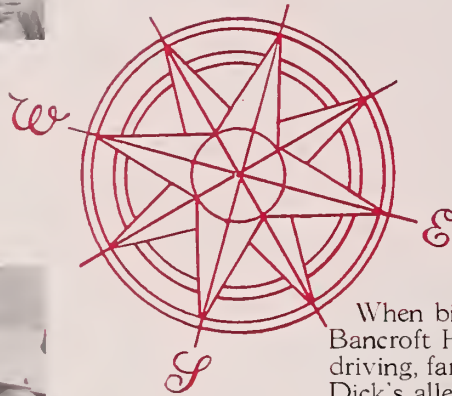


Fargo

Dick



Ace



Richard "E" Fuller

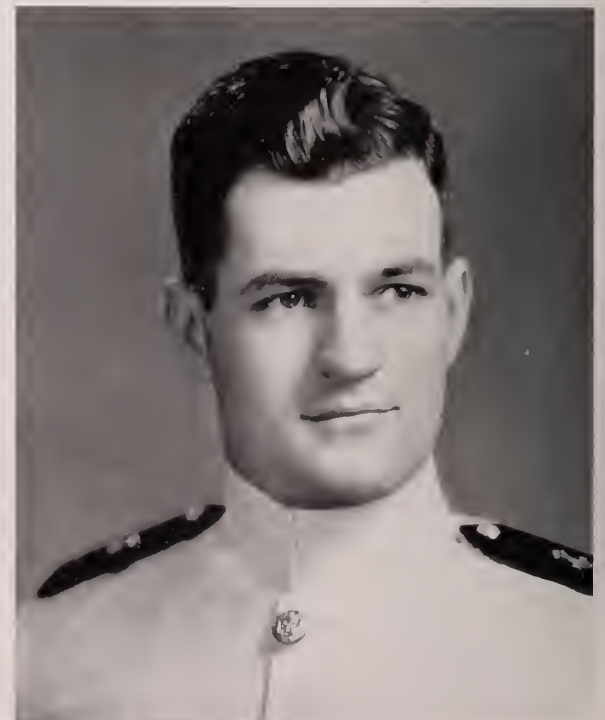
PLEASANT LAKE, INDIANA

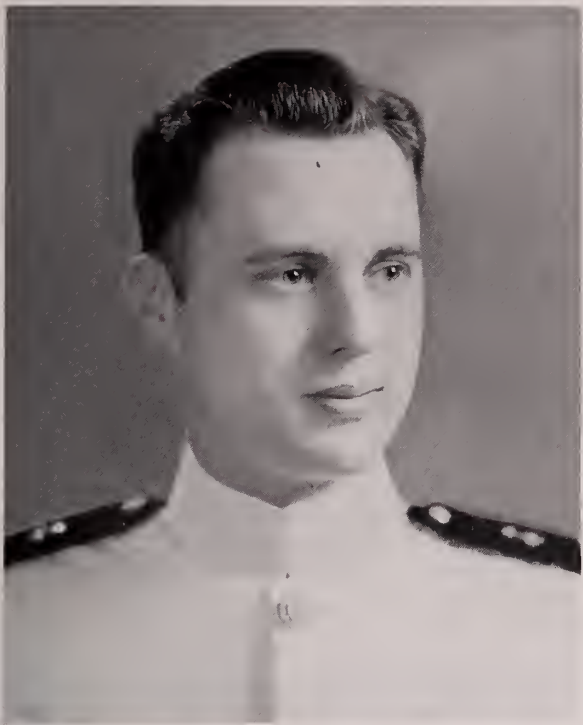
When big Dick Fuller left his little lake in Indiana and took up housekeeping in Bancroft Hall, the Naval Academy gained a most versatile fellow. Drafting, truck driving, farming, and even flying held no secrets from him. Seamanship was right down Dick's alley, and he covered the muddy Severn in everything from the "Elizabeth" to Buck Walsh's shells. Dick was a man who "bilged" Steam whenever he got less than 3.4. His chief claim to fame, however, lay in his little woman. One letter a day for three years from the same girl is downright phenomenal.

Alton Cason Gallup

VIRGINIA BEACH, VIRGINIA

As salty as three years duty in the Fleet could make anybody, "Ace" Gallup was characterized by the habitual neatness of a good sailor. Plebe year was over before he got the word and quit yelling "Hit the deck" every morning. Taking easily to his saber, "Ace" won his N youngster year. Following the traditions of all good sailors, the Rebel was never seen in the Academy on a week-end but always appeared just in time for formation. He was never on good terms with academics, but his knowledge of men will serve him in good stead as an officer.





Thomas George Hefferon

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Tom had a taste of college life at the University of Detroit before embarking upon a career in the Navy. With this preparation he descended on the Academy fully intent on a continuation of college days. Plebe year came as quite a shock, but he weathered it successfully. With the arrival of youngster year, Heff began to shy away from the Executive Form Two because it hampered his dragging, and a week-end spent stag was a waste of time in Heff's opinion. Tom, with his good humor, helping hand, and sound advice, was the perfect wife.



Atticus Hagood Hattsell, Jr.

JACKSONVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

North Carolina's loss was the Navy's gain when "Attigood" and his Southern drawl entered the portals of the Naval Academy. Though blessed with a level head and a clear mind, he could never quite fathom the reason for the Navy's attitude toward sleep, or rather, toward no sleep. A happy hour was to him a dream hour. Though not wearing stars, he did not have any trouble academically. As an athlete, he upheld his battalion in track and water polo. There is no doubt that a bright future as a Naval officer lies in store for "Attigood."

Heff

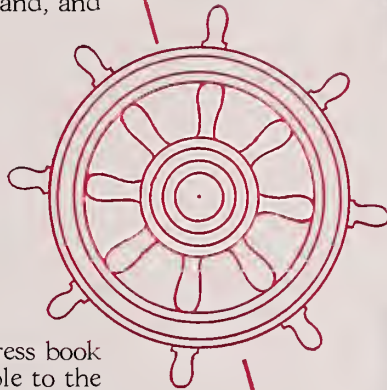


Attegood

James Edward Hugus

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

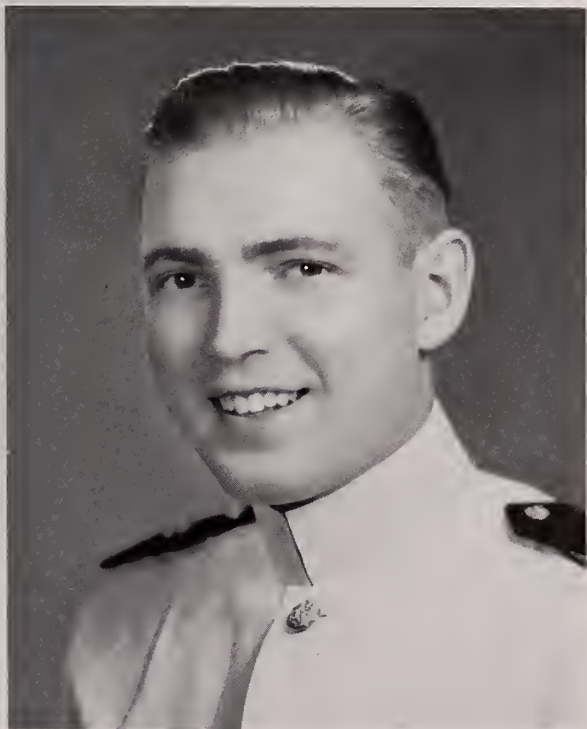
Blond, handsome Jim brought with him to Crabtown his little black address book and prowess as an athlete. Each of these possessions proved to be invaluable to the advancement of his social and athletic life at the Academy. Seldom was he known to be caught "Red Miked" on hop week-ends, and never was he caught flat-footed in the ring, where he was a cool, deadly performer. His drive, as witnessed on the football field and in the activities of everyday life, coupled with his amiable personality, leaves no doubt to his future.



Jim



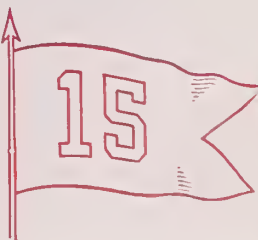
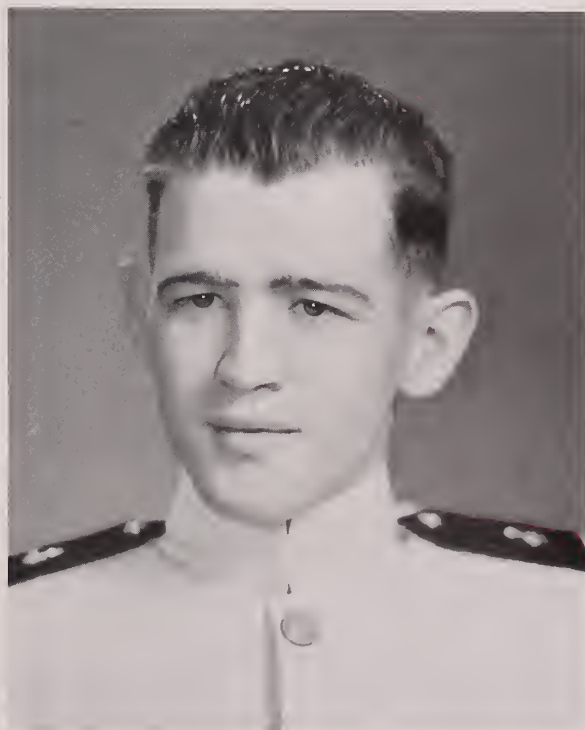
Jim



James Philip Jackson, Jr.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

To look at Jim you would never guess that he was one of the ratiest of us all plebe year. It didn't take long for Jim to find the location of the numerous Academy boxing rings; after that he was seen constantly in the squared circle giving and taking, but mostly giving. He constantly amazed his classmates by his ability to make the most difficult problem fruit. Jim's main extra-curricular activities were writing to the weaker sex and the age-old sack drill. "J. P." was very dependable and undoubtedly will do well in the Navy of today.



Alberto Jimenez

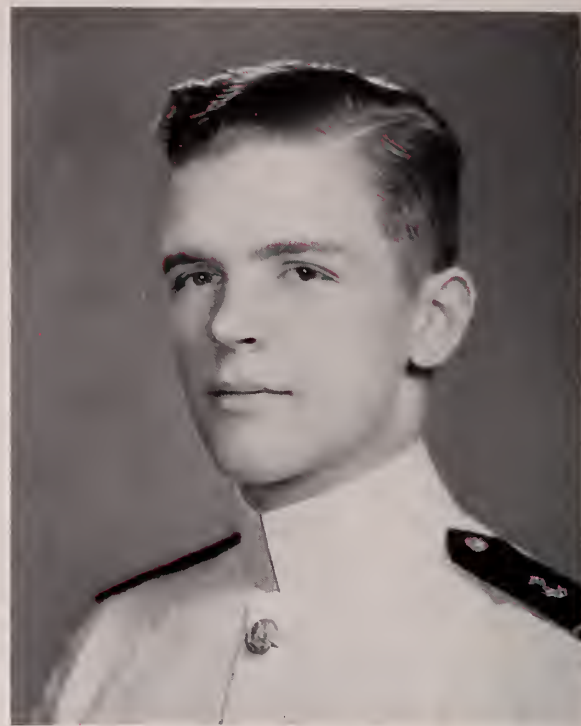
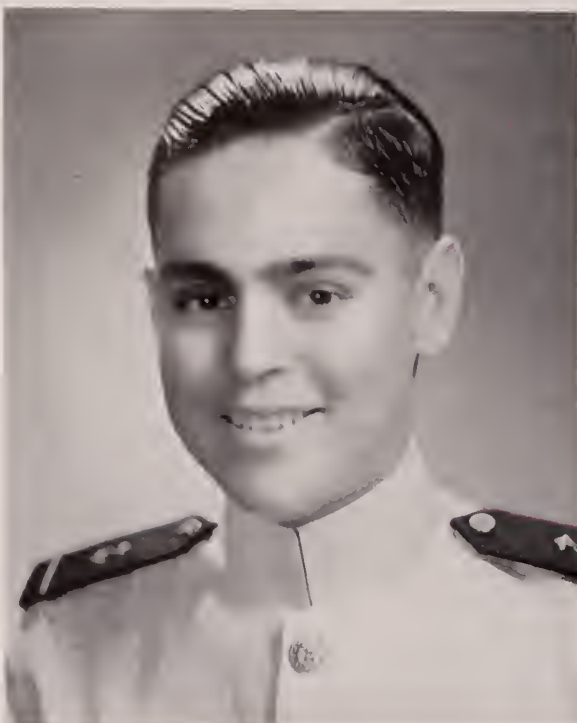
MIRAFLORES, PERU

Alberto Pastor Enrique Carlos, otherwise known as "Gus," "Al," or "Becho," journeyed five thousand miles to the Academy. Possessing an intelligence akin to genius and an affable disposition to go with it, Al was an immediate success. Besides being a better than average soccer player, he was a leading figure in many clubs, and president of the Combined Foreign Language Club. It took Al just a year to turn unintelligible English into a brand that stood him number five in Bull and helped him to let us know what a Good Neighbor he is.

Buckshot



Al



Brian "B" Kane, Jr.

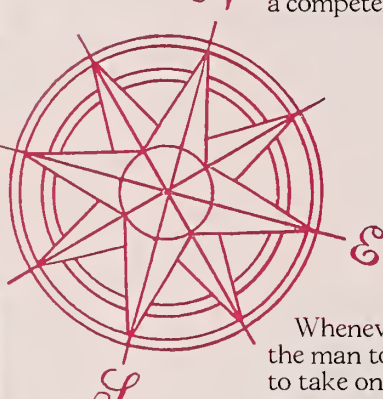
BEVERLY, NEW JERSEY

"But Sir, I thought that formation was inside!" And off went "B. B." for another afternoon of regimental rowing. "Buckshot" got along fine here at Navy in everything but conduct. Spring afternoons found the Kane on the lacrosse field putting out ergs with Dinty Moore's gang. First-class year he saw the light and became known as one with a very fine address book. Persistent in his studies, quick of wit, and amiable, "Buckshot" has all the qualities which make him a fine wife and will also make him a competent Naval officer.

Bob



Pahd



Robert Sloan Kennedy

HAVERTFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

Whenever we had an extra drag coming and needed someone to take over, Bob was the man to see. Though he had been bricked innumerable times, he was always willing to take one more chance. Athletics as well as academics were right up Bob's alley. He participated in all kinds of sports, and French was the only low mark he got from the Academic Department. Crew claimed most of his attention, however, where his work and leadership rewarded him with a seat in the first boat youngster year. Hard-working and serious, but with an easy laugh, Bob has our best wishes wherever he goes.

David John King, Jr.

ENGLEWOOD, NEW JERSEY

In "Pahdnose" were combined a very friendly personality, natural athletic ability, and an irrepressible sense of humor. Although his locker was always piled high with lacrosse gear, "Pahd" was really all out for football, in which he eagerly took part for the battalion. Rarely without some big deal at hand, King was always in on the hot dope. Having met his OAO before coming to the Academy, King dragged at frequent intervals. He didn't star, but his desire to understand the hardest problem thoroughly, as well as to follow the correct procedure in solving it, fits King for any duty.

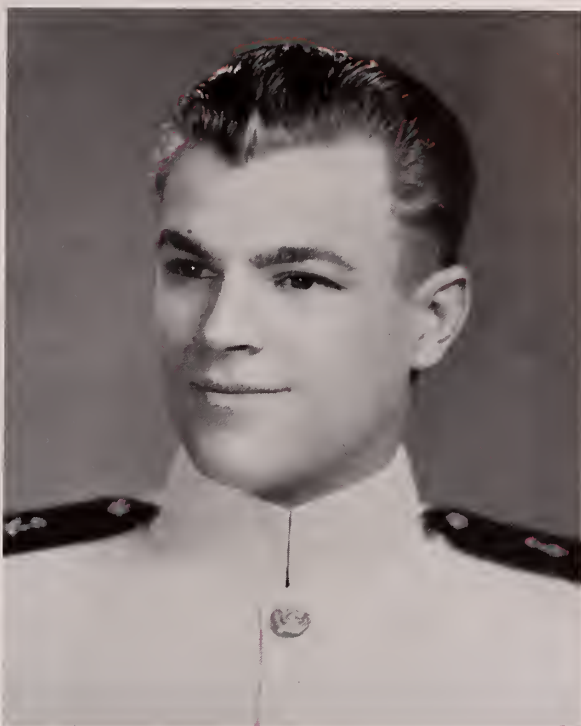




William Brown Leffingwell

WHITEWATER, WISCONSIN

After two years at the University of Wisconsin, Bill, the small town mid-westerer, entered the Naval Academy with an outstanding scholastic record behind him. He earned the title as a letterman in basketball in addition to being known as a proficient participant in company sports. Always happy to risk a blind date, "Leff" spent the odd week-ends in the gym, out sailing, or on that comfortable sack. A whiz at Math and an accomplished singer, "Leff" quickly became friends with all whom he met.



Edward Joseph Kingsbury, Jr.

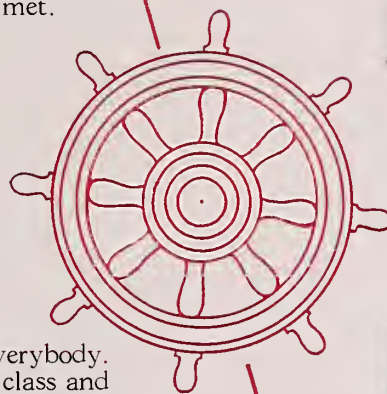
NEWPORT, MAINE

As a personality, Ed is unforgettable because of his shrewd and precise manner of speech, and his quick wit. After entering the Academy from the Fleet, Ed continued to show his enthusiasm for the salt water by earning a position on the varsity sailing team. Out of the sailing seasons, Ed found time between his amusing remarks and entertaining stories to maintain his coveted place on the varsity gym squad. His is a story of perseverance which resulted in success at the Academy, and which will, undoubtedly, serve him well in the Fleet.

Leff



Ed



Robert Joseph Leuschner

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

From the Fleet he came, full of sparkling witticisms of everything and everybody. Having a rapid calculating mind, Bob easily managed to stand high in his class and graduated a star man. However, his abilities didn't end in the classroom, because he also managed to secure a starting position on the soccer team during youngster year. In his last year at soccer he was elected captain and led the team through an enviable season. "Leusch" had a knack of making friends and was known as everyone's buddy. He made a way when breaks were against him, and as long as we have thoughts of Annapolis, we will always remember tall, blond, Bob.

Leusch



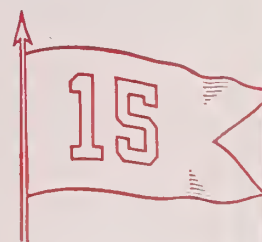
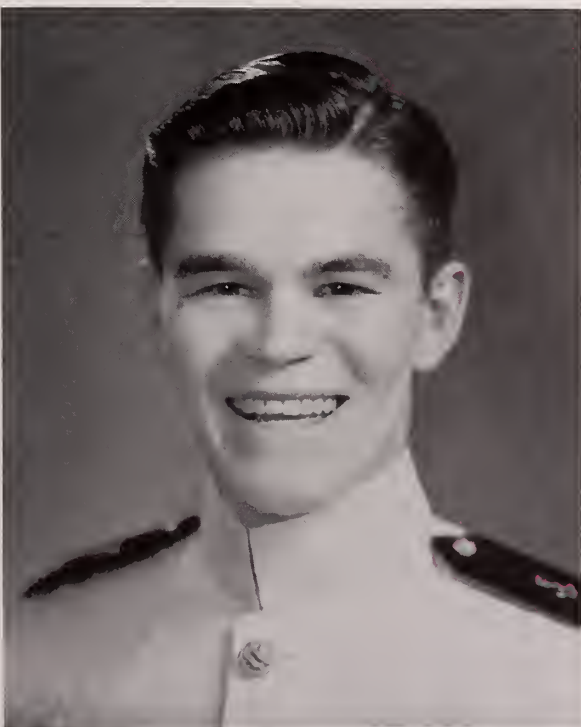
Logo



Clarence Franklin Logan

CHRISTOPHER, ILLINOIS

A pronounced jaw, a persistent smile, and a trusty pipe always announced the presence of Southern Illinois' walking Chamber of Commerce as he added his Mid-Western wisdom to the usual bull session. "Logo" had two years of Normal School which enabled him to win the battle of academics. He also claimed to be a musician, but it wasn't until first-class year that Frank entered into Naval Academy musical circles. Lacrosse was his road to glory, but "Logo" was always ready, willing, and able to take his fling at dragging, to the delight of the weaker sex.



Richard Thomas Lyons

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

What makes the man, and what makes the Navy, came to the Academy in the form of "Radar." Having had two years at the University of Detroit behind him, Dick found the academics generally "fruit." Sports of all kinds appealed to him, and toward the end of youngster year, he found plenty of time to become a past master at the art of sailing. U. of D. will never know the loss it incurred when its prodigal son came to Annapolis.



Edison Edward Monton

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Ted stowed his sea bag with a flock of feminine portraits and an abundance of California sunshine, and stepped from the comparative platitude of a sea-going tug into the maelstrom of Academy life. Upon arriving, he lost no time in garnering athletic and academic laurels. Wintertime found him cavorting on the flying rings for the gym team, and the spring and fall were devoted to sailing. With his ability to detect even the slightest ray of sunshine (a knack traceable to years of plowing through Frisco fogs), Ted should make out like mad.

Ted



Radar

Gizzmoe

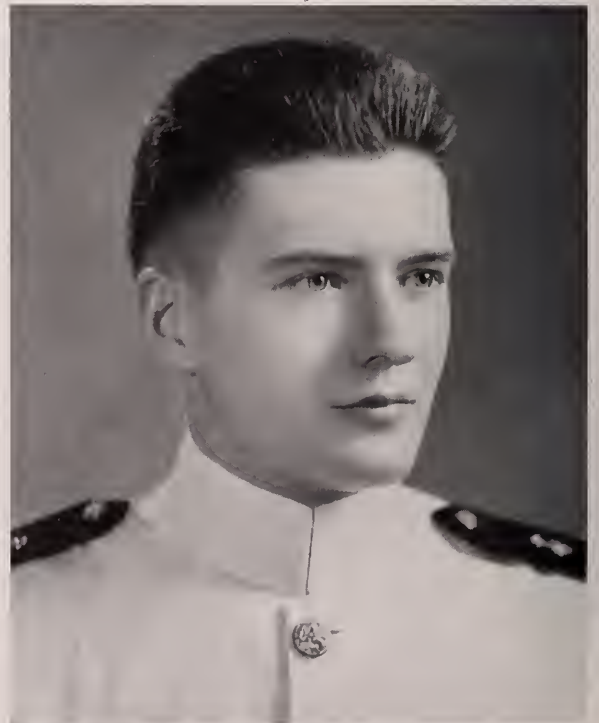


Lefty

Paul Wilder Ratte

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT

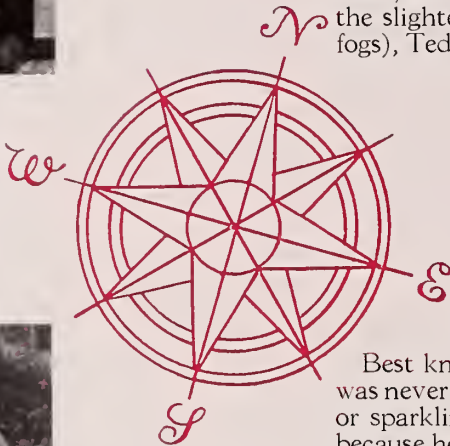
No discussion of Paul's career at the Naval Academy would be proper if it contained less than 99% baseball, for when not counting the days until the next leave, "Lefty" could usually be found expounding upon the virtues of his beloved Yankees. As a plebe, Paul was a mainstay on the fourth-class baseball team. During his upperclass years he contributed greatly to the success of the varsity squad. He played intramural football and was active on the Press Detail. Paul will always be remembered as one who contributed much in making pleasant our years as midshipmen, and we shall always cherish his keen friendship.



Frederick Charles Peregoy, Jr.

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

Best known as "Gizzmoe" to his classmates, this bundle of distinctive personality was never one to garner oh's and ah's from his many admirers by his whistling, singing, or sparkling wit. In fact he never sang or whistled—not because he couldn't—but because he was too sleepy. Wanting only a truck farm and rest, "Giz" manly struggled through the Academy while opening a minimum of books, and spending his spare time between his bunk and the deck of the boxing ring. "Giz" will long be remembered for his quiet humor, inherent good naturedness, and the great friends he made.





Stephen Walker Rowen

BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

Was there anything he couldn't do and do well? The active Boston "Porkface" loved a challenge whether in athletics or studies—especially if the going was tough. His willingness to help others and his patience in so doing earned for him the respect of his classmates. Brilliantly practical, impossible to anger, Steve's versatility ranged from masterly wood work to excellent *Log* features—"by Steve Rowen" was a *Log* fixture. But he was not so variable with women; he stood by one throughout. Steam Saviour Rowen—athlete,—scholar,—friend.



Hallie Palmer Rice

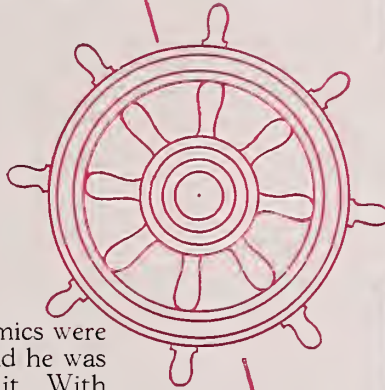
JUNEAU, ALASKA

Although he was no competitor of Frank Sinatra, there was one song that Hallie could really put across—"Alaska, My Alaska." Besides being the only Alaskan in the Class of '46, Hallie was an exceptional sailor, and held nearly every sailing command, including rear-commodore of the Boat Club. Second to sailing, but quite important to "H. P.," was his correspondence with his acquaintances throughout the nation. The wiry Alaskan's ability to keep his studies above par made it evident that he will reach the grade for which we all strive.

Porkface



Hallie



Smitty



Suds

Daniel Foley Smith

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

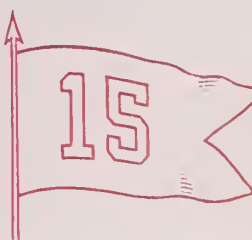
With three years of college behind him, "Smitty" soon found that academics were not going to give him much trouble. His bunk became his big interest, and he was kept busy finding methods that would allow him to dedicate more time to it. With youngster year came a new problem—women. Again he proved himself master of the situation, and it was a rare week-end that he spent stag. Dan's broad Irish grin, helping hand, and general good-naturedness won for him many friends, and made him a model roommate.



William O'Neal Suddath

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

When "Suds" left the peach country to trade his pin-stripes for a suit of white works, he brought along a love of flying, an eye for beautiful women, and a passion for Artie Shaw and Glenn Miller. Bill was forever engaged in death struggles with the Academic and Executive Departments, but found time for boxing and the famous bridge club in '53. His all around coolness and good judgment should make him a hot pilot, if he can talk his way past the eye docs, and his congenial, "Y'all Come" manner will win him friends wherever he goes.



Charles Albert Sneur

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

When he wasn't writing to the O.A.O., Chuck was usually found on his sack. These most obvious pleasures did not, however, keep him from being a man about the Academy. Chuck was a great guy to talk, and when not in his own room, he was usually around giving the plebes the word. During first-class year he was kept busy as the circulation manager of the *Trident*. "Sleepy," as he was also known, was the envy of all his classmates because he knew how to stay sat, and at the same time, enjoy his three years at the Naval Academy.



George Wilson Tarleton

WARREN, ARKANSAS

"Horky," the little man with the severe military brace, was one of those quiet and delightful Southern gentlemen whom you often read about but seldom find. Although an industrious and determined student, he found the week-ends best suited for dragging and the afternoons good for sports (especially swimming) and attempts at growing tall. "G. W." made those who knew him realize more, day by day, that he was a reliable and genuine friend. This characteristic will insure him a welcome in any group where true friends are considered valuable possessions.

Horky



Chuck

Vos

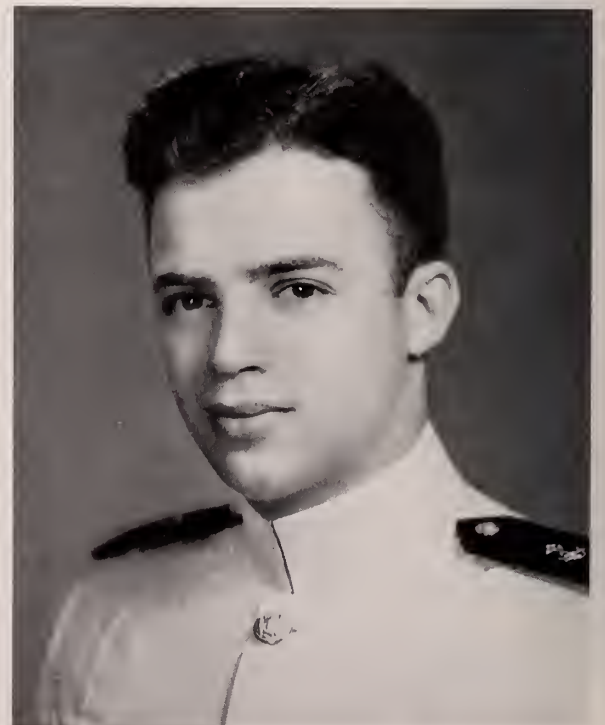


Wag

Paul Ross Wagner

ILION, NEW YORK

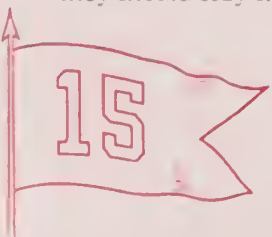
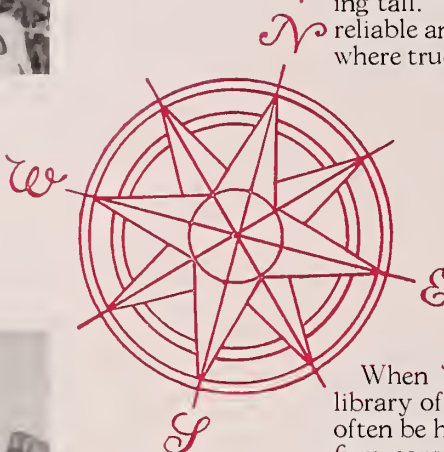
We will probably never know whether he loved Ilion more or women less, but if it wasn't the New York Yankees, it was either the virtues of his home town or the evils of womankind that Wag used to spend hours elucidating upon while enjoying his favorite sport—the sack. Paul, from all available evidence, will be the class's richest member. His saving methods were uncanny. Close friends will recall his favorite activities as being sports, cross-word puzzles, and running the mate. Before taking the final step to matrimony, classmates will do well to contact Wag to learn why they should stay single.



Everton Paul Vosburgh, Jr.

AUBURN, NEW YORK

When "Vos" entered the Naval Academy, Auburn lost a lad who was a walking library of songs. A most necessary supplement to this was a good voice, which could often be heard by passers-by no matter what the time of day. An individual of several firm convictions, "Vos" inevitably was found enforcing his most strong belief: "A plebe must be kept in his place." The phrase, "Can't see it," was his favorite expression when it came to spending extra time on studies. According to "Vos," battleships are the real Navy, and this was where his future hopes laid.





John Michael Wolfe

WASHINGTON, D.C.

From his very first day at the Academy "Johnny" showed outstanding military qualities which deservedly won him the command of a company during plebe summer. When classes started, he soon became known as one of the savvy boys in the company. Academics being no trouble, he had ample time for athletics and proved to be a versatile sportsman. Johnny has his eye on a commission with the "Semper Fidelis boys" but whether it be Marine Corps or Navy, the service is assured of a capable man.



Robert John Webster

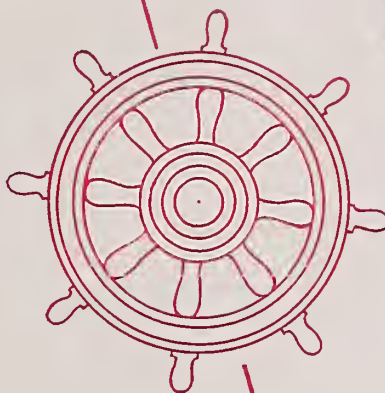
WARREN, OHIO

A big fellow with a hearty laugh and a jovial humor characterized "Webb." Plebe year he had trouble with the Academic Department: but by youngster year he had that situation well in hand. After playing both football and soccer during his first two years, Bob finally chose lacrosse as his main sport, securing a position on the varsity squad. First-class summer at New London only increased "Webb's" desire to enter the Submarine Service, and we have no doubt that he will be soon rewarded with a pair of dolphins.

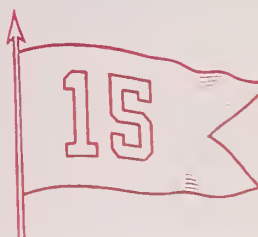
Johnny



Webb



FIVE COMPANIES OF MIDSHIPMEN—ONE BATTALION. 270 MEN ON 67 PAGES. IT'S ALL VERY FORMAL AND PRECISE WHEN YOU GLANCE AT THESE LAYOUTS AND FORMAL PICTURES. WE'RE TOGETHER HERE IN A DIFFERENT SENSE THAN WHEN WE LIVED IN BANCROFT. TO US, THE MEN IN THE SIXTH WING WERE PRACTICALLY FOREIGNERS—WE ALMOST NEVER SAW THEM. THE THIRD WING WAS OUR HOME. IT MEANT A SHORT TRIP TO THE TAILOR SHOP OR THE STORE—BUT A LONG WAY TO THE POST OFFICE OR SICK BAY. THIS SECTION IS OUR PERMANENT FORMATION TOGETHER, AND IT WILL SERVE TO RECALL TO US THE MEN WITH WHOM WE WORKED AND PLAYED THROUGHOUT OUR THREE YEARS AS MIDSHIPMEN.







Fourth Battalion



Fall Term

Battalion Staff

*Battalion Commander: E. Holkovic
 Second row: W. W. Vanderwolk, Jr., W. W. Dupler. Third row: W.A. Weaver, Jr., E. W. Burdette, E. Lange*

Company Commanders

*Twentieth Company
 J. S. Kearns*

*Nineteenth Company
 N. E. Sills*

*Eighteenth Company
 E. H. Knape*

*Seventeenth Company
 R. Q. Pegram*

*Sixteenth Company
 J. A. Walsh*



Winter Term



Battalion Staff

Battalion Commander: T. A. Bryce
Second row: T. R. Hartley, J. P. Culwell. *Third row:* A. J. Allen,
G. O. Daly, C. Coffin



Company Commanders

Twentieth Company
A. M. LaLande, Jr.

Nineteenth Company
F. M. Doughty

Eighteenth Company
J. S. Stoutenburgh

Seventeenth Company
E. Lange

Sixteenth Company
E. M. Matthews

Edward Coith Atkinson

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

"Twilight" hails from any and every Southern state on the Atlantic seaboard. From South Carolina he gained a love for politics and the South. In Florida the lazy sun got in his veins, making the Bancroft beauty-rest his most prized possession. Academics gave Ed his only worry in life, but his natural ability to remember anything at a glance and the all-night light in the moke's closet kept him well above the coveted 25. We will always remember Ed for his continual smile and sincere desire to help a friend.



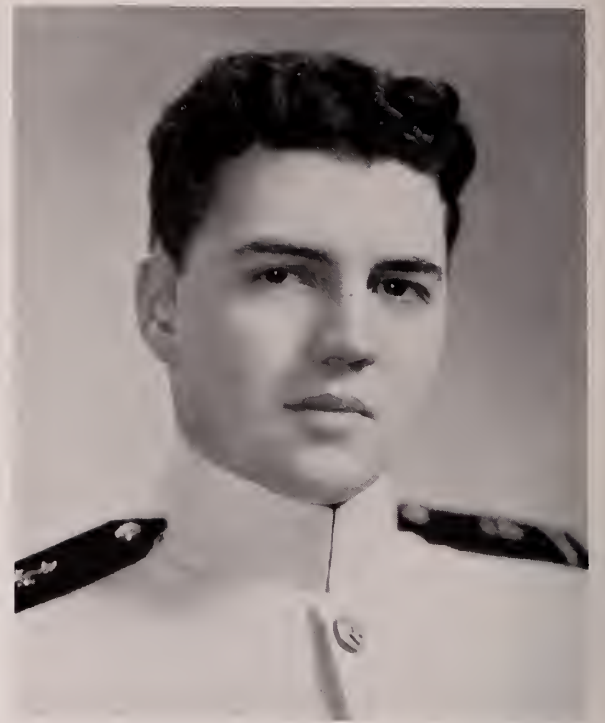
Ed



Rudy



Beez



Rudolph Treat Bard, Jr.

COLUMBIA, OHIO

Rudy relinquished the proprietorship of the Midwest's Club 23 to help establish the "B. & L. Recreation Society and Elbow Room" at the Academy. Possessor of a real "poker face," he could bluff you out of three aces and never wink an eye. When it came to sports, Rudy was always ready with plenty of life for a good fast game of tennis. Rudy also claimed to be a profound student of glacial structures in his off moments. You can rest assured that Rudy will always be ready to draw cards with the best of them when the showdown comes around.



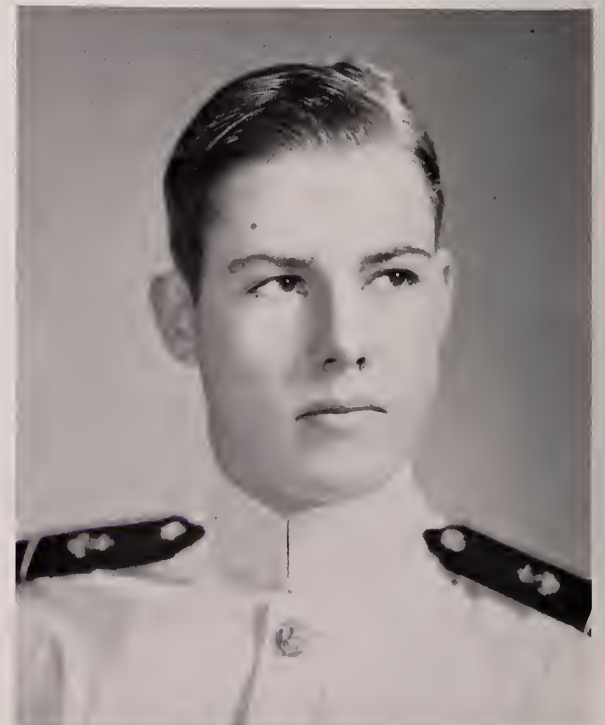
Jack Stevens Beasley

YOPK, PENNSYLVANIA

For three long years "Beez" has uttered that familiar phrase, "Boy, did I bilge!" Of course, he never hit a "tree" and seldom a "bush"—anything below a 3.99 was bilging for Buster. His motto was, "Forward for a forty!" Beez spent two years at Ohio University after starring as "the roving center" on the Athens High football team. At the Academy he changed to crew and did an equally good job in the plebe and varsity boats. The Academy has changed "Boostaire." He no longer parts his hair in the middle or drags blind. This time he's really going to get married.



Hank



Henry Sudler Beard

SHEFFIELD, MASSACHUSETTS

Hank came to the Academy from the woods of Western Massachusetts, a true lubber. He soon discovered sailing, however, and by youngster year could be found out with the sailing team or bringing the Genoa around on a yawl. His other main activities consisted of confounding his friends with an amazing fund of odd facts and limericks which never seemed to run out, or of giving his all for the military track team. We will always remember Sudler for his wit, his corn cob, and his unequalled performance on the jew's-harp.



Robert Ignatius Boland, Jr.

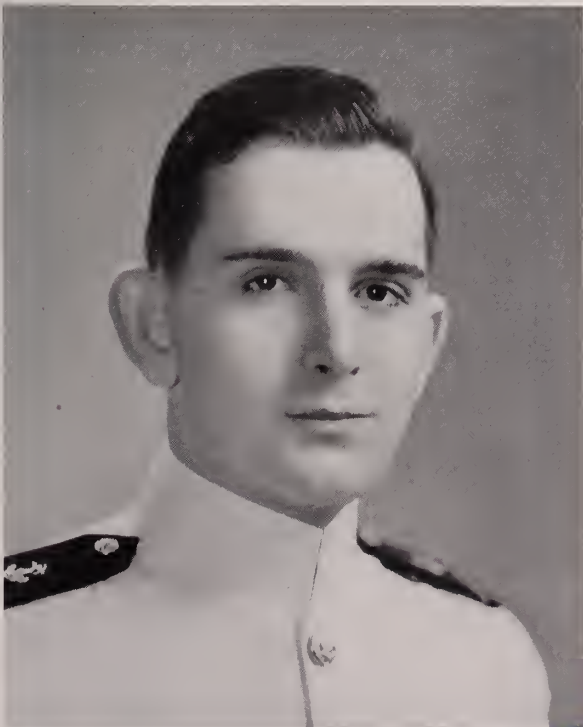
MONTCLAIR, NEW JERSEY

After narrowly escaping imprisonment at West Point, Bob "Jersey bounced" from the Army to the 4th deck of Bancroft. "Hey, Flunkie!" was his most familiar greeting and it wasn't long before he was known as "Flunkie" to all his friends. He dabbled in boxing and handball, enjoyed golf and was a ready fourth at bridge. Bob happily assumed the task of pleasing the female variety of humanity and could be found dragging at most of the hops. Easy-going but serious and dependable, he's the kind of guy you want around.

Ernest Ambrose Bouveron

HERMOSA BEACH, CALIFORNIA

In the summer of 1942 Buster renounced the shipyards of Los Angeles for the sunny climes of Annapolis. French-speaking Buster made many a Dago prof keenly aware of his presence in the section room, and his electrical and mechanical ability consistently unraveled the finest Rube Goldberg productions of the Steam and Juice Departments. Although his somewhat unusual sense of humor made him the butt of much fun, Buster moved through the three years as effortlessly as anyone else, but when the times came to produce, no one doubted his capacity.



Arthur King Bennett, Jr.

MARQUETTE, MICHIGAN

In the midst of every bull session we'll always find "A. K." putting out the latest dope. No matter what the issue might be, he always has a definite opinion. Art's other diversions include stamp collecting, chess, and photography, as well as sailing. Before coming to the Academy, Art attended Michigan Tech in his home state. He brought along a massive album paying tribute to the beautiful Michigan wild-life, human and otherwise, which helped us while away many a lonely hour. Art's cooperative spirit, and good sense of humor made him an easy man to get along with.



Flunkie



Art



Jeb



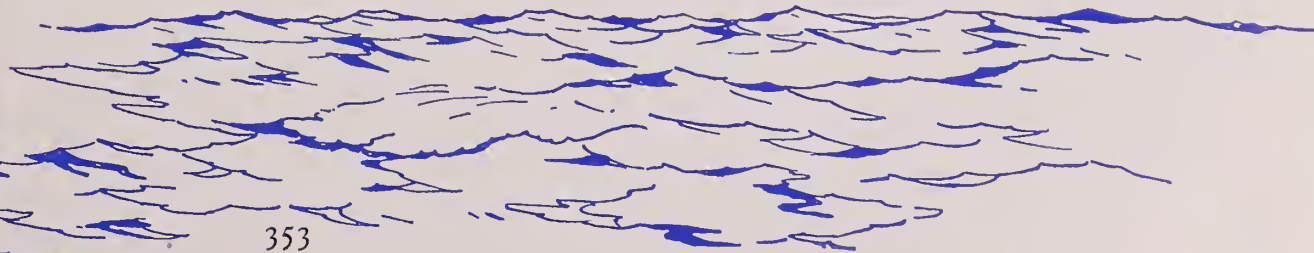
Buster



John Edward Bryant

AUBURN, NEW YORK

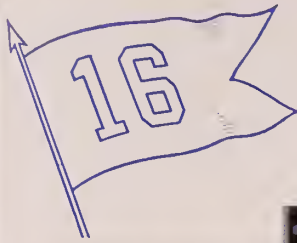
Cigars, somebody else's chow, and sack drills were "Jeb's" favorite pastimes. Eleven hours' sleep a day was his rule. But when the solution was needed to some weird Juice or Steam problem, "Jeb" came up with it. Never did his Rip Van Winkle tendencies interfere with his extra-curricular activities, however. Each quarter found him out for something—plebe baseball, battalion football, or company softball. He even found time for a model railroad. If we can tell nothing else about our hero, we know he'll be a big family man; he's always talking about his farm back home, and farmers need a lot of help.



Jack Everett Bucknum

SAN RAFAEL, CALIFORNIA

With a big grin on his face and a tall story ready at a moment's notice, it was old "Buck" again. This cross-country air hiker hardly cracked a book in the Academy, his main interest being how to get a plane to California the first day of leave. He loved to bat the breeze and could spin the most engaging yarns about his happy-go-lucky college days and life in the Army. Photography and track were his main activities, but he also took part in company and battalion competition. Soon "Buck" hopes to fly his own Navy plane to San Rafael the first day of leave.



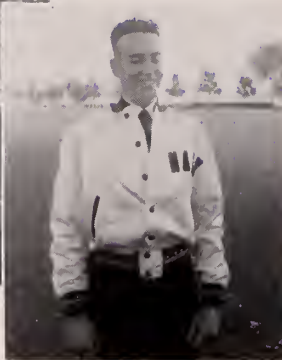
Don



Buck



Coutch

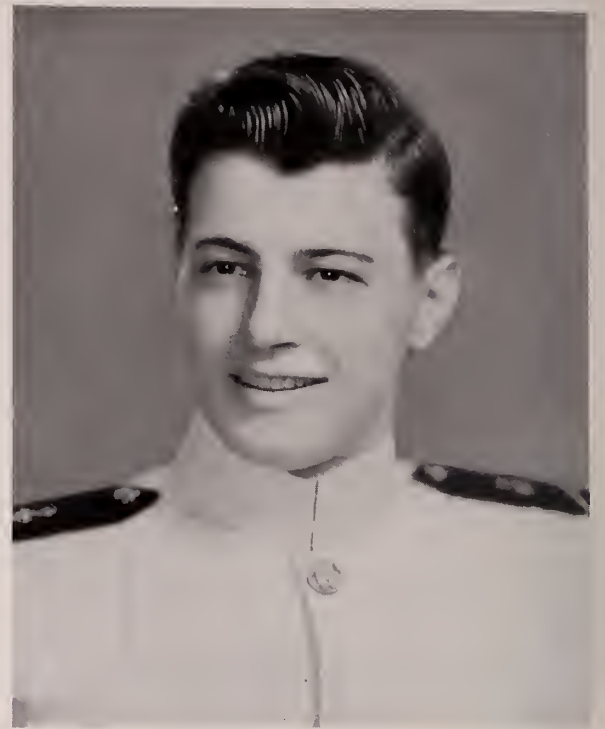


Tex

Clarence Couture, Jr.

TOLEDO, OHIO

Even in pre-Academy days "Coutch" had plans for easy living with "Birdie" as his bride—an inspiration for him to work hard for a successful beginning of his Naval career. Quiet and unpretentious, he made a decided impression on his classmates as one who rated the coveted expression, "There's a good man." When "Coutch" wanted a little extra-curricular activity, he stepped out of his genial character and into the ring. His victims will always maintain that his broad shoulders housed the makings of a terrific one-two punch. More fortunate than these were the many who fell victim to his engaging personality and winning smile.



Donald Leigh Burns, Jr.

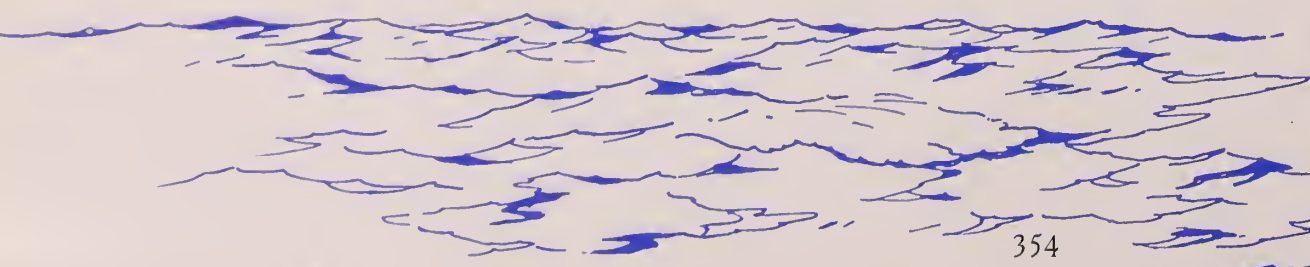
BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

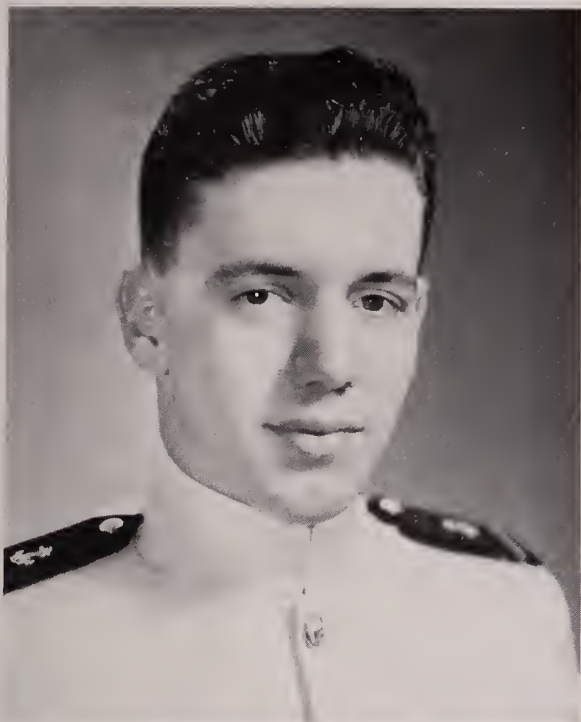
Although Don came directly to the Academy from high school, he gave the college men a fight for top numbers through his engineering ability and honest effort. His Steam sketches and grease shoes were the envy of the entire class. Far from being a slash, "D. L." spent his afternoons participating in vigorous sports, seldom leaving the Hall without a lacrosse stick. Tall, amiable, and courteous, he had all the prerequisites of a wolf, but he seldom gave the gals a break, preferring to be a chow-hound.

John Gillis Carl

WACO, TEXAS

After three years at Texas U., and steeped in Texas traditions, Tex continually recited the story of the Alamo or Texas' part in the Civil War to his exasperated Yankee wife. Although he claimed to spread his attentions to all the Lone Star State girls, the volume of mail from the Zeta house at T. U. would indicate otherwise. As a highpowered mathematician, an eloquent Japanese Club Vice-President, Tex never had trouble with academics, played softball, tennis, and other company sports. Tex has his eye on the sky for the future, because it's Texas-size.





Robert Francis Cuccias

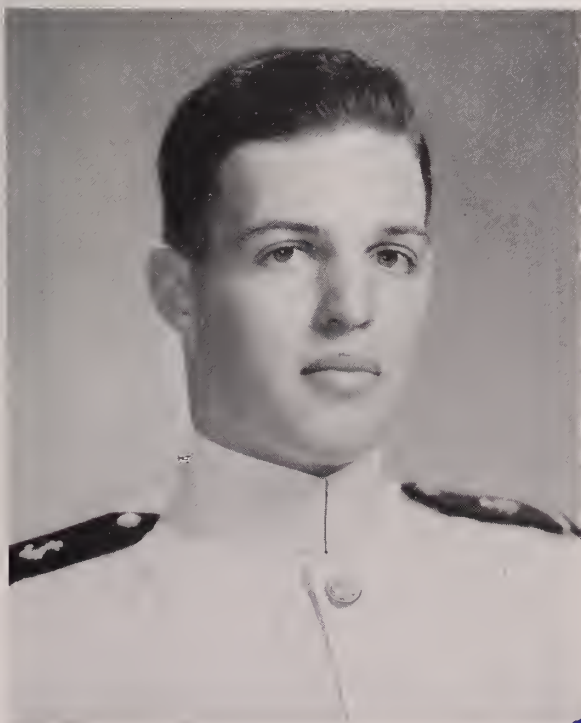
WOODHAVEN, NEW YORK

"Cooch," still claiming supremacy in Corona condescended to put down his "gun" for awhile in order to draw his share of "Forties"—that was in '42 and Cornell immediately dropped into oblivion. It's '45 now and Uncle Cooch, still impervious to Exec pressure, has found a way to beat the profs by using his half-hour after taps rate all through the night. Having our respect for his knowing phrase, "Is THAT what it is," he won't be the one to cut off his sensible nature when he reaches the "hot-corner." See you in '53-Annex, Cooch.

Hugh Cullman

PURCHASE, NEW YORK

"Why can't they have this place up North where there's good skiing?" With these words Hughy ushered in every winter. The first snow always threw him into momentary despair. But his good nature soon took command and he was himself again. Spring meant two things to Hughy—lacrosse and the annual eye exam. For both he had to train vigorously; coming out on top was a concern to him and to us. Whatever Hughy does with the future, it's a sure thing he will meet life with the same élan he has shown at the Academy.



Thomas Jones Cross

BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA

The superlatives haven't been discovered that would enable "Dutch" to describe fully life in his home state of Louisiana. If you wanted a good, long laugh, you'd let him tell you about quail hunts or the political situation in the land of sugar cane and Mardi Gras. Our tall, long-legged Rebel from the deep South complained that living above the Mason-Dixon Line had contaminated his accent monstrously—yet the Dago profs could always spot his unique pronunciation. The Cajuns had nothing on T. Jones!



Cooch



Dutch



Chuck



Hughy



Charles Ernest Day

BEVERLY, MASSACHUSETTS

Chuck Day emerged from the destruction and heat of Kaneohe Air Station modestly hiding a citation by Admiral Nimitz behind his back. He had received it for sticking to his post, although the Japanese, that Sunday morning, had machine-gunned the equipment from his desk. No one heard all the stories he could tell about the ensuing weeks of rumor and confusion. Chuck's radio experience made him a "Juice savvy," a rare creature indeed. Two things characterized him—his even temper and a broad Boston accent. His reliability and stick-to-it-iveness will make him an asset to any ship.

John Joseph Dougherty

PATERSON, NEW JERSEY

The "Mighty Atom" gave up the study of engineering at Stevens Institute after two years to join the Navy. Skinny, Juice, and Math were naturally fruit for him, but the drudgery of youngster Steam drove him to the edge of desperation. His revenge in other subjects was sweet, and the moments of his greatest efforts were indeed moments of triumph. His 5' 7" stature and a Bull prof gave him his well-known nickname, "The Little Nipper." Three years of kidding did not submerge the natural good Irish spirit of the "Itty Bitty Middy," who still claims he is a Navy career man.



T. J.



Nipper



Squee-Gee



Hal

Harry Canam Gee

VALLEJO, CALIFORNIA

"Gee, Mr. Gee," were the first words "Squee-Gee" heard when he entered the Regiment plebe summer. From the land of perennial sunshine, California, he came bringing strong tendencies for his beloved state, naturally. After spending some time at the University of California he embarked upon the business of becoming a Naval officer. The Executive Department and the Academic Departments never bothered Harry, and Harry never bothered them. In the muscle departments we found "Squee-Gee" out there every term helping the company on to victory. One thing we never did find out is where they ship all those big California oranges that he talked about.



Thomas Johnson Dwyer

HEWLETT, NEW YORK

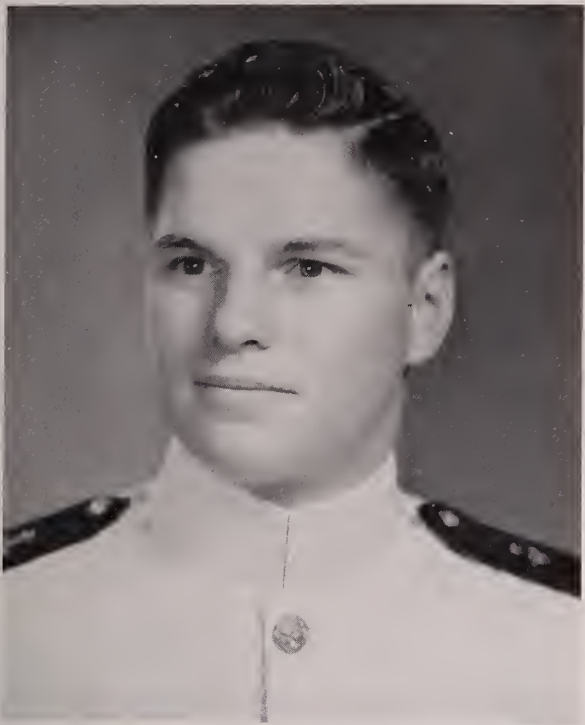
A product of Andover and Yale, "T. J." exhibited none of the cool reserve associated with these New England institutions. A lot of friends and a one-third interest in "Couhalyer" were his main concerns along with his first love, football. An outstanding quarterback, he lived up to the promises of his husky frame and alert mind, attributes which also made him an overwhelming opponent on the wrestling mat. But perhaps those who were fortunate enough not to oppose him on the field of sport will remember his Irish humor, hospitality, and spacious cranium.

Harold Edwards, Jr.

SYRACUSE, NEW YORK

Hal came to the Academy after a year at Williams, with a broad outlook towards life and an excellent appreciation of the Liberal Arts. His motto, "Work for old Hal Edwards" was occasionally difficult to abide by; nevertheless, his Barber Shop Quartet became quite famous, and his record of never having been defeated in squash while at the Academy was exceptional. Hal won his "N" in tennis all three years. Always agreeable, Hal was happiest when singing, so let's hope he can form a quartet on that "can" which he wants to get.





Theodore Ringwalt Hartley

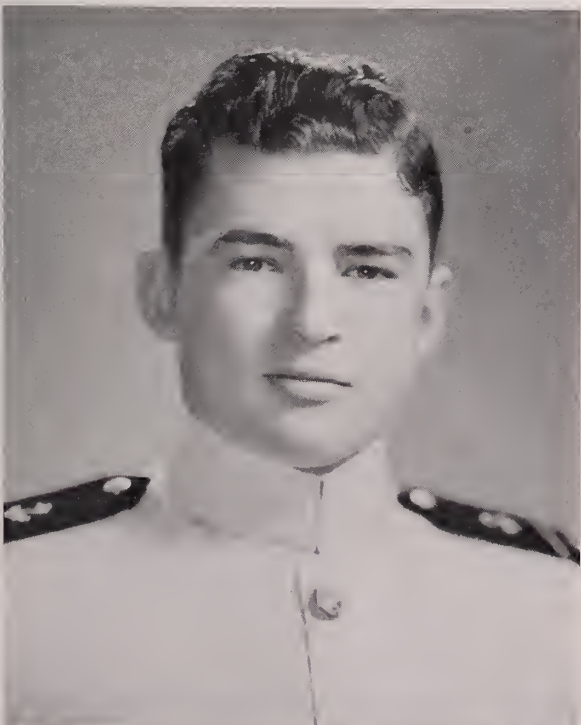
DES MOINES, IOWA

"All hands desiring information about any Academy activity, see Hartley in 4149." That's about the way it was. 'Arry was editor-in-chief of the *Log*, chairman of the Class Christmas Card Committee, chairman of the Class Announcement Committee, commander of the Academy yawl "Alert," a chorine in the Musical Club shows, on the Class Policy Committee, and had his hand in just about everything else. Study hour in our hole was never uneventful. His originality and enthusiasm usually made a success of anything in which he was interested.

William Joseph Henningsen

CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

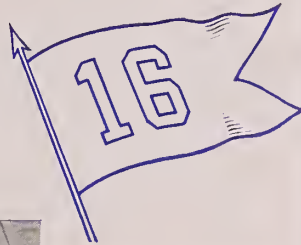
When Bill left Iowa he had little idea that he would "soon" be an officer in the U.S. Navy. He was on his way to boot training, having enlisted in the reserves at the evolution of the armament program. Via Radio School and N.A.P.S. Bill found himself in the U.S.N.A. Bill wasn't exactly what you would call a social slash, but there never was a dragging week-end that Bill didn't produce. A Juice savoir by birth, and possessing a remarkable talent for staying ahead of the Academic Department, Bill found plenty of time to devote to athletics and sailing.



John Heald Hale

CANTON, NEW YORK

John brushed off an accumulation of salt picked up in the Fleet when he entered the Academy. After a whirlwind performance of chow-hounding, songwriting, and varsity wrestling, John matured into a pre-reveille slash and a fighting captain of Navy's wrestling team. Some might forget the lighter side of John's character, but no one can forget his fierce determination to finish what he started, especially in wrestling. "Just-Call-Me-Bull" conquered brute strength, ending up as the best wrestler of his weight in the country. That's Johnny's way of doing things!



'Arry



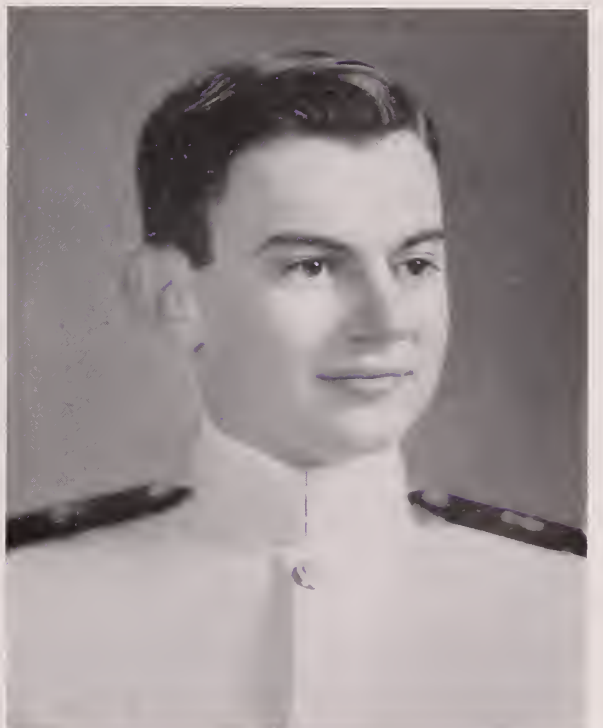
John



Zoot



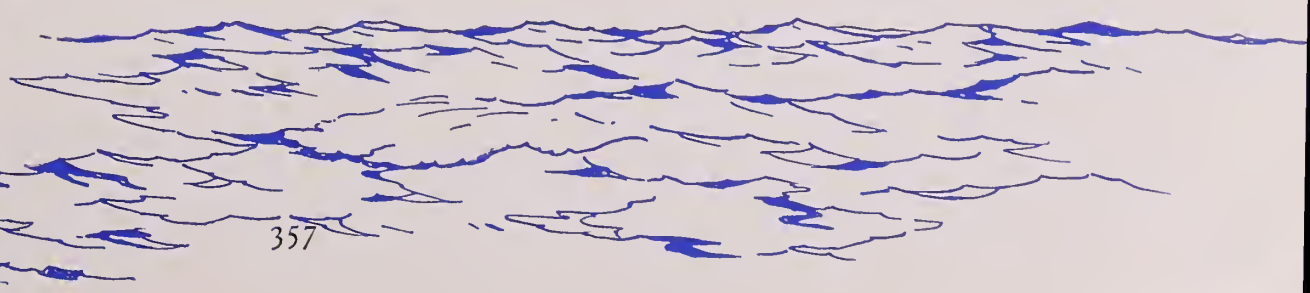
Bill



Nathaniel Maurice Hill, Jr.

KINSTON, NORTH CAROLINA

Even three years in "Yankee Land" failed to pollute the Southern accent of this staunch Tar Heel. With a keen mind for academics, a helping hand for the buckets, a tender heart for his pretty drags, and a congenial spirit for the rest of us, Nat took Academy life in stride. Though Dahlgren Hall was well acquainted with the "Zoot's" smooth dancing, his true love was sailing, whether it be a quiet afternoon on the Severn or a long and tiring yawl race. At work and at play he always maintained his good-naturedness, efficiency, and well-chosen standard of values.



Donald Wickett Huszagh

WINNETKA, ILLINOIS

Don blew into the Naval Academy from the windy city of Chicago. Early during our plebe Steam course he was dubbed "Omar" because of his beautiful bolts; the name stuck. Still suffering from two years of Japanese under the Dago department, Don is asking for Pacific duty to get even with the Japanese for their language. Despite his love of sports, particularly boxing and tennis, Don was happiest when he opened a box of chow from home or was getting ready for a hop. Whatever the circumstance, his pleasant, amiable disposition always made "Omar" a good shipmate.



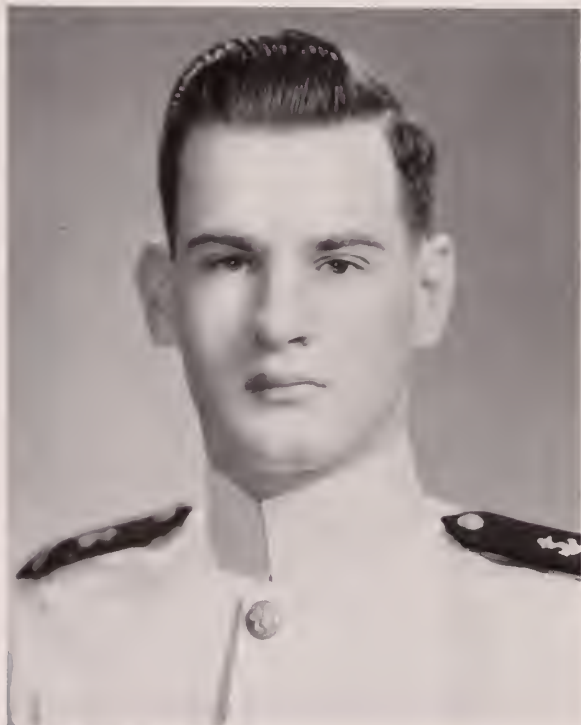
Snafu



Omar



Les



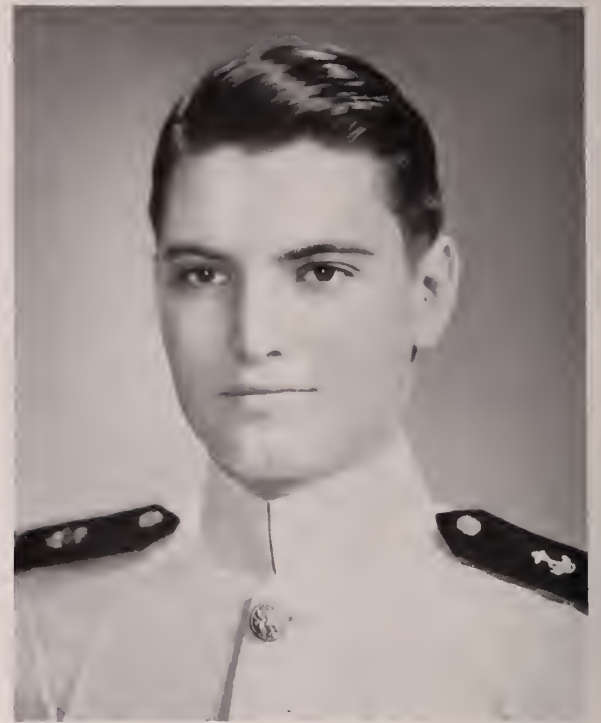
Leslie Dorris Kelly, Jr.

NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE

After weathering the academic riddles of plebe year, Les found time to blossom out as a guard on the "All-Battalion" football team, and in addition to explore the natural romantic abilities of a Southerner. He had a system for each girl built around an innocent laugh and an amazed expression that never seemed to fail in making him more than one girl's O.A.O. But Les, while he liked his fun, could be serious when the occasion demanded. He wasn't easily ruffled and he knew how to work. To his friends he was both a Romeo and a Johnathan.



Lucky



Charles Edgerton Jackson, Jr.

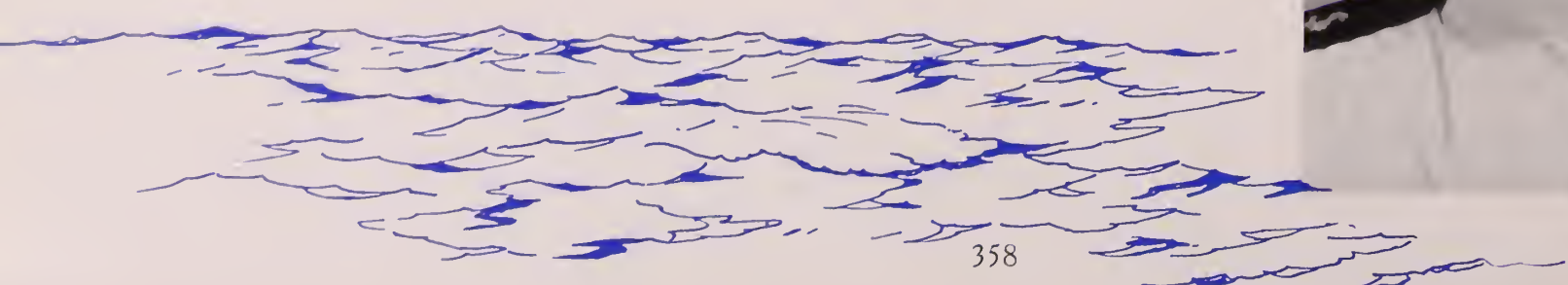
WASHINGTON, D.C.

A D.C. resident, but a Rebel at heart, "The Snaf" was always scheming to get ahead. Troubles with women, academics, and the eye doc in Sick Bay kept "Snafu" worried, but we'll never forget his prominence in extra-curricular activities (voluntary sack drills). Good-looking drags were a cinch for Charlie, but invariably he was a victim of the wolves at hops. "Snaf" was an outstanding member of study-hour bull sessions. Though study hours were wasted, "The Snaf" caught up as a charter member of the "moke's closet gang."

Edward Coffin Jordan

PORTLAND, MAINE

Stoicism, witticism, and romanticism were the doctrines to which he adhered. This apparent potpourri of traits was Lucky. To a person ever ready with Portland's latest joke and ever the reactionary, the Academy was the foundation on which he hoped to build his career—a career that he knew would ultimately take him to Japan so that he might find out if that gibberish he spent two years learning was really Japanese. That he left his mark at the Academy we have no doubt; that he may succeed in later years we entertain no fears.



Jerome Addison Lee, Jr.

AT LARGE

Jerry was a great circulator, constantly dashing around in search of either a crew for a ketch trip or the dope. Virtuoso of the bull sessions, he had a rare sense of humor and could spin a lurid yarn on any given subject. His black list included slashes, eager boys, and sympathizers with the system, and these he would run with a merciless zeal. He claimed he was non-reg only when it added to his comfort or peace of mind. "King Jerry's" competitive spirit began and ended with a desire to wear the saltiest caps anyone ever owned.



Paul Joseph Love

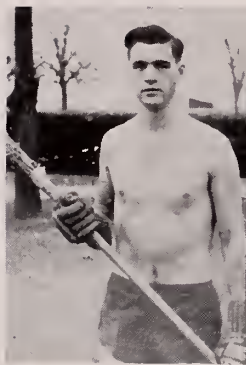
BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Paul received at least three boxes of chow from Buffalo each week, which made his room a Mecca for ten o'clock lunchers. Despite his gracious generosity, he was left enough crumbs to make his six-foot-three frame look huskier every day. "P. J." was always active in battalion sports, bolstering each team for which he played. He enjoyed music, classic or swing—even his wife's jazz—and played a good game of chess. A sound religious philosophy and a quiet, pleasant manner will continue to win him friends wherever he may sail.

Benjamin Stillwell Martin

PROSPECT PARK, PENNSYLVANIA

Navy's original handy man, that's Ben. At Hill School and Princeton he began his career as a jack-of-all-trades. Navy's chances against Army were very low in the 1942 game, but Ben came through with a touchdown and we were on our way to victory. The Class of '46 needed a president and a five-striper—Ben was our man; the Musical Clubs needed a comedian—who will forget Ben as Groucho Marx? Star man, top athlete, wit, and a grand guy, Ben rates the top. The Navy need never worry with Ben at the helm because he does his duty plus.



P. J.



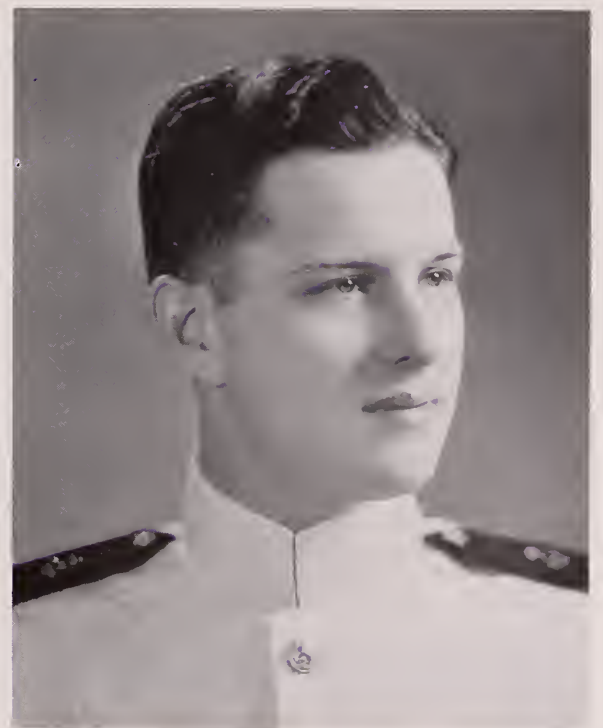
Jerry



Matt



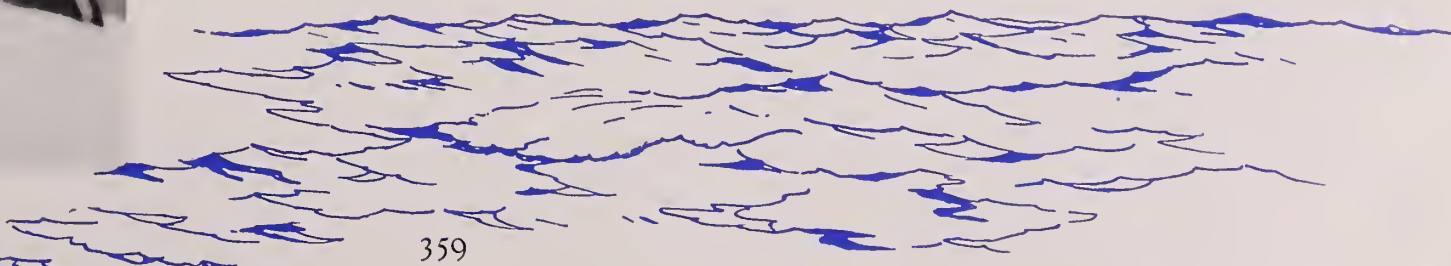
Ben



Ellery Moore Matthews

DuBois, PENNSYLVANIA

Essentially a person of leisure, Matt drifted ever along, letting little disturb his peace of mind. Neither an athletic star nor bucket, this Pennsylvanian dabbled in intramural sports, playing battalion football, pushball, and sundry other sports. Matt was strictly an engineer; breezing through Math and the sciences, but just not getting that liberal art stuff too well. His particular passion was bridge, and he was always ready to play a few hands any time of the day or night. On the other hand his pet dislike was the lovely Annapolis climate. Though slow to get started, Matt has the stuff it takes to follow through and get the job done.



Thomas Joseph McCook

SCARSDALE, NEW YORK

"Mac's" easy success at Fordham slowed him a bit during his first year here, but he soon proved to be a handy man with a Steam book and a determined student of professional subjects. A serious wrestler, the "Strangler" was an able participant in company sports. His other loves include bridge, tennis, and dancing. If you wanted to find Mac, there was one place to look—he was sack-king. An easy familiarity combined with a frank and generous nature have made him numerous friends. "Mac" stands high in the esteem of his classmates.



J. K.



Mac



Dude



Kirk

Herbert Dudley Mills, Jr.

MERIDEN, CONNECTICUT

We called him "Dude": he was good looking and wore his uniform well; classmates built their card games and chow fests around him; he directed the dancing chorus in our plebe shows; he was our most eligible bachelor. But Gem knew a good man when she dragged one. When Dud came back from youngster leave with that dreamy look in his eyes, we saw that he was hooked. We met Gem one week-end and understood Herb's reaction. They will be a couple in demand at every station to which they are assigned.



John Kinsey Mealy, Jr.

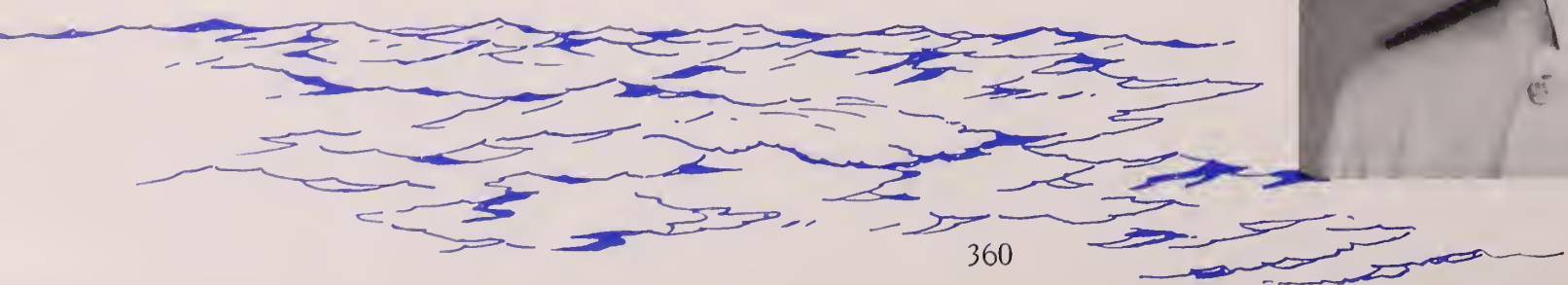
WASHINGTON, D.C.

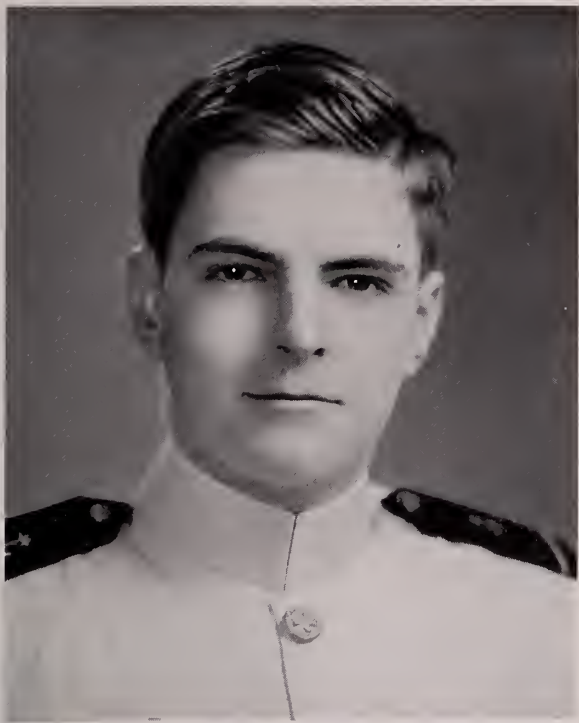
A day in the savvy Dago section wasn't complete if "J. K." didn't get a chance to bait the prof. That and doodling were his favorite academic diversions in the hours which had to be spent in class. By living on the fourth deck for two years, "The Meal" developed a pair of legs that showed up equally well in the Musical Club chorus or leading the field in the 440-yard run. His locker was always well stocked with pictures of fickle women. "J. K." wants sub school and the Pacific Fleet after graduation.

Kirk Crothers Miller, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Kirk, for the better part of his three years at the Academy, spent his afternoons playing tag with the breezes on the Severn as a member of the sailing squad, and was invariably a customer in Sick Bay each spring by virtue of wet feet gained while it was yet too cold to sail. For variety in the evenings he wrote occasionally for the Log under the name Skillet Finn. Then, with little else to do, he studied enough to graduate. For the future Kirk plans to stay with the Fleet as long as the Fleet will have him.





John Edgar Murdock, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Of all the puddings that Ned had his thumbs in while at the Naval Academy, we'll probably remember him best for his activities with the soccer team and for his hobby, model building. With soccer it was from the bottom up, from plebe soccer manager upon entrance to varsity manager during his first class year. Model ship building has developed for him one of the most valuable accomplishments he could possibly carry into the Fleet. For his soccer efforts he sports the coveted "N," and his model fleet will certainly serve him in the days to come.

John Thomas Murray, Jr.

PLEASANT UNITY, PENNSYLVANIA

From Western Pennsylvania, Jack came to the Academy through the Naval Reserve. His chief sports were reading novels, dragging, and sack drills. In spite of the demands of these cherished pleasures, Jack could usually be persuaded to join the invariable fourth-deck bridge game which was indeed uncommon if it failed to wind up in a roaring bull session. With the possible exception of Dago, academics held no fears for the Irishman, and just to prove that Dago could be bested, in true Hibernian spirit, he became the Secretary-Treasurer of the French Club first class year.



Arthur Joseph Morrow

KITTANNING, PENNSYLVANIA

When Art came to the Academy, he left his beloved Pennsylvania behind in fact only, for he still carried it in his mind. Early in his career Art developed another love, wrestling. For three years he managed the Navy grapplers to victory, culminating his achievements as varsity manager. Academics held no fear for Art; if it hadn't been for Dago, he would easily have starred. Preoccupation with academics was no drawback when it came time to write or receive letters, as any mate can testify. Rare was the day when there was no mail for Art.



Ned



Art



Nick



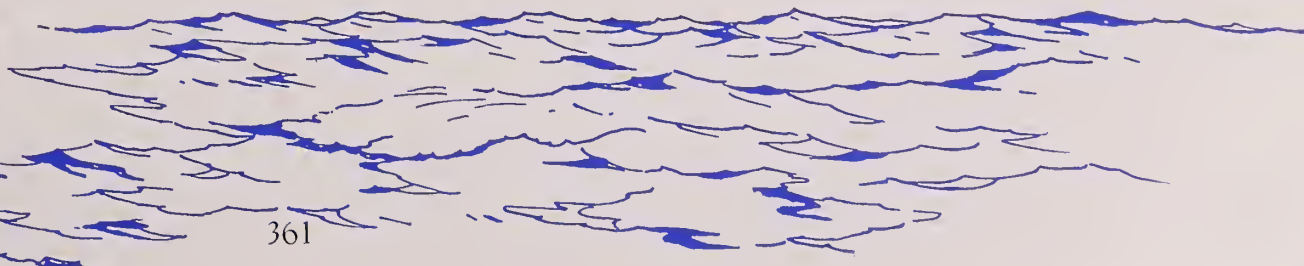
Jack



Hubert Maurice Nicholson, Jr.

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

"Nick" brought to Annapolis a fine Army background and a host of stories about Brooklyn, his last home port. He stoutly maintained that one does not need a passport to go to Manhattan—just a nickel. He sailed close to the course of the average midshipman, never near the rocks but always fighting for a velvet hour for his daily letter to the O.A.O.'s. People were his hobby and his many warm friends are clear markers of his perfection of this avocation. A hard worker when the chips were down, Nick displayed a spirit of winning that will take him far in the Fleet.



William Hubbard Peck

AT LARGE

To Bill the Naval Academy was a means to an end, namely, a Marine Corps commission. An artist of considerable ability, Willie would rather draw than eat, not to mention study, as many a bush could testify. Next to drawing, Bill enjoyed all kinds of music from boogie-woogie to classic, but both art and music were forgotten when anyone wanted a fourth for bridge. Bill's two conclusions re the U.S.N.A. were that you could beat the system best by being silent and unobtrusive and that there must be some easier way of getting into the Marine Corps.



Perk



Willie



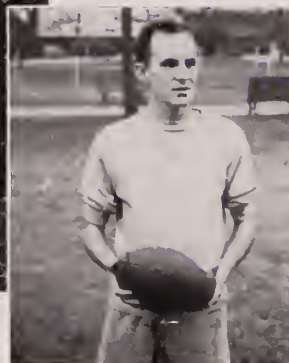
William Lee Perkins

CHARITON, IOWA

"Perk" was fulfilling his life-long ambition when he entered the U.S.N.A. with the first contingents of the new plebe class in the summer of '42. With two years of college to his credit, "Perk" was never bothered by academics, including Japanese, and was able to devote much of his time to playing the xylophone in the Mandolin Club, taking part in the combined Musical Clubs' shows, and greeting members of visiting teams. A cheerful smile and a personality full of humor and friendliness made "Perk" a friend of all those who knew him.



George



Joe

Joseph Stanley Perszyk, Jr.

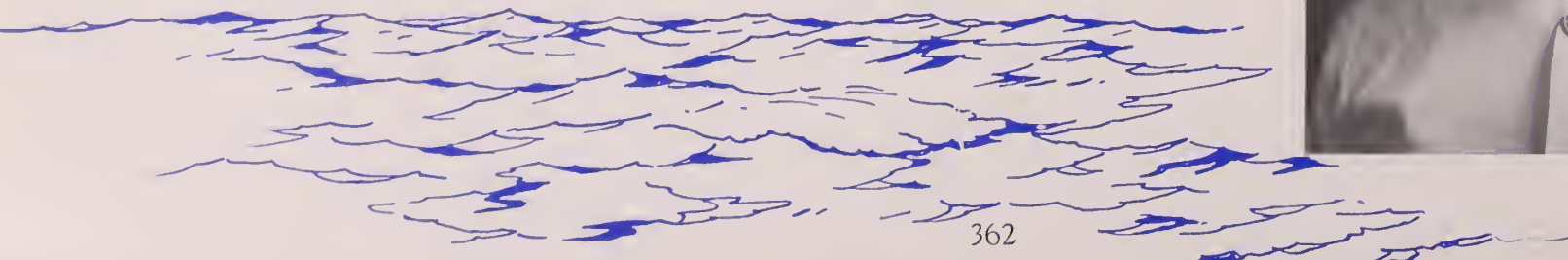
DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

Coming to the Academy with only a high school education, Joe nevertheless caused Math and Steam profs to gaze in awe as he took to the boards and worked their worst with a flick of the wrist and a cloud of chalk dust. "Jolting Joe," one of the starless savvy boys, spent half of the study period explaining the current lesson assignments to less fortunate classmates and the other half of the period sacked-out with a *Post*. "Joe's" varsity sport, of which he became captain in first-class year, was the Executive Department's cutter team.

George Allen Reaves, III

SALISBURY, MARYLAND

'Eastern Shore—God's Country!' With this as an inspiration, George ground through the Academy. The Skinny Department hit him once, but, by hard work, he came back to stay, though he was never able to reconcile the system to himself. With broad grin and powerful leg, George turned out every fall for soccer, to become an All-American. In bull sessions, his loyalty and determined stand on important questions were always to be considered; his industry and congeniality made it a pleasure to work with him. Ambitious and hard-working, yet full of high ideals and sportsmanship—that's George.





James Darden Rives, Jr.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

There was some question as to just what city was Jim's home town. Shanghai, Manila, and Philadelphia were some of them. The reason for this variety is simple—Jim was a Navy Junior. His most notable characteristic was his cynicism, which prevailed except when a letter or a dragging week-end brightened his spirits. Math to most of us was a rather dark subject, but to Jim it was a fate worse than death. Nothing was more pleasant for Jim than a ketch trip to Cambridge, or an afternoon on the sack.

Albert Earl Rose, Jr.

VERSAILLES, KENTUCKY

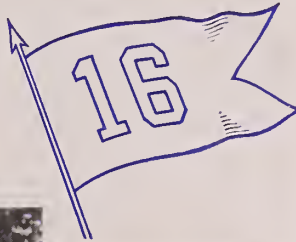
When the love of the sea induced Al to leave his old Kentucky home, his horses, his burley, and his bourbon three years ago, the Navy gained a conscientious and able worker. However, Al never let studying interfere with writing his sundry O.A.O.'s back in Kentucky or turning out sports copy for the *Log* and *Lucky Bag*. Except for a memorable Steam exam, he has always stayed well ahead of the Academic Department. Al's four years in military schools previous to the Academy gave him an aggressive leadership which will carry him far in the Navy.



Hugh Decimus Reynolds, Jr.

EL DORADO, ARKANSAS

"Des" hailed from Arkansas and swore by his state and everything in it from oil to fish. After arriving at the U.S.N.A. he became an acting midshipman, but wasn't actually sworn in until a month later when he obtained his release from the Army Air Corps. "Des" was a quiet sort of fellow, who quite often "got away with it." Just ask him about the skipper's sack on the nav bridge of the Arky. He experienced no trouble with academics, except for a few rough humps in Bull. However, "Des" always managed to come through and will undoubtedly continue to do so.



Jim



Des



Russ



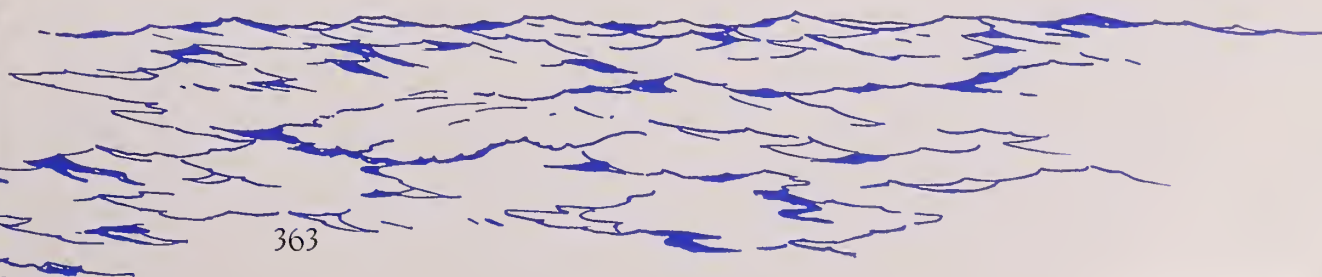
Al



John Alvah Rusling, III

BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT

Russ, better known to his admirers as "The Batman," arrived at the Academy to find much to his surprise that we had sailboats here too. Previously Russ had spent most of his time on Long Island Sound, operating out of the Black Rock Yacht Club. When not busy trying to avoid the Math "Tree," he usually escaped his worries by sailing yawls. With the exception of a certain tendency to grouch before his cup of Java in the morning we could always depend on Russ for a laugh.



Joseph Thomas Small

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A born fighter, Joe argued about anything from who had the toughest mob in the old days to who had the prettiest drag at the hop last Saturday. He was a bundle of nerves and energy, always on the go, always making more acquaintances. If you knew Joe, you were either a staunch friend or a bitter enemy. "Le Petit" confidently predicted that he would bilge every exam from the fall of plebe year to the spring of first class year. Although he never wore any stars on his collar, he was always a little too savvy to get caught in the various snares of the Academic Departments.



Smitty



Joe



William Reuben Smith, III

FORT THOMAS, KENTUCKY

"Smitty" came to us from "Old Kaintuck," and he brought the friendliness and cordiality of the Bluegrass State with him. Bill showed his literary ability by being on both the *Log* and *Reef Points* staffs, and was a member of the Quarterdeck Society from plebe year on. Academics with Bill were always just something to be tolerated, but he always managed to eke out the necessary 2.5. "Smitty" has big plans for the future—mostly concerning his O.A.O., and his friendliness and cordiality should help him make them a success.



Sully



Al

Albert Tilden Sprague, III

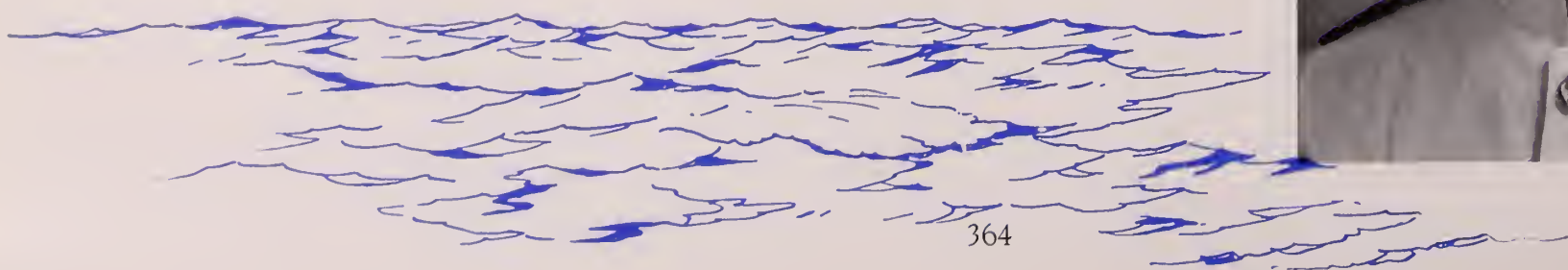
AT LARGE

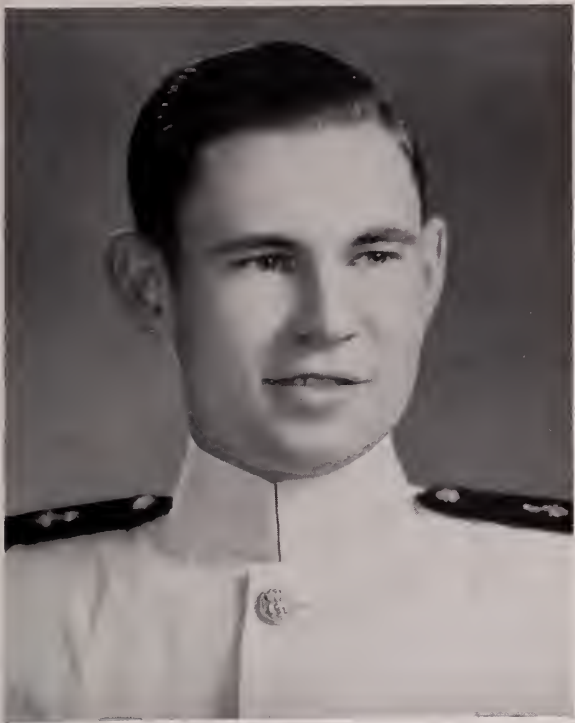
Trailing from Coast to Coast as a Navy Junior gave Al a happy outlook on life and a love for the Navy that was only increased by spending a summer at Norfolk boot camp before entering the Academy. Hot music—"jazz, not swing"—and women from Washington, D.C., were Al's ruling interests. Although naturally savvy, Al spent too much time torturing his wife with an off-key clarinet to become a star man. Geniality and a capacity for hard work will make Al a valued friend and co-worker wherever he goes.

Joseph James Sullivan

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

"Sully" was one redheaded Irishman that could always be spotted. Spectators noticed this massive frame during football season as did the Executive Department afterwards. "Jig Jig" had the old caulk-off habit and didn't hesitate to use happy hours to catch up on shut-eye. Always ready for an argument, Joe couldn't help but be victorious with his inverse reasoning. Playing a steady game of football, Joe held down the fullback spot for three years and did his share of the scoring. "Sully" was always in the scrap on the gridiron and he's set for any scrap to come.





Richard Townsend Tinney

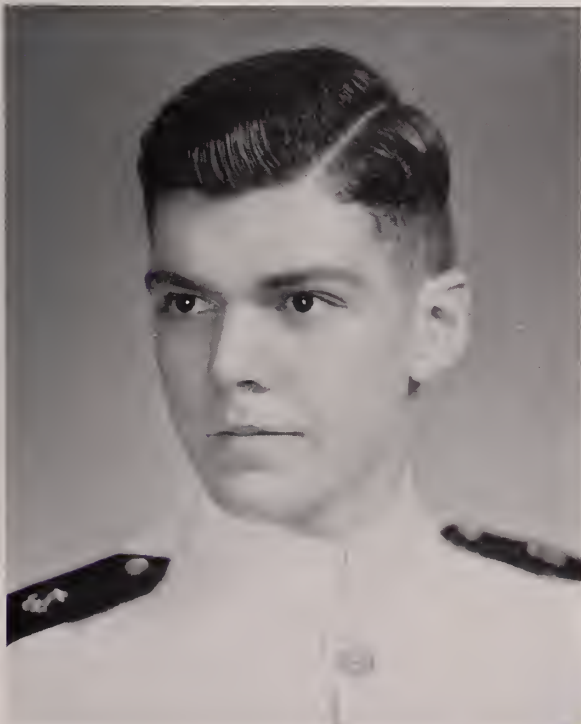
PORT EWEN, NEW YORK

Dick was one of the Hudson Valley's contributions to the Naval Academy. Like everyone else, he managed to present his classmates with numerous commentaries on the glories of his home state. Sometimes, however, such dissertations caused us to suspect a fraud because he possessed a unique accent and drawl that was more Southern than something belonging to a New York man. Dick will be remembered for an active imagination and a personalized sense of humor, a relaxed manner that was belied by his record in intramural sports, and a well-stocked locker door.

Walter William Vander Walk, Jr.

LONGMEADOW, MASSACHUSETTS

Van had a fruitful hitch his first three years of Navy life. Never found buried in books, he breezed through all academics to star high with a one digit standing for each year. Van spent a lot of time giving the unsats a tow, for he could always be counted on to grind out the answer to a monster prob. Crew was his first love, and he rowed in the varsity boat for two years. Next came soccer and Bill played on the plebe, J.V., and varsity teams. His favorite diversions were frequent yawl trips and dragging the O.A.O.



Frank Hendrickson Taylor, II

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The name came from a disreputable suit of blue service he insisted on wearing, and the "Spook" himself came from Philadelphia. Skilled in repartee and comedy, he hid his myriad stories and laughs under a non-assuming exterior and an easy-going nature. Failings—plenty, but mainly chow of any sort and a deep appetite for mystery stories, both of which fit into his policy of more gentlemanly ease than athletic glory. Academics meant hard work, but never worried the "Spook" as much as finding fantastic words for his letters. Being shipmates with "Spook" will always be a pleasure.



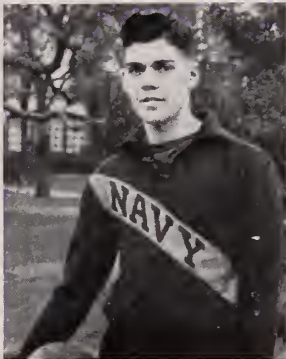
Dick



Spook



Knobby



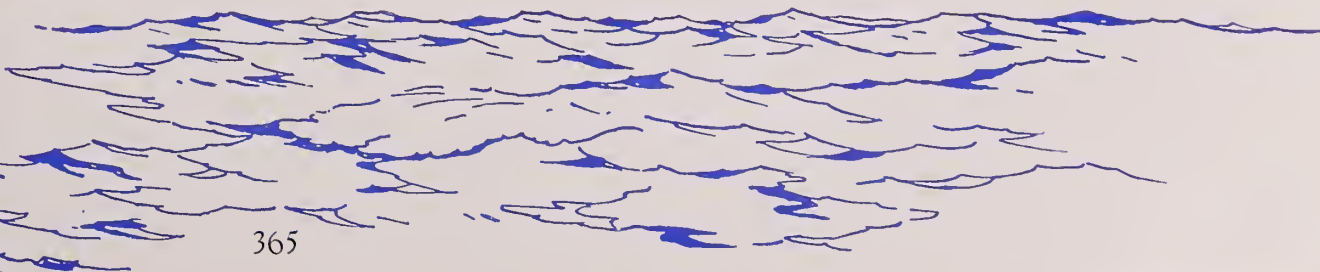
John Amand Walsh

NEW LONDON, CONNECTICUT

A Navy background, duty, leave, and—sack drill; that was "Knobby." An infinite patience, an even temper, a readiness to help a classmate, whether it was a Math problem or dealing from the bottom of the deck, made him a real friend. With a year at M.I.T. behind him, Jack was one of those few who could do well in anything. Girls? Lord yes! Although his spare time was usually taken up by the horizontal position, he managed to crawl over to the pool every fall, where he cut a fine figure. We don't say "goodbye" to Knobby, we say "'til we meet again."



Van



James Terry Acuff

JASPER, ALABAMA

"Acuff take charge!" We've heard that many times since plebe summer, and only very seldom have we seen him fail to respond. When he finished his work on our class crest he immediately turned his attention to our ring. Then "Smiley" took over the leadership of the Spanish Club. Ask him about his Dago average! He fought valiantly to replace the nickname "Smiley" with "Stokey," a name he picked up on the China Station years ago, but he never fully succeeded. It became a plebe rite to keep Jim informed on the train schedules and telephone rates to Montgomery.



Wild Jack



Smiley



Bill



William Richards Baker

HOLLISTER, CALIFORNIA

Bill is one of the true sailors among us. This tall, redhaired, smiling Californian came to us from the Fleet, where he served aboard the U.S.S. Nevada. There, he developed a love for the sea that has followed him. You can always find him out sailing when he isn't dragging or writing letters to that certain little girl in D.C. Other than not being able to see eye-to-eye with the system and the matter of a few "trees," he has had few worries here at the Academy. Bill will always be remembered for his ready smile and desire to help others.



Bill



William Floyd Armstrong, Jr.

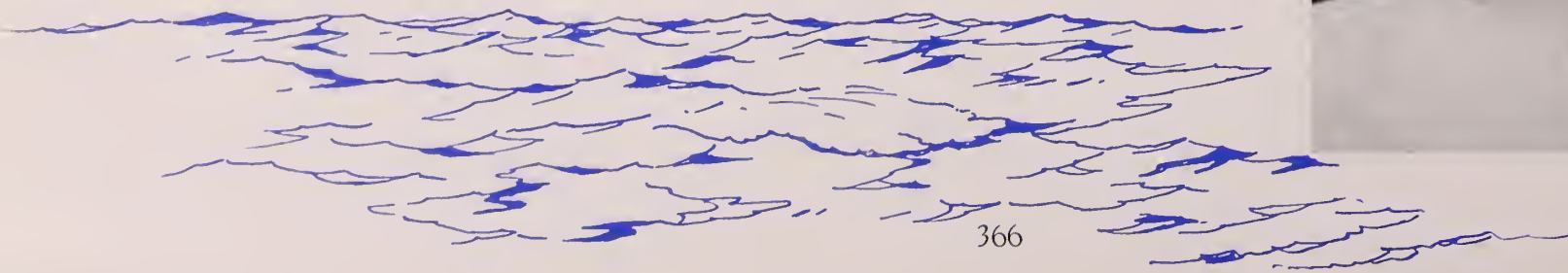
ENID, OKLAHOMA

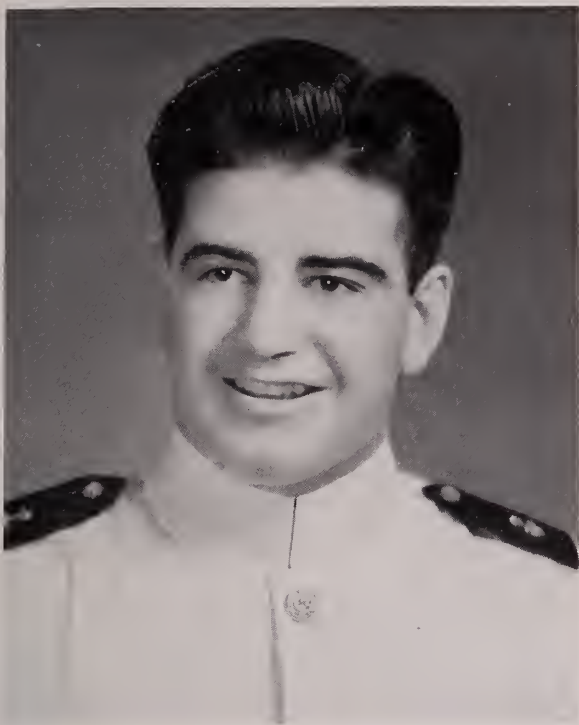
It was inevitable that this lad from the wilds of Oklahoma should acquire the nickname "Wild Jack." Possessed of a keen, logical mind, Jack formed opinions on many controversial subjects and rarely failed to convince others. Academies never bothered him, nor he them; nevertheless he was able to help his less fortunate wife on many occasions. Model Club work, sailing, chess, and dragging took up much of his time, as did boxing and managing the basketball team. His career as an officer will undoubtedly show an ability to meet the most exacting standards.

William Reynolds Austin

TRENTON, MISSOURI

Bill definitely put Trenton, "Moh," on the map when he exchanged his frat house luxuries for Baneroft Hall. As a midshipman he has accumulated a host of friends, and with his unusual personality he will continue to gain more. Holding down an important berth on his company or battalion athletic squad took up much of Bill's time. Since his interest in the fairer sex was highly concentrated in his home town O.A.O., he often devoted his week-ends to Reception Committee work, bridge games, and snaking on his wife at hops. His many friends wish him all sorts of luck.





Benjamin Semple Chase

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

"Big Ben" is known by most of his classmates for his athletic accomplishments—captaincy of the varsity football team, candidate for All-American, Academy boxing champion, and a weight man in track. Possessing also the rare combination of brains and brawn, he could apply himself to academics and come out on the top. To his many intimate friends he was known for his numerous love affairs and blind drags. Just a good-natured, refined "Li'l Abner," Ben never let any troubles get him down.

Edmund Theodore Clark

DREXEL HILL, PENNSYLVANIA

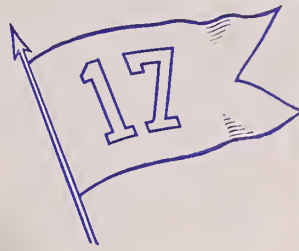
Ted's transient but gay life as a Navy Junior came to near stagnation immediately following his entry into the Academy in '42. His scholarly attitude, however, soon placed him among that group of men known as the "savvies," and here he found much leisure time to spend in social and athletic events. Much of this time was spent in the fencing loft, where in succeeding years he won the "46," "NA," and the "N." The remainder of his time was spent dragging his O.A.O., listening to his classical records, or wheeling more chow from the Academy's commissary officer.



Donald Duane Blair

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

One of Don's favorite claims to fame is that he entered the Naval Academy on Independence Day. Very meticulous in everything he does, he never allows a detail to pass without due attention. He is deeply concerned with the well-being of his friends, and has saved them from many a headache and heartache. But talk about heartaches! Don hands out a few himself, for he has a definite way with women that gets results. He has a serious mind; in his activities he is assertive, determined, refined, and carries them out with the good sense of humor so necessary for success.



Big Ben



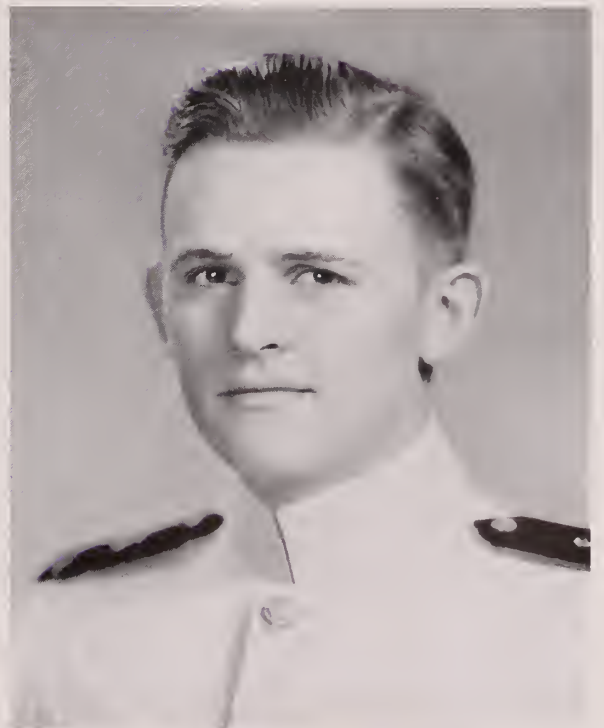
Don



Carlos



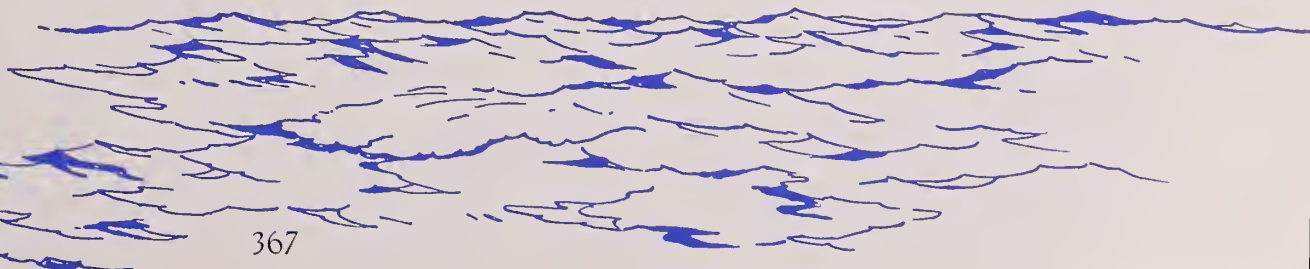
Ted



Charles Coffin

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE

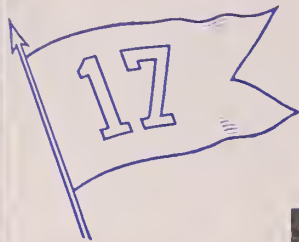
"Carlos," though a genuine city boy, became famous, especially among the under-class, for his hill-billy songs. Whenever a plebe had to learn the "Wabash Cannonball," he knew where to turn. His accomplishments, however, were not limited to songs. It is very probable that he originated the triple-decker bunk. His cross-country hikes covered every square foot of the five-mile area. Although serious when it came to academics, Charlie always had time to tell a good joke or pass on some hot dope. His forte, without a doubt, was a natural sense of humor.



Jackson Price Culwell

CLIFTON, TEXAS

Some of the boys get this stuff. It's not such a big percentage, but "J. P." is certainly one of that select group. The way he did it, starring looked as easy as summer leave. Jackson never shirked his recreational obligations. Most any Saturday night found him either at the hop or puffing a big cigar in some bridge foursome. He was always ready to lend a hand with any problem, academic or social, and you could count on him for a judicious solution. A better pal when a pal is needed will be hard to find.



Go



Jackson



Dib



Demps



Robert William Dibling

PERRYSBURG, OHIO

With two years of college behind him, "Dib" came to the Naval Academy with the realization that he still had a lot to learn. He hoped to continue his hobbies of writing and of reading psychology, but Academy life has left little time for them. His time has been spent on company sports—he said he even enjoyed military track. His familiar saying, "You know what I just heard about—?" was usually a prelude to some sharp witticism about some poor classmate. Although he prefers PT duty, he feels that any ship is all right as long as it floats.



Gray Osler Daly

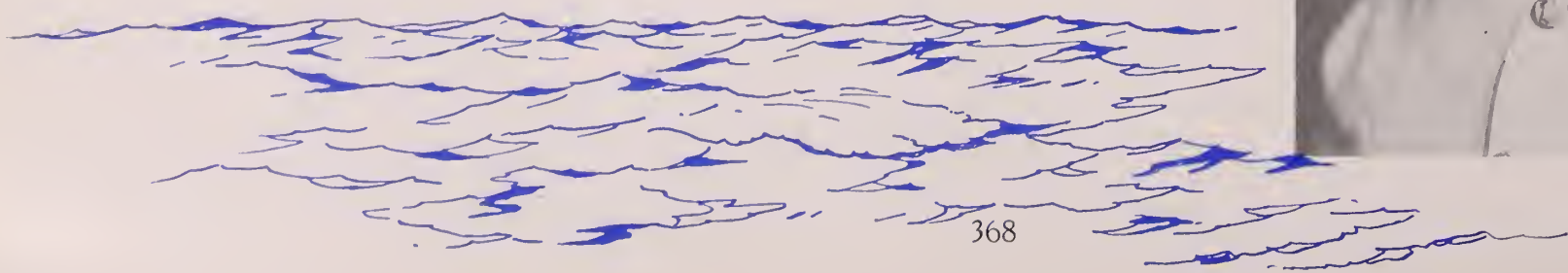
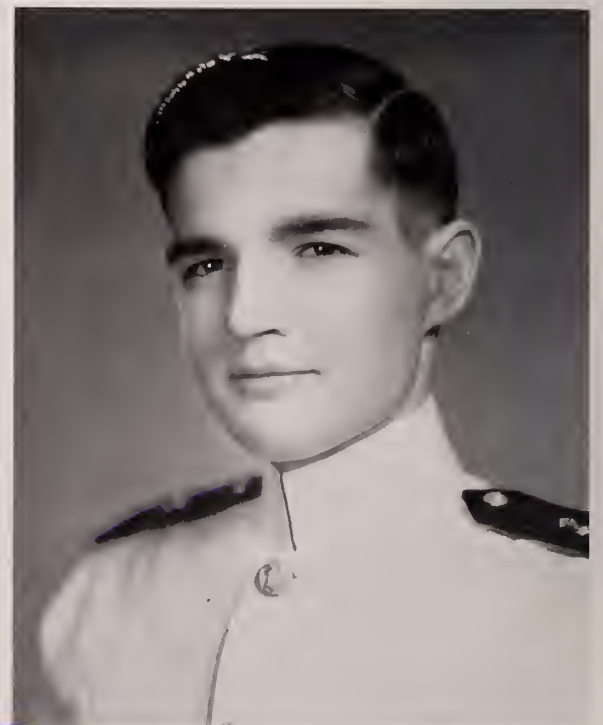
MERIDIAN, MISSISSIPPI

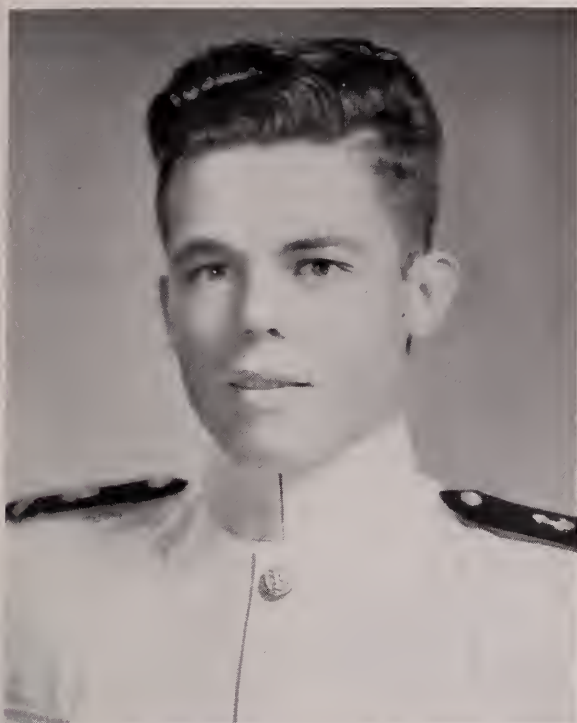
Although he has been temporarily detached from the Naval Air Corps, the Academy's salt has failed to dampen the wings of "Go" Daly. When not busy tracking down the Dope on the newest airplanes, dashing off a short note to a Southern belle, or lovingly shining his "grease" shoes, he finds time to keep two jumps ahead of the Academic Department. Last in line at Monday morning sick call, he usually recovers sufficiently to lead the liberty parade up Maryland Avenue. Watch his number, for Mississippi's favorite son has big ideas and is headed for big things.

Curran Declan Dempsey

SPOKANE, WASHINGTON

If you want to settle an argument about anything from bee culture to the theory of relativity, just ask "Demps." Though the particular question may concern dogs, tomato plants, or astronomy, he will tell you that he has studied the subject for years and considers himself an authority. Very modest about his real accomplishments, he never mentions his abilities as a track star and a very able captain of the cross-country team. Meeting every emergency as it comes, he has only one worry—that his cross-country schedule might interfere with his dragging schedule.





George William Ellis

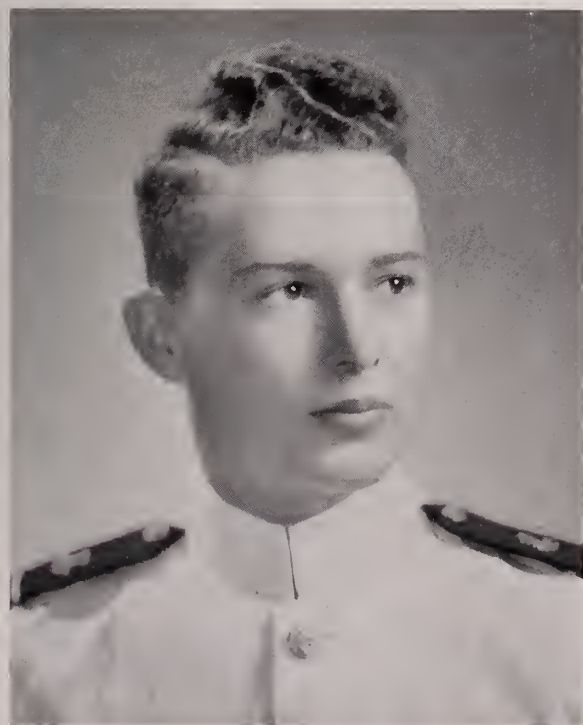
ARDMORE, OKLAHOMA

At times he'd swear he was a rancher led astray, but no one was ever fooled by that. Genial and sincere, George was never too busy to come to any kind of a rescue, whether it was to stand a classmate's watch or drag the girl friend's sister. "G. W." usually gave precedence over academics to intricate plans for successful week-ends. Sailing, wrestling, and gym workouts filled his afternoons; yet a yen for oratory and clarinet playing came to light in the Quarterdeck Society and orchestra. With a shipmate like him, there'll be a true course in the future.

Wesley Espy

SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

When Wes drags, he shows up with a queen. With his combination of personality and good Southern chivalry, he just takes his pick of the girls. "Wespy" didn't like to study; he didn't have to. After fifteen minutes of study on a recitation, he was on his bunk to catch up on all that sleep he has been missing since he left Savannah. But, just to show the guys, he once stacked up a 3.6 average in youngster Bull, and for two years he was a valuable man on the varsity baseball squad.



George



Bob



Vic



Wespy



Victor Peter Finos

EVERETT, MASSACHUSETTS

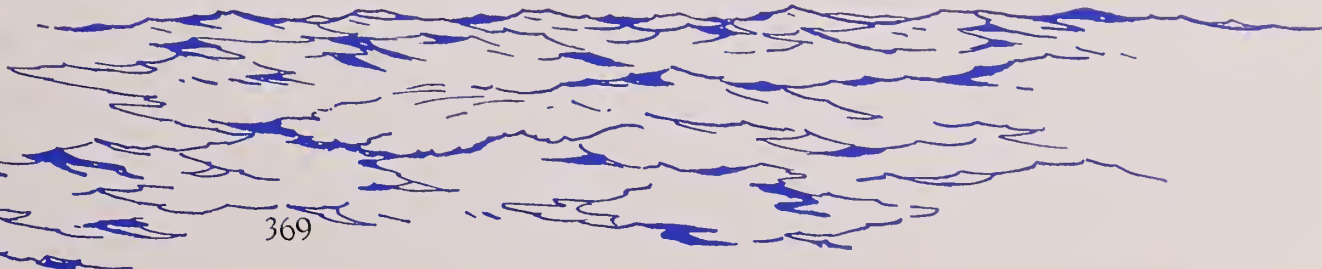
Vic came to us from Everett, Mass., with a Bah Hahbah accent and an athletic reputation picked up in high school and Brown University. He'll leave us with the accent toned down a little, but with the reputation enhanced by his activities here on the athletic fields. Vic's biggest accomplishment was collecting nicknames, "The Golden Greek," "The Toe." He picked up the Greek title by being considered for a Greek All-American football team by some erring sportswriter, confused by the Greekish name. The references to his pedal extremities came from his ability to boot points after touchdowns. An athlete, a scholar, "The Greek."



Robert Dunn

ANDALUSIA, ALABAMA

Bob left the land of mint juleps and beautiful Southern belles to embark upon his Naval career. Plebe year, Bob was only one jump ahead of the Academic Department, but youngster year he hit his stride. Never one to slave over books, Bob's favorite pastimes were athletics, football and baseball, letter writing, and "flaking out." A firm admirer of feminine beauty, Bob did his share of dragging and attending the hops, his speciality being taking care of somebody else's drag. The Fleet will find great use for this man with the Southern accent.



George Melvin Foglesong

SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA

Little did Santa Monica realize years ago that their gift to the U.S.S. Maryland would seize top honors at the Naval Academy in 1945. But they like we, at first, were unaware of the "Song's" abilities. Standing fifth in your plebe year is not mere effort, it is also a pleasure when the prizes roll in, the prize in electrical engineering for example. An ambitious worker, a converted Red Mike, and an ace at wrestling, he was the one we always checked our answers against to see the ones we missed.



Jig Jig



The Song



John Joseph Forrester

NEW ROCHELLE, NEW YORK

He denied it, but when "Jig Jig" left the Fleet in favor of the Academy, he believed that at last he could catch up on his sleep. But he was sadly disillusioned, for as a plebe he found he was getting much less sleep than as a radio operator on a PBY. Though not a five-letter varsity man, he was always ready and able to lend a hand in various company sports. A success in everything but the Saturday night sessions of "five-card bridge," "Jig Jig" is certain to be a real asset to the Fleet.

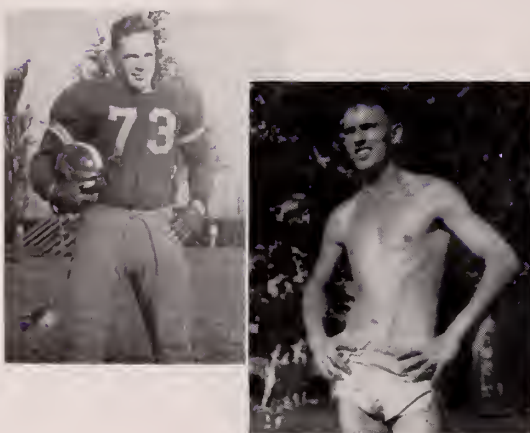


Gail Gilliam

COMANCHE, TEXAS

"Bull," a typical Texan, came here with a big appetite, a congenial spirit, and his now famous "bulldog" bark. As a plebe, he was usually busy with football but found ample time to run the upperclass. Playing varsity football the next two years, he upheld his home state's reputation for producing fine athletes. Always with an eye for making friends, "Bull" was known for his never-ending supply of visitor's cigarettes and his ability to polish up a G I haircut. The academic grind never got on his nerves. He always said, "If I didn't like it here I would leave."

Bull



Root



Thomas Reed Freeman

REDLANDS, CALIFORNIA

Lured by the romance of the Marine Corps, "Root" shouldered his rifle at San Diego and soon found himself in the Fleet Marine Force. A twist of fortune caused him to give up Honolulu liberties for a tour of duty at Uncle Sam's Canoe Club on the Severn. "Root" will always be remembered for his numerous narrow escapes, his way with the ladies, and a genuine good nature that always permitted a mirthful comment on any subject. When the trials of Bancroft are over, his first love will call him again and we'll bid fond farewell to a swell shipmate.





Charles Wilbert Greer, III

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Chuck, better known to his Minneapolis colleagues as "Duffy," is one of the steadiest men in the class, and neither the Executive nor the Academic Departments causes him grief. One of the many men to take advantage of the athletic facilities, Chuck is always found taking a workout in the gym, playing a fast game of handball, or sailing on the Severn, with an occasional sunbath during the summer months for added relaxation. However, no matter what duties demand his attention, each evening he writes a letter to "Smokey" who manages to provide an equal number in return.

Glyde Brewer Hannah

MERCED, CALIFORNIA

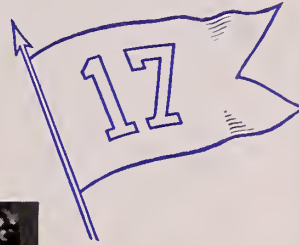
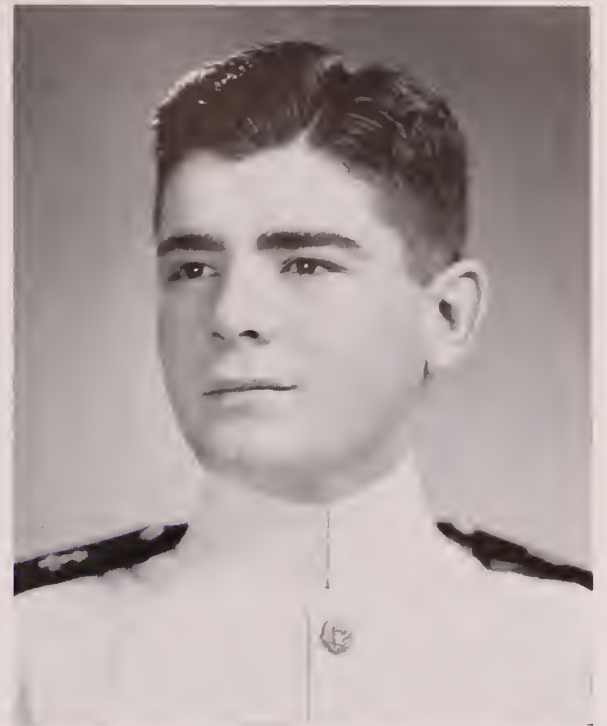
From rustling cattle to chief cook and bottle washer in a drive-in-stand to the Naval Academy is "Chad's" success story. Hannah is the all-around type Californian who specializes in "five-card bridge" and enjoys a little tennis and swimming on the side. Glyde, slightly lacking hair on his head, is never lacking friends or pretty drags, for his humor and never perturbed amiability are always with him. Acquiring a salty strain somewhere besides his cow ranch, Glyde has a combination of modesty, a rapid-fire brain, and interest in his fellow seamen.



Eli Warren Goode

HAWKINSVILLE, GEORGIA

This Georgia Cracker came rambling to Annapolis, reacting to stimulants that ranged from women to academics. The former were inspirations but the latter were something to grin and bear. He enjoyed recreation only when it didn't interfere with his happy-hours on the sack. An amiable Southerner, "Omar" was easy going most of the time, but like the rest of us he had his troubles with the Executive Department. Eli's greatest problem, however, was social, for without that letter every day it was twice as hard to make that 2.5.



Duffy



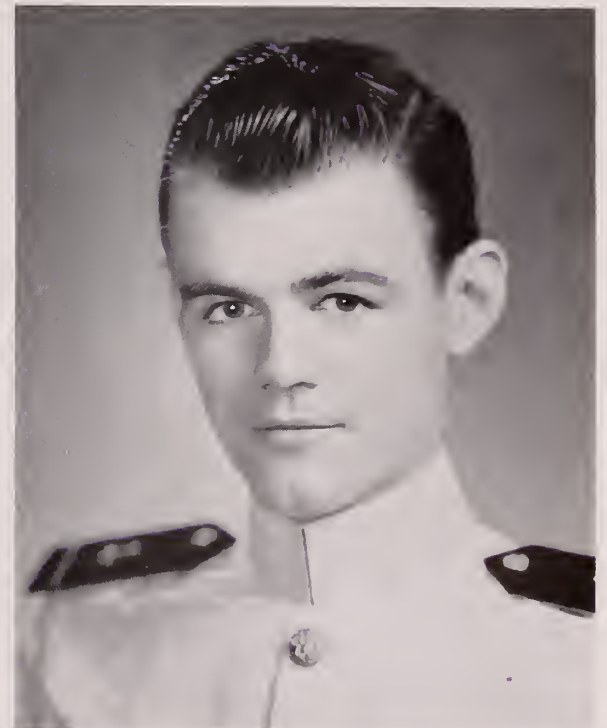
Omar



Wick



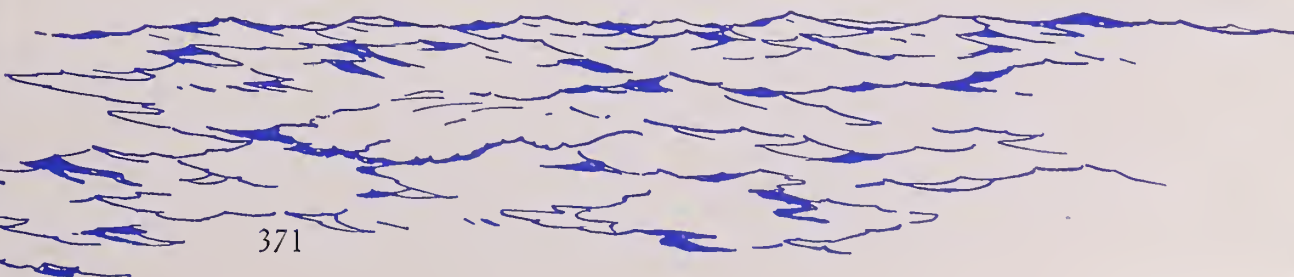
Chad



Wick Raymond Harlan, Jr.

TOMPKINSVILLE, KENTUCKY

Old Kentucky did itself mighty proud when they gave us the tall, likeable "Wick." with his love for horse racing, basketball, bridge, and those mint juleps. With his loyal friendship and earnest personality, he was truly one of the gang. With two years at the University of Kentucky, Wick took an easy strain on life here at the Academy with the exception of Steam, and devoted his free time to softball, basketball, and his numerous girls. But never a happy hour rolled around that he didn't have that "Now don't let me go to sleep" look in his eye.



Dale Spear Harris

MADISON, WISCONSIN

"I've got mine, how are you doing?" These were the favorite words of this ambassador from America's Dairyland. Although sailing, intramural sports and radio club took up most of his time, "José" managed to cut a wide swath among the femmes. He had the knack of always showing up at the right place at the right time. After earning his youngster stripe he dropped his berth on the varsity sailing squad because it interfered with dragging. Here comes a man to the Fleet determined to leave behind as many broken enemy ships as he has left broken hearts.



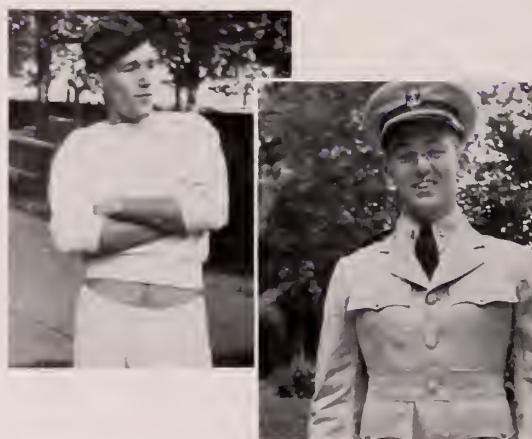
Ben



Jose



Kep

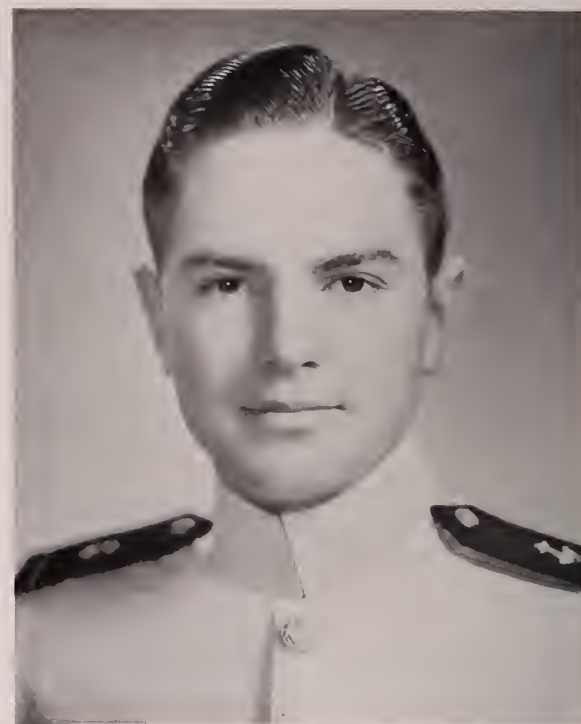


Johnnie

Norman Ray Kephart

KEYSER, WEST VIRGINIA

Always the first and never the fourth for a bridge game, Kep's only troubles were reading 14, 20 once a year for the eye exams, and getting by in Bull, the subject which cost him one of the best years of his life. Kep took part in many intramural sports and in the academic line was a Math-savvy lad. One of those guys who set his alarm for 5:45 every morning so he could enjoy that last half hour before reveille, he'll always be remembered by us as that tall, quiet, easy-going boy from the mountains of West Virginia.



Bennett Watson Hooks

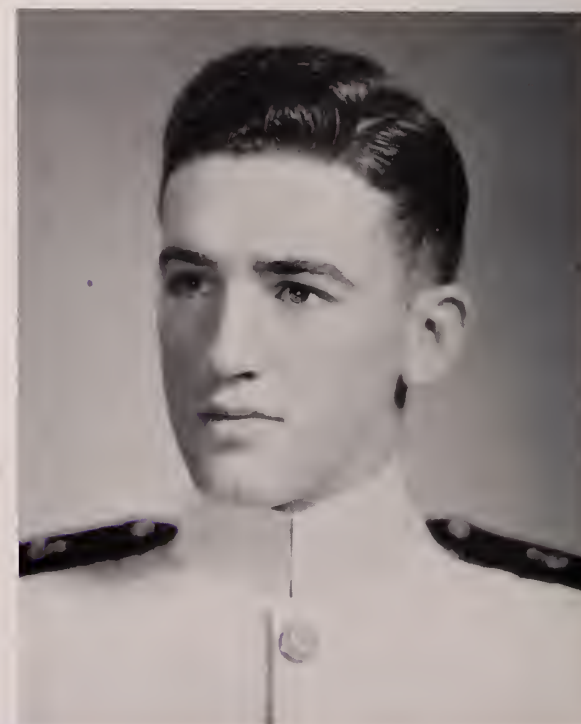
KINSTON, NORTH CAROLINA

From that fabulous land of golden tobacco, Southern hospitality, and Kay Kyser came Ben—the pride of Kinston, North Carolina. His quiet determination and unaffected personality marked him from the beginning as a man to watch. Although a man of strong character, he had two weaknesses—tennis and girls. He did a splendid job as tennis manager, and, to our knowledge, there have been no complaints from the femmes. His accomplishments—academic, social, and athletic—were admired and envied, but never wondered at. We expected them of Ben!

John Stephen Kappoch

TEANECK, NEW JERSEY

Up from the shores of Barnegat and by way of Severn Prep, Johnnie came to the Academy realizing a life-long ambition. Quiet, studious, reserved, and conscientious describe him most accurately. He was a stellar performer on the athletic field, where he excelled in both soccer and lacrosse. His lapses into that Jersey accent made him the target for innumerable friendly jibes. Always willing to lend a helping hand, we shall best remember "Teaneck" as a true friend who, with his ability and perseverance will certainly succeed in the Navy way of life.





Malcolm Wayne MacDonald

TULSA, OKLAHOMA

Purdue's loss was our gain when Mickey turned his aspirations to the Navy. "Mac" established himself in the field of athletics as a member of Navy's wrestling team. Youngster year he added more laurels to his outstanding record by winning the Eastern Intercollegiate and National AAU Wrestling Championships. His thoughts also turned to the lighter things of life—he seldom missed a hop or entertainment where the weaker sex could be found. Mickey's pleasing personality and good disposition will keep him in the memories of all who have had the good fortune of knowing him.

Lealyn Everett Martin

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Lee, coming out of the Fleet via N.A.P.S., was one of the few who knew something of this Navy before entering the Academy. Always dreaming of the day when he would return as an officer, he kept plugging at those none-too-easy academics in his earnest desire to make good. This tall Californian with his deep voice made Hubbard Hall his destination at 1630, serving 3 years as a crew man. All of us have made more than one visit to his locker door, viewing his wealth of feminine charm. "Martin's here, march off!"



Edward Lange

MOUNT VERNON, WASHINGTON

Genial and easy-going, Ed never let the wear and tear of the system get him down. Perennially starring in academics, he spent most of his time showing the rest of us how to unravel the latest mystery dreamed up by the heartless Math profs. The stork dropped Ed in Mount Vernon, Washington, and he never let you forget it. For the three years he was considerably worried over the wholesale marriage mortality among his West Coast girl friends. Guess they just don't grow them pretty enough out East. Well, that's Ed, smart, even tempered, full of fun—what a bargain.



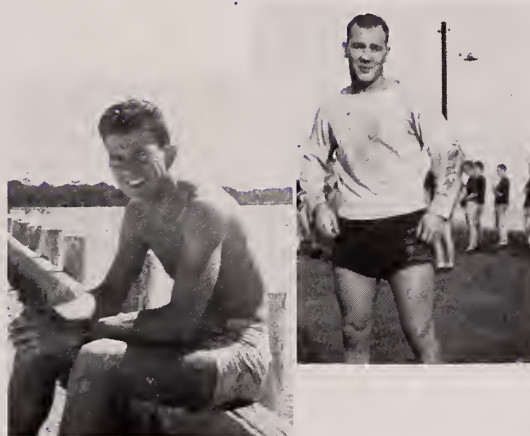
Mac



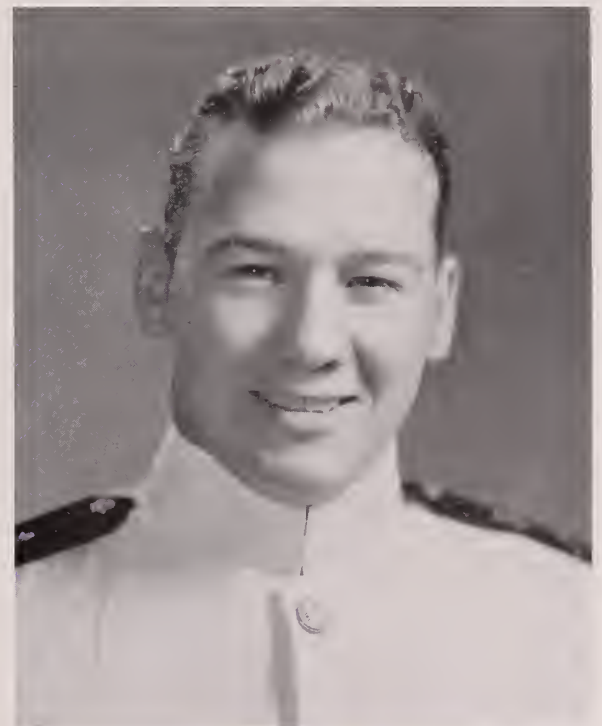
Ed



The Muel



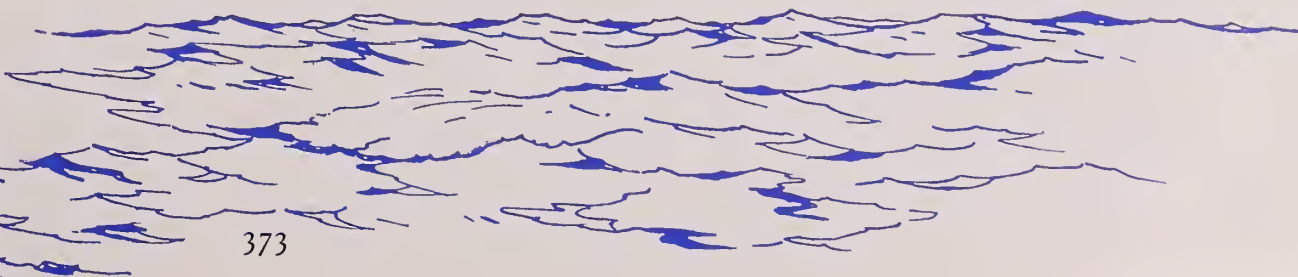
Lee



Dale Forest Mueller

ROODHOUSE, ILLINOIS

If every you should hear a commotion and see a fellow beating himself on the forehead with the heel of his hand, it will probably be "The Muel," describing one of his thrilling adventures with the young ladies of Roodhouse. His most striking physical feature is the cockiness that seems to exude from every movement of his stocky well-knit body and the ever-present good-natured grin which emanates in a couple of perpetually twinkling blue eyes. Roodhouse has a right to be proud of "The Muel," for this year he developed into the baseball team's ace pitcher and leading batter.



Joseph Louis Ochoa

HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Joe "It never rains like this back home" Ochoa came to the Academy from Hollywood High School and U.C.L.A. His friendly personality and his Pepsodent smile won him many friends at Annapolis. His educational background and being savvy in Spanish made academics easy for "Ocho." Although he dragged infrequently, because his O.A.O. was "back home," his valuable aid and helpful suggestions as a member of the Regimental Hop and Ring Dance Committees helped make these affairs successful. So long, Joe, here's wishing you the best of luck during the coming years.



Vince



Ocho



Bob



Robert Quinn Pegram, Jr.

BOERNE, TEXAS

Bob's excellent record at the Academy was one which cannot be praised too highly. It was a success which arose from a wise use of time and a conscientious determination to excel. He was soon near the top in academics although he devoted almost every available moment to weight-lifting and adding to that handsome physique which we all admired. His only regret while here was that Texas was too far away and that the leaves were too far apart. To Bob goes a heartfelt "well done" from all of us and a confident trust in his future success.



Preston



Vincent Bernard Otten

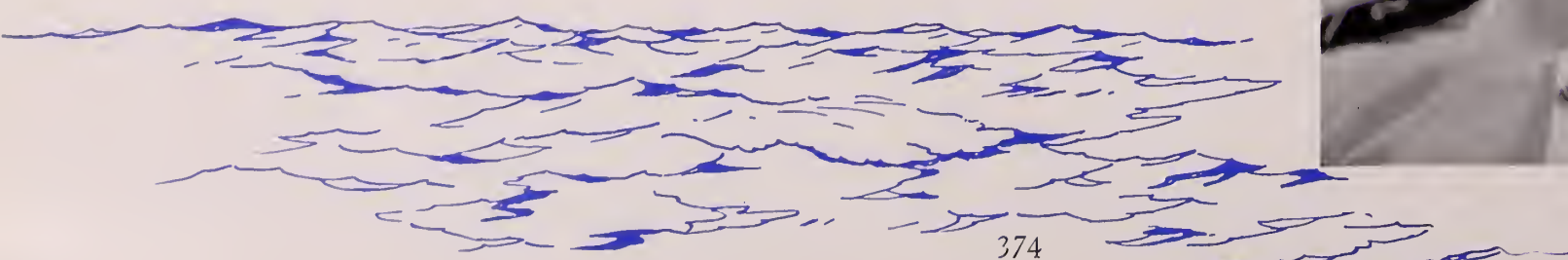
ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI

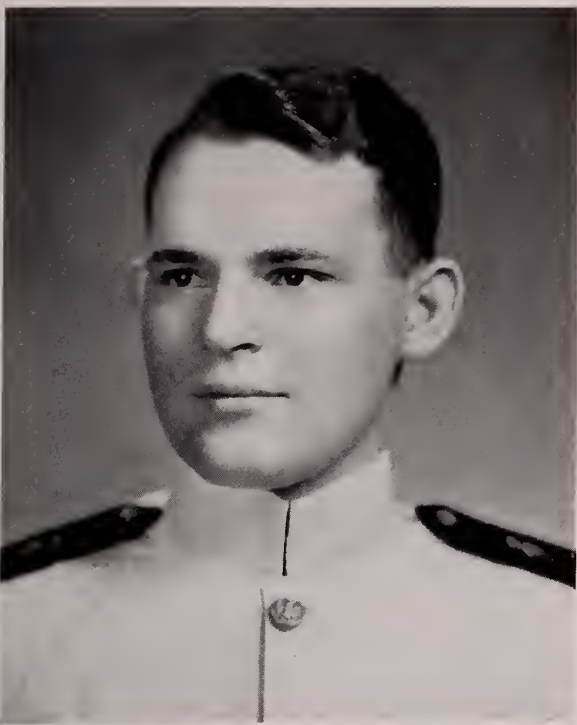
Vince Otten, the one-man press agent for the St. Louis Cardinals, after finding McBride High and St. Louis University a little too tame, came to the Academy in search of bigger and better things. Academics did not come easy for Vince, but an alert mind and a little perseverance helped him to come through with a "Sat" average. He was a Red Mike from way back because of his O.A.O. back home. His sparkling laughter and engaging personality made many friends for him throughout the Regiment. Vince's name will bring back pleasant memories to all of his Academy friends.

Preston Andrew Peak

GREENVILLE, TEXAS

"What's the word, Preston?" Everybody from all companies and all classes had a greeting for Preston. Peak had the word, too. The Executive Department never got any strikes on him. The Academic Departments never baffled "Mac" either. He burned no midnight oil and the stars on his bathrobe testified that it was not necessary. A steady succession of letters addressed in various feminine hands testified to both a fickleness and a charm that made hop week-ends no problem for this happy Texan. The Navy Air Arm is in for some trying times, but they'll find it worth while.





Fred Hardin Radloff

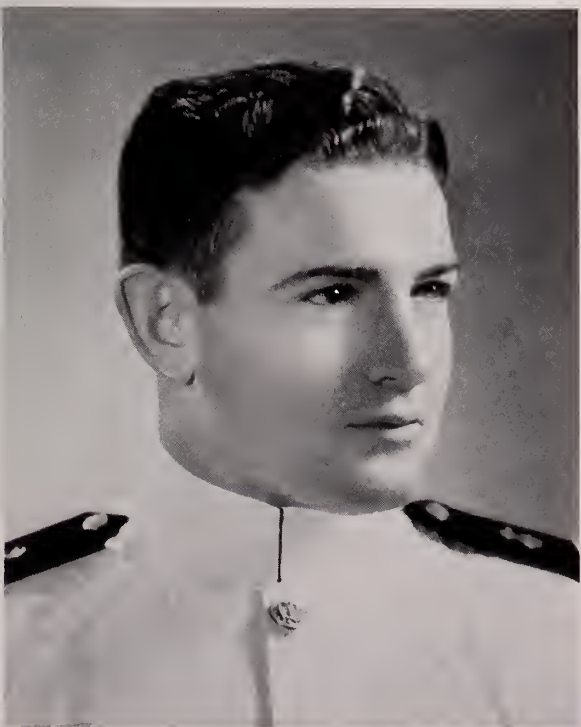
ASHVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA

Fritz is a Southerner, Rebel, and gentleman whose first taste of military despotism was enjoyed at the Citadel. Life at the Naval Academy was not as hazardous as at the Citadel; consequently Fritz felt that Naval Academy regulations were inadequate (not his plebe year viewpoint!). Gunnery and marksmanship pleased Fritz and in those he excelled. Although several of his Citadel buddies are ranking Army officers, as he might have been also, Fritz is not sorry he came to the Academy. He feels that he has had a better opportunity to learn his job before he begins to lead men.

Lawrence Edward Redden

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

A flash came out of the West. Was it Superman? No, it was Larry Redden, nicknamed "Rudolph" by some bantering friends. Larry left Pasadena's sun-kissed hills and moon-kissed maidens for new adventure in the East. Excelling in academics and wrestling, he found success as a man of his calibre always will, but he found the Naval Academy brand of adventure somewhat tame. Redden, unlike most of his brethren from California, was not the mouthpiece for his Chamber of Commerce. Larry will be remembered for his good humor, flashing smile, and variety of drags.



William Rogers Zuisenberry

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

"Quiz" claims California is his home, but his refusal to accept anything without confirmation demonstrates that he is still a product of the "show-me" state, Missouri. His tastes include social life and photography—both of which keep him financially insolvent. His brief contact with the Army via the New York University R.O.T.C. made him realize the "advantages" of Naval life. "Quiz" was not a star man, but his grades proved him an able student. Although proclaiming a desire to be a play-boy, he has shown himself by his staid ability to be a prospective thirty-year man.



Fritz



Quiz



Rog



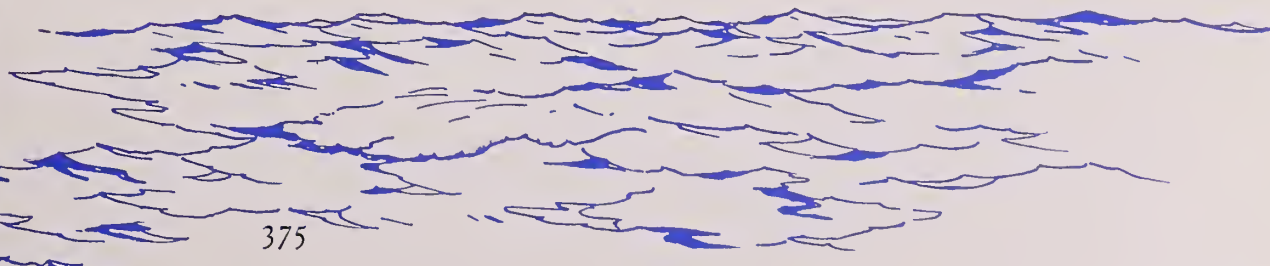
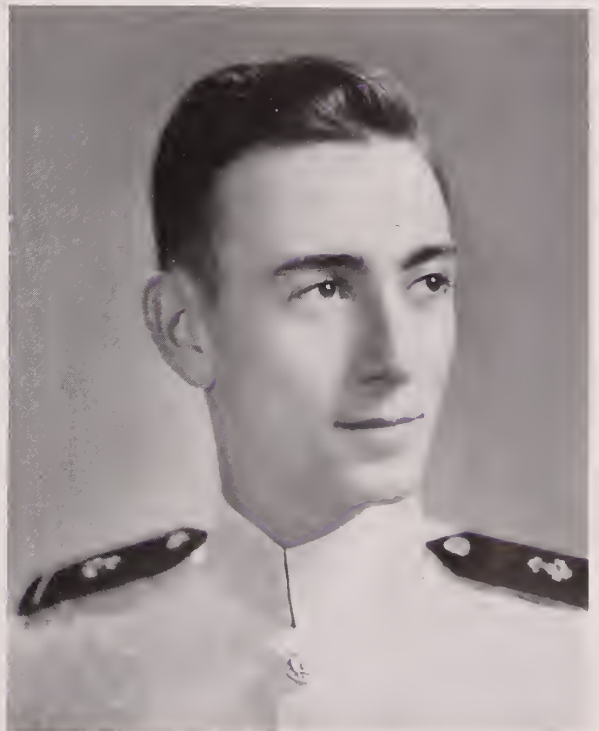
Larry



Harris Gordon Rogers, Jr.

COLUMBUS, GEORGIA

Torn from a slow, easy-going existence on the banks of the Chattahoochee and thrown into a new, fast-moving life, "Rog" became a leader in that group of men who preferred to make history on leave and hibernate at the Academy. Between sack drills and Friday night snacks, plebe and youngster years were spent on the track, training to be able to uphold the midshipman's high standards for "after-the-hop" duty. Those sweet letters from Marion, Alabama, and his desire to wear those pretty greens were the stabilizing elements balancing his tri-daily bitter tirades against the system.



Vernon Kenneth Roux

MONTE RIO, CALIFORNIA

When he traded his natty tailor-made blues for the regulation plebe get-up, Vern couldn't quite believe that he was still in the same Navy. But he soon resigned himself to baggy trou, squared hats, and the rest of the Naval Academy's idiosyncracies and set out to win that coveted half-inch gold stripe. Although academics were a little tough, Vern's determination never left any doubt as to the final outcome. He always managed to find time for that daily workout over on the wrestling mat or out on the track. Here's wishing you the best, Vern.



Sandy



Vern



Doc



Henry Finch Snelling

BOYDTON, VIRGINIA

"Doc," a beer-hound from the Virginia-North Carolina line with four brothers, four sisters, and an ambitious mother, entered the Academy only after combined efforts forced him to surrender. Although a boogie-lover, a connoisseur of the heavy left hand with the solid eight, he couldn't play a note; just listened and vibrated. He remained "sat" because of eyes that could read in the dark and never ran out of cigarettes due to a knowledge of the gentle art of "bumming." Hank wanted to be an aviator and wear pretty greens, but whatever he becomes, he'll get along with the best.



Scof



William Hill Sandeford

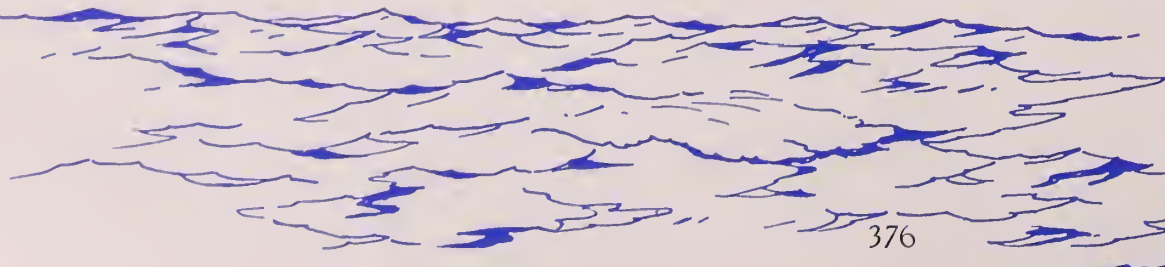
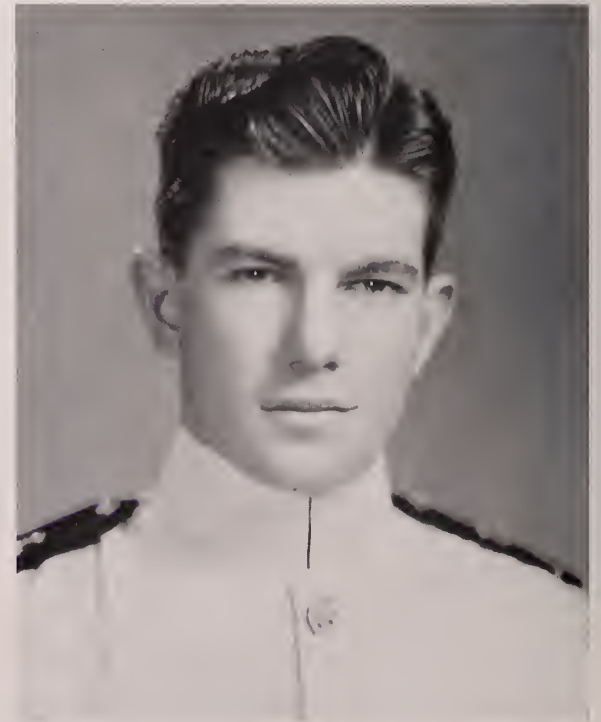
WAYNESBORO, GEORGIA

From the "Boro" via Georgia Tech came our restless, versatile, blue-eyed boy with the deep Southern accent. "Sandy," always going but never knowing just where, usually spent his week-ends at the "Cottage by the Bay." His good work and natural ability landed him the important position of circulation manager of our LUCKY BAG. "Sandy," a true son of the South, either knew everyone or something about everyone from Georgia. His winning personality gained the friendship of all, and his Southern belles truly proved his favorite saying, "I'm no pushover, but I can be had."

Miles Beecher Scofield, Jr.

SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA

On a typical California day, "Scof" departed from the enjoyable life of a Sacramento Junior College student and started, with the help of God and his thumb, for Annapolis. Since then, his life has been a continuous series of new dreams and feats, from fur farms to cockroach races. A fond sportsman and nature lover, he created an interest which academics had some difficulty in dislodging. The four things "Beech" really excelled in were high jumping, wrestling, escorting beautiful girls on rainy week-ends, and thoroughly enjoying himself whatever the occasion.





Robert Street Tisdale

PORTLAND, OREGON

Out of the confusion which reigned in dear old Bancroft due to identical twins, one in '44 and one in '46, emerged the acme of patience. "Tis" took many a hefty clap on the back thrown his way by confused youngsters and first class with but a gentle sigh. With the coming of the "diagonal" and the going of "Chuck," "Tis" was free—no more, "Hello Chuck," no more, "Jeeze, did they turn you back to a plebe?" Sailing was his sport—being so close to the water reminded him of home, of that high wet Oregon fog.

William Carl Travis

CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA

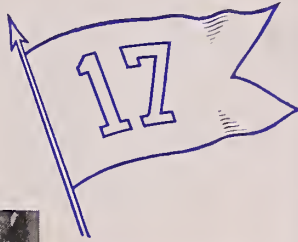
For a smooth operator from way back, "Trav" is the man. Fresh from the wilds of Oklahoma, he expected a country club; instead, he got the bitter truth. Floored but not out, he came back to make the most of dragging (with an O.A.O.'s reluctant permission), sailing, and boxing with wonderful results. Yet always a man of duty, Carl understood his purpose here and excelled in the academic and professional side of his new life. One of the best liked men in the company, "Trav" with his humor, tact, and ready smile will be welcomed as "one of the boys" wherever he goes.



William Edward Taylor

LOUISVILLE, OHIO

"We" is an old Navy man with a previous service record of two years as a Fleet radioman. He was well on the way toward making chief when recommended for a tour of duty at the Naval Academy. Amiable, unassuming, good natured, and inauspiciously efficient, "We" has saved many a first-class pay receipt from going to waste on radio repairs. There is a special place in his heart for communications, shore duty, and a little girl in "Dreamsville," Ohio. Undersea craft lure him strongly and the Submarine Service will claim him as its own.



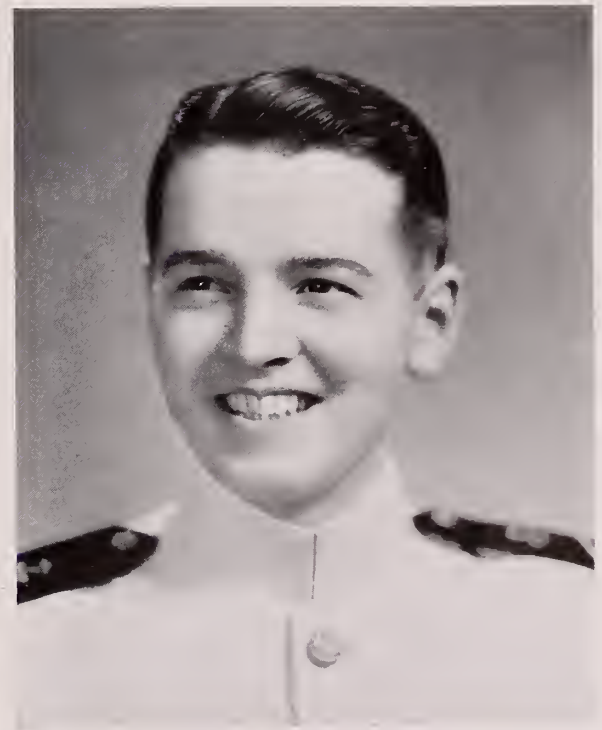
Tis



We



E-squared



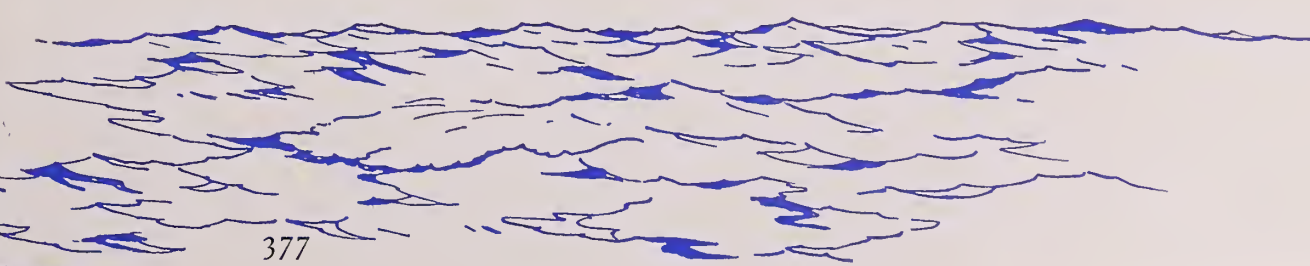
Earl Edward Walker, Jr.

BRUNSWICK, GEORGIA

No one needed to ask where "E-squared" was from, for any of the Yankee-Rebel fights around 3313 quickly showed he must be from the South. Before coming to the Academy, Earl was taking pre-medical courses, and although he likes Navy life, he still hopes to be a doctor. He didn't drag much, but "E-squared" was definitely "the kid with the Colgate smile" when he turned on the personality. Earl's chief interests were tennis, chess, a little girl back home, and hitting the old books. We'll always remember Earl for his determination, in which he was excelled by no one.



Trav



Albion William Walton, Jr.

PASADENA, CALIFORNIA

Bill was one of those lads sent to the Academy by the California Chamber of Commerce. His plebe year was tartly summed up by his first classman's observation, "Alby is the only second classman in the Regiment." A lover of sports, Bill turned to football and track, with emphasis on the former, to supplement academic routine. Hard work and youngster year brought him his "N-star" and a year closer to his ambition to become a Naval officer. Classmates will remember Bill not only for his football, but also for his amiable disposition and his "savyness" in academics.



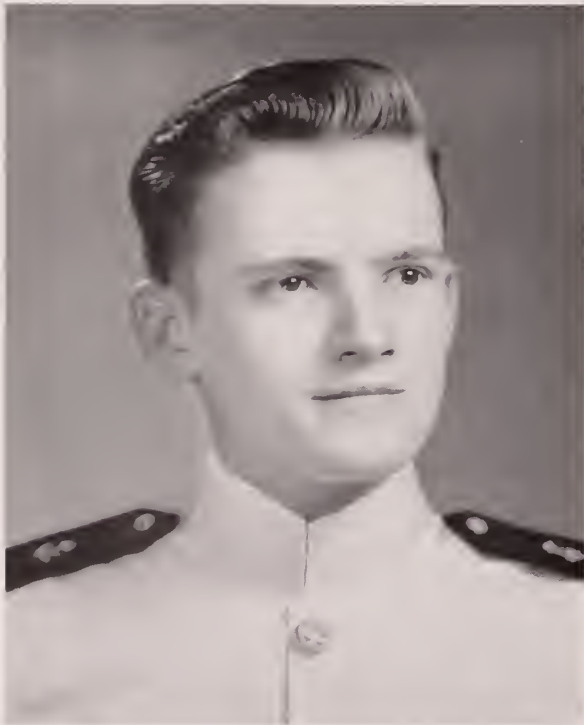
Jack



Bill



Weid



Jess

Jesse Randolph Watt

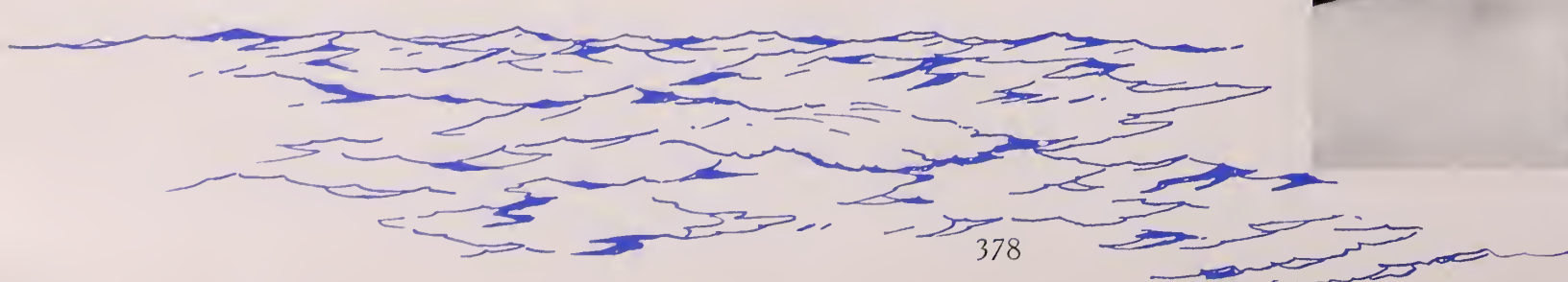
WASHINGTON, D.C.

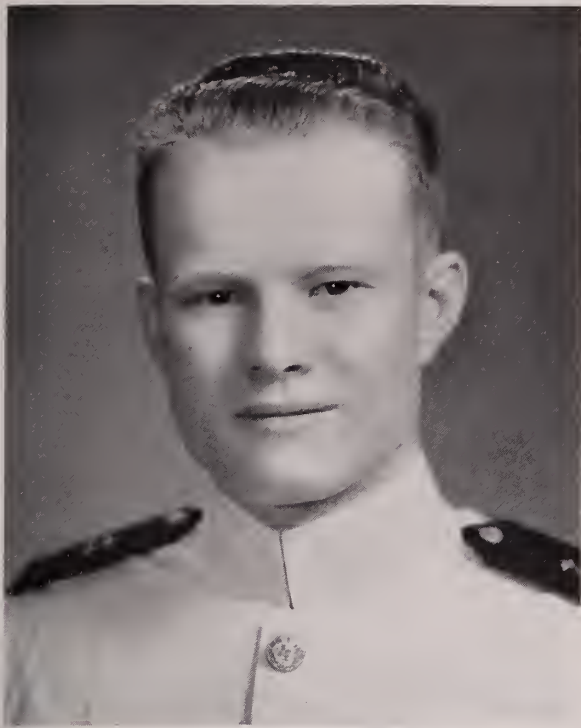
"I've forgotten more infantry than these guys will ever know," said Jess after every Saturday morning infantry period. Otherwise Jess was a modest, good-natured fellow who was continually making friends. He missed dragging four weekends in three years and then only because he had the watch. He celebrated each Sunday evening by saying, "Math is fruit" as he hit his sack or dashed off a letter to one of his long list of feminine correspondents. Jess very rarely saw his name in print because of his ability to be savvy with both text and regulation books.

Robert Eugene Weidner

NORFOLK, NEBRASKA

After a year of gay, carefree college life at the University of Nebraska, "Weid" set out to answer the call of Uncle Sam's Navy. Although he left a host of friends behind, Bob's marvelous sense of humor and happy-go-lucky manner soon won him many new friends at the Academy. Since academics were relatively easy for him, Bob spent his leisure moments participating in frequent bridge games, touch football, swimming, or often enthusiastic bull sessions. "Weid" was a very capable judge of feminine pulchritude, as can be evidenced by his selection for his O.A.O.





Ina Robert White

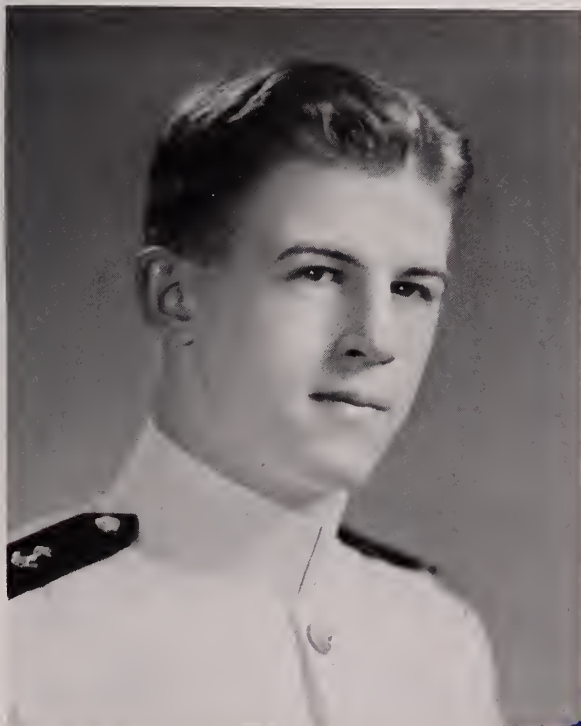
ROSEBURG, OREGON

"Whitey" spent two years in the Fleet before he entered the Academy. As a member of the deck force of the Colorado, he learned the many correct details for handling both swab and holy-stone. At the Naval Academy, "Whitey" did some boxing, but an injury during plebe year ended his pugilistic career. His interests then changed to yawl sailing, in which, during youngster year, he earned command qualifications. He swore that he was a misogynist, disliked the system intensely, and his choice for duty is anything as long as it is not a battleship.

Elbert Henry Willett

ANNISTON, ALABAMA

This scholar from the deep South realized his ambition the day he entered the Naval Academy. During plebe year, Bud was a starting member of the plebe football team, but a knee injury ended his football at that stage. However, he could always be found eagerly taking part in many company sports. Although Bud took his academics seriously, he seldom missed a hop and kept in social trim in anticipation for June Week with his O.A.O. Bud's jovial nature will win for him as many new friends in the Fleet as there are old ones being scattered by graduation.



James Ernest Weirich

MASSILLON, OHIO

Jim followed his favorite sport, football, with intense interest, forever singing praises of the Massillon "Tigers." Industrious and energetic, "Joe" kept his roommates on the ball. Never confining his triangles to the drawing board, he heated the sparks of life to a bright glow. Jim could always be found singing, no matter how dark the day. Desiring to work on the business end of our LUCKY BAG, he landed a position as Assistant Circulation Manager. Many of us were victims of his "running" and were often fooled by his subtle wit. "Weirich's here, march off!"



Whitey



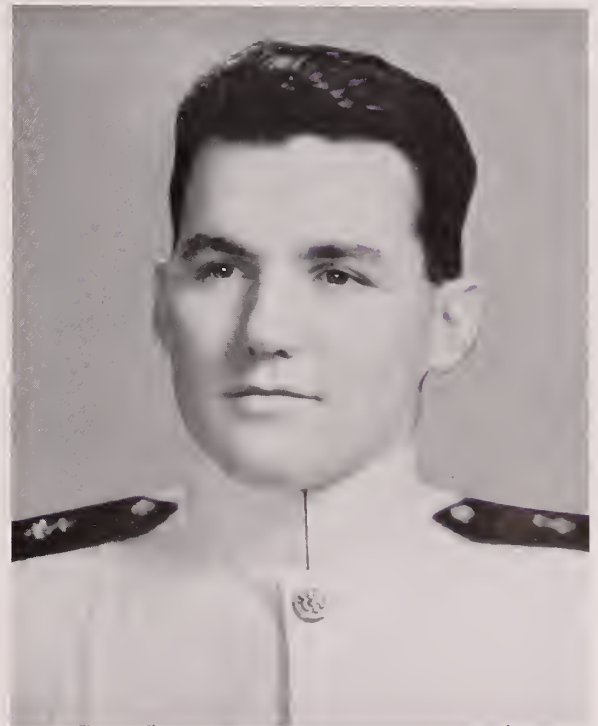
Jim



Chuck



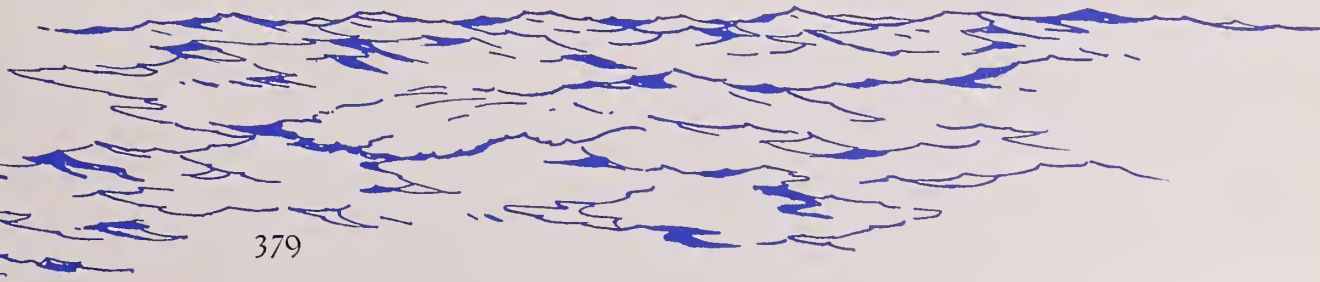
Bud



Charles Russell Woolums

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Coming from the "Mighty U.S.S. West Virginia," this salty lad had already spent more than two years in the Navy before entering the Academy. Like most men from the Fleet, "Chuck" had a way with the women, and when not running extra duty, he spent most of his week-ends dragging. After classes, this pleasant, easy-going chap could usually be found "flaked out" on his sack when he wasn't in the gym backing his company in boxing. A true native Californian "Chuck" will always be remembered as the fellow who invariably had a reply for the boys from Texas and Florida.



William Milford Anderson

EBENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA

From Pennsylvania came Bill Anderson, better known to his classmates as Andy. Near Ebensburg sprawls the Anderson farm from which Andy got his plugging spirit; always eager to better himself. Bill put everything he had into his work, a quality that made good officer material. In preparation for the Academy, Andy attended Notre Dame, where, enrolled in Naval R.O.T.C., he got the jump on most of us in previous Naval training. In his spare time, Andy liked to take cross-country hikes, taking pictures of everything en route. After graduation, he hopes for small ship duty, but when the time for retirement comes, Bill plans to go back to his other love, the farm.



Andy



Court



Wil



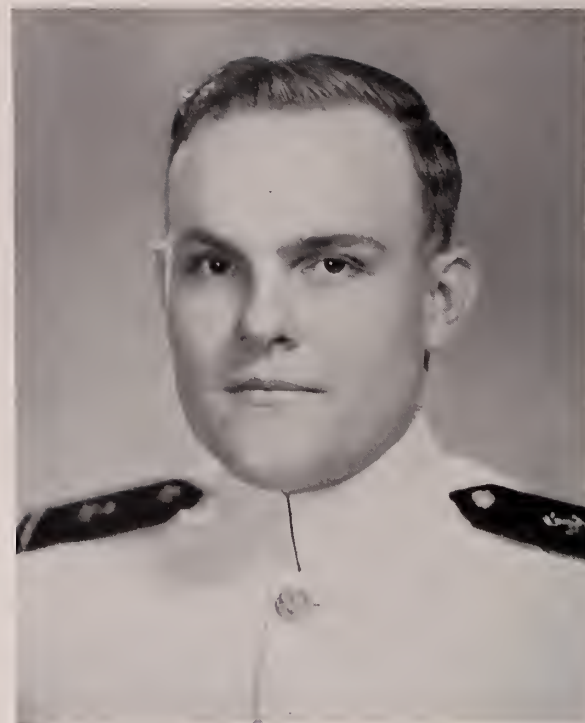
Chan



Wilson Clinton Bellenger

GADSDEN, ALABAMA

Did you want any information about the deep South? If so there wasn't a better man to consult in the Naval Academy than Wil Bellenger, for "Uncle Bill" was a true son of the South. As for his love of the Navy, one had only to talk with him. Good natured and with an unbeatable spirit, Wil had a smile even on the darkest day. Oft as not, he turned it to good account on week-ends as he charmed some sweet young Southern belle. An asset to our Navy would not be saying too much for "Uncle Bill," as he will make a real shipmate and friend of anyone with whom he may serve in later years.



Courtland Lee Ashley

FORT WAYNE, INDIANA

He answered nearly any hail; his friends used "Court," "Ash," or any reasonable substitute. It was fate that he's a Hoosier by birth and by nature, but Missouri was his last port-of-call. There must be an explanation for everything, perhaps even his name. The subject, however, was strictly taboo and strangers were warned not to broach it. He was fond of food and the results were plainly apparent. Despite the medical description, he was not athletic, but he would try anything once. His Naval interests lie in small ships, especially if they go under water.

Chandler Lewis Beach

HURON, SOUTH DAKOTA

Chan was commandeered from the cold and dusty plains of South Dakota after his freshman year of college. Because of his classic profile, his permanent alias was "Tecumseh." Although he wore stars, he gave academics a back seat to his extra-curricular activities: the Log, LUCKY BAG, Ring Dance Committee, Pep Committee, Class Policy Committee, Sound Gang, his records, and drags—especially blind drags. Music was his consuming passion, but the LUCKY BAG consumed most of his time. Chan's room was the scene of one long, continuous jam (and bull) session.





John Calvin Butner, III

LAKELAND, FLORIDA

"It's a bird! It's a plane! No, it's 'Superjohn'!" Such was the comment as Johnny Butner of the tremendous physique went whizzing by. That Army brat didn't slow down one knot during his entire stay—until he came to Juice, then he found it difficult to crawl. But as soon as classes were over, "Body Beautiful" Butner lit out for the gym at flank speed. That was "Birdlegs'" favorite roost. He N-starred in gym and swimming, was proficient in all sports except dragging. John's biggest need in the Fleet is a fast airplane to keep up with him.

Reed White Campbell

BEAVER, PENNSYLVANIA

"Soupy" hailed from exclusive Western Pennsylvania, where he left his O.A.O. and an exciting college life. Whether it was a wrestling match, a fourth in bridge, or a bull session, we could count on his participation. He found academics easy and lived for that leave when he could journey north to "the little woman" who always sent him that daily letter. His ambition was to go through the Academy without a demerit, and for two years he fulfilled this desire. Possessed with a friendly personality, Reed will have no trouble making friends with all he meets in the future.



Donald James Bentley

RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA

It was hard to rile easy-going Jim Bentley. But mention that it rained in Southern California, or that the "Marinets" weren't the best-looking girls in the service, and "Big Jim" would smite you down. Other than those suggestions, the only way to make his smile disappear was to proclaim that Bull and Dago were worthwhile subjects—his three years of college were for an engineering career. "Baby Dumpling's" biggest disappointment came when old injuries prevented his playing football here after plebe year. So he took up sailing and sack drills, and lived happily ever after.



Superjohn



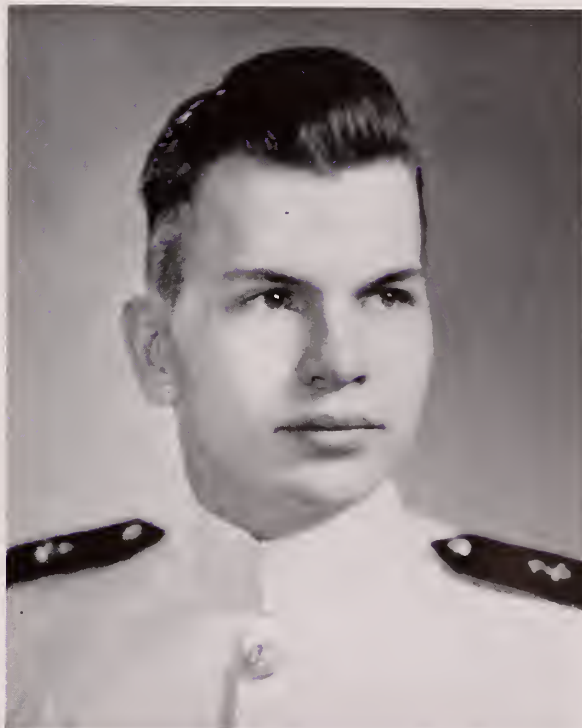
Jim



Bud



Soupy



George Thorpe Clark

STOUCITY, IOWA

Leaving military school in the Middle West, "Bud" arrived at the Academy eagerly anticipating the Navy way of life. His enthusiasm and good nature quickly put him on the right side of his classmates. He was the athletic type; his football experience and natural ability easily qualified him for the plebe team. Not stopping there, he saw action in several intramural sports. Somehow he found time to include more than his share of dragging among his many activities. The last three years haven't dampened "Bud's" enthusiasm a bit. We can be sure he'll make an impression in the sea-going Navy.



Robert Bailey Cole

ARLINGTON, VIRGINIA

Not very tall, but dark and handsome, Bob Cole had a way with him that gained him a host of friends, male and female. Maybe it was his tall sense of humor. The Northern Virginia Southerner could always be found where there was much blowing of the breeze, or when the NA-10 was jiving for the righteous, for Bob told a salty sea story and played a mean trombone. And rare indeed was the week-end that found Bob without a drag. Although no bucket, he always appreciated a little inside dope—it was easier that way. Here's hoping life will always be as easy for you, Bob.



R. F.



Bob



T. L.



Bill



Thomas Lex Crooks

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

After spending one year at U.C.L.A. and another as private, U.S. Army, Tom decided that his future was wrapped up in Navy blue and gold. He came to the Academy from California and never tired of extolling the superiority of Western civilization. Always well occupied with sports, "T. L." still had enough ergs left to elude gracefully the clutches of the Academic Departments. Since aviation was Tom's first love, he will likely be heading for Pensacola. The best luck anyone can wish him is that he makes as good an officer as he has a friend.



Robert Francis Craig

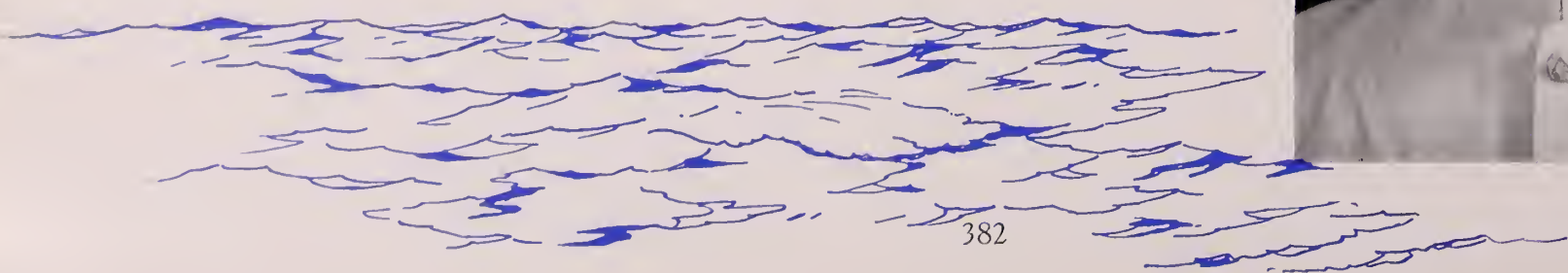
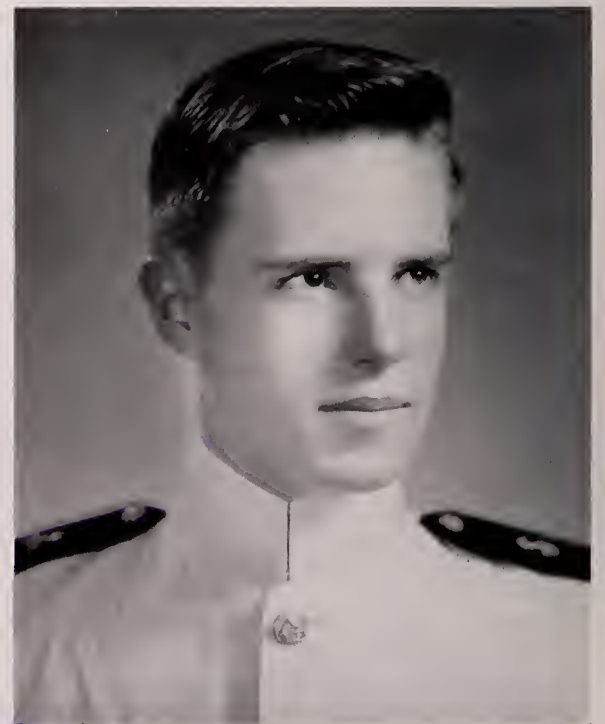
ESCANABE, MICHIGAN

Hailing from Michigan's northern peninsula, Bob was headed for an engineering career until the Navy bug got into his blood and he joined the Severn clan. Academics rarely offered Bob any trouble, and being athletically inclined he found ample time for battalion track and football. "R. F." was an earnest admirer of the exploits of the "tin-can" navy, and his big ambition is to someday find himself on the bridge of his own destroyer. Having a good sense of humor and an abundance of ability, Bob will always be found on that "prefer to have" list.

William Donal Craig

SANTA BARBARA, CALIFORNIA

In 1848 California conquered the nation. Ninety four years later Bill began the second skirmish by offering three sandy acres complete with fog to Bancroft settlers headed for the Golden West. With the first days of youngster year this offer was withdrawn to make way for a permanent siesta. It's doubtful if anyone will ever again graduate after snoozing through the whole course. Bill was awake only during dragging week-ends or those infrequent happy hours when he sat snowed under by his stamp collection. For sports, he had three years of finger exercise on the rifle team.





Thomas Everett Davis

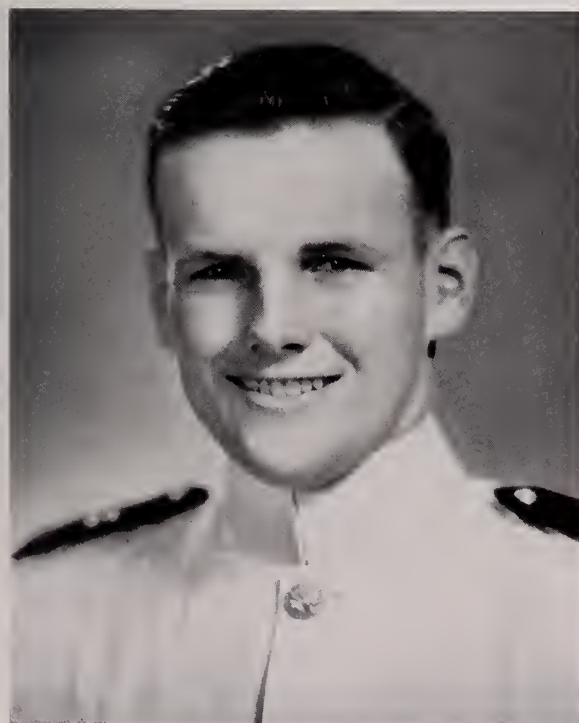
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

During the past three years Tom has tried out and proved the old doctrine of divided-interests. He did not deprive the primary purpose of the Academy its due consideration, and consequently he is mustered with the upper crust in the academic records. Some workout each day was a regular part of Tom's routine, and the varsity lacrosse squad claimed his attention during the practice season. The stripes that Tom held during his first and third class years testify for the qualities that held the respect and admiration of his seniors and juniors alike. We envy the men that will serve with you, Tom.

Albert Ingersoll Decker

SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

When "Poop Deck" wasn't sailing on the *Highland Light*, *Lively*, or dinghies, he was usually enjoying liberties at his home in town, or snapping pictures of anything and everything. "A. I." had his tussles with the "Acs," but when the smoke cleared, he was always aboard. He kept the O.D.'s and his wife guessing, but his skirmishes with Form 2's left a good average on his side. Back from wrestling, sailing practice, or liberty, with three minutes to finish a shower and make formation, Bert ignored it all with, "Don't take a deep strain, folks."



Lee George Cutchall

HANCOCK, IOWA

"The Cutch" turned in a suit of Marion khaki and a yen to grow the tallest corn in Iowa to become a seafarer. Bolstered up by his unquenchable sense of humor, an eternal smile, and the mate with the mail—at least five letters a day—he came out on top after three years at the Academy. His routine consisted of a little dragging, sports, sack drill, some well directed study, and all the rest that goes to make up a regular fellow who will be an asset wherever he goes. His only worry was how to keep a beehive aboard ship.



Tom



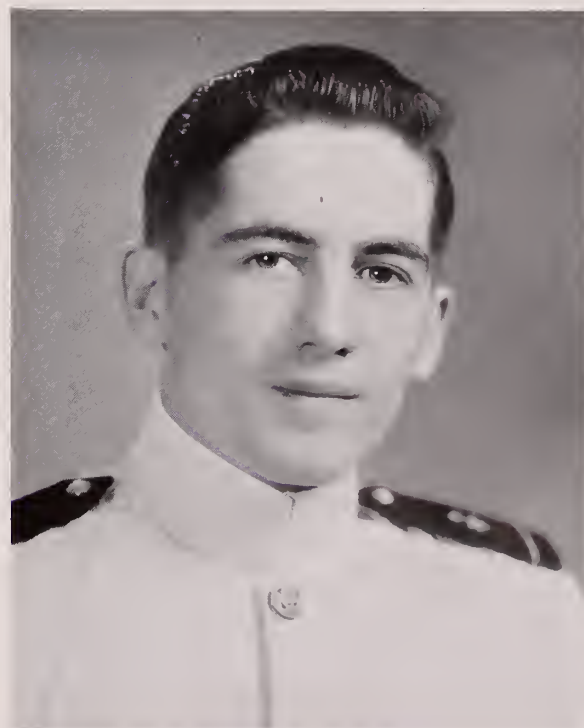
Cutch



Jack



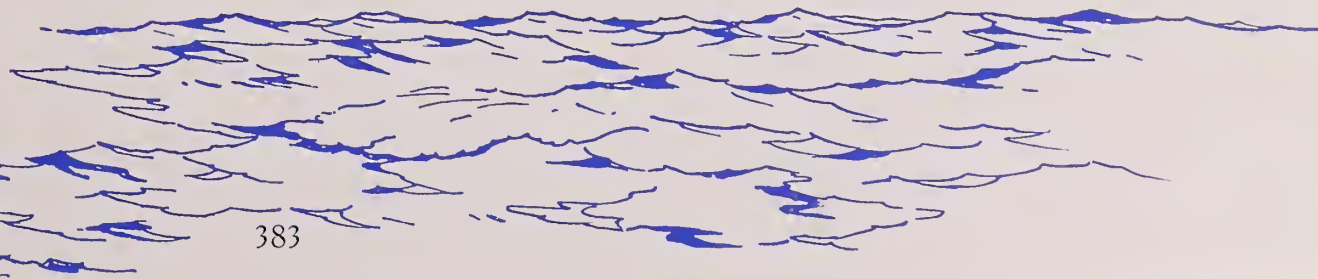
Bert



John G. Deulin

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Jack began fighting plebe summer and kept on for three years. He took boxing, wrestling, and academics in his stride. Plebe year he won the Regimental Boxing Championship and he continued undefeated until he graduated. Being of the East, Jack was always ready to fix someone with a drag, naturally never neglecting himself. Before entering the Academy he prepared for duty on foreign stations by studying two years at the Georgetown Foreign Service School. His quiet humor and quick smile will make it a pleasure to serve with him anywhere. Happy hunting, Jack.



Theodore Robert Dibble

DENVER, COLORADO

"T. R." possessed with the wildest imagination believable in conjunction with a perpetual roguish grimace, was effervescent with his anecdotes and fantastic stories. Although a potential star man, he forsook the academic decorations for cross-country hikes, tennis matches, and week-end flirtations. In spite of a professional knowledge acquired aboard the U.S.S. Maryland, Ted was interested mostly in the magic of the Skinny Department. His comprehensiveness scarcely gave him time to scan his mail so it was usually relegated to a last minute necessity.



Fran



T. R.



Filldoo



Denny



William Wharton Dupler

ASHLAND, OHIO

An amazing photographic memory, mental alertness, and high-speed handwriting quickly placed Bill in the category of savoirs. Galloping through academics in a blaze of chalk dust and glory, Bill found ample time to carry on a complicated love life oscillating monthly from Red Mike to Snake, and to develop a reputation as a connoisseur of fine foods in large quantities. "Filldoo" had an inherent ability to enjoy life under any conditions. Bill's prime passions consisted of a steady flow of puns, a bag of practical jokes, and a love for ice-skating, Ohio, and Uncle Sam's Navy.



Francis Stearns Dougherty

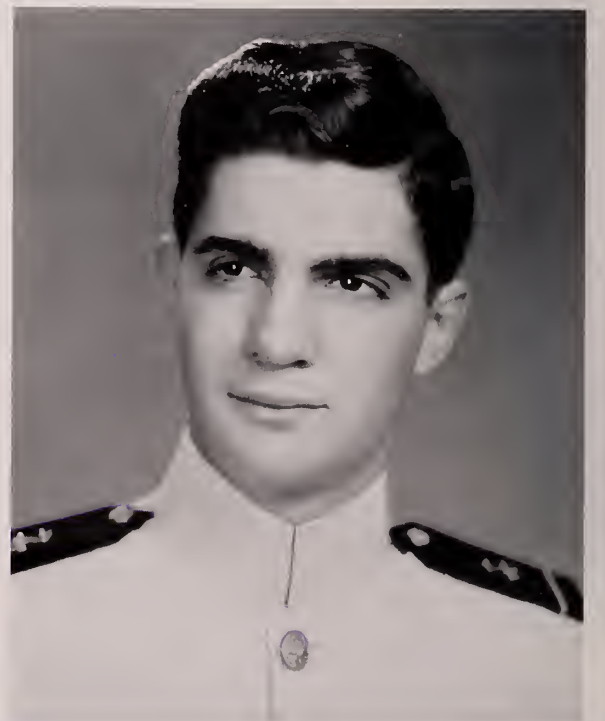
AUSTIN, MINNESOTA

Fran's two years at Dartmouth took the strain out of plebe year academics, but youngster year found him shedding his stars and digging in with the rest of us. Athletically he confined himself principally to gymnastics where he captured second in the '44 Eastern Intercollegiate on the parallel bars and captaincy of the '45 team. A proposition such as a bridge game, a blind drag, some harmonizing, or a tennis match he rarely passed up. His favorite food and topic of conversation, believe it or not, was "Spam," his hero, Eli Culbertson, his choice for duty, a "tin can" in the Pacific.

Denis-James Joseph Downey

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

It seemed that "Dennie" always had the world laughing with him for he possessed that indefinable quality of shedding humor everywhere. A quirk of fate bestowed a definite Yankee accent on this true son of the South. His greatest pleasure lay in crowding the room to the threshold, feeding wolfpacks with food that arrived from Louisiana with periodic exactness, and memorizing every note of any musical arrangement. We all would like to see him realize his signal ambition—to join the ranks of the Diplomatic Corps. In this or any field, his success remains assured.





Charles Joseph Forguer

BERKLEY, CALIFORNIA

To an old salt like "Forkie" the Naval routine was a snap. Fresh from a year's duty in Panama he decided to trade his red fireman's stripe for a gold one with a star. His sea stories of his past provided a constant source of enjoyment to his many new friends. The Executive Department awarded him the title of "Reg Book Charlie" during plebe year. He also established an enviable record in academics and sports. With his common sense and straightforward manner, he will go far in the Navy as an officer. He knows his job, and does it well.

James Burton Frankel

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Probably the most lubberly lubber that ever hit this place, Jim was thrown from the liberal atmosphere of the University of Chicago into this maelstrom of discipline. Quick to acclimate himself, he became one of the academic savours and a popular halfback on the varsity soccer team. With a South American diplomatic post as his goal, Jim spent long hours becoming proficient in Spanish; while other times found his ready smile and intelligent conversation absorbed in leisurely bridge games or enlivening those sessions that so often met to settle the world's problems.



Richard Hilbourne Ellsworth

SIDNEY, NEBRASKA

After a year at Nebraska U. and another at Doane College, Dick finally settled down for the three years at the Academy. With him he brought a passion for basketball and tennis which landed him a position on the junior-varsity team of both sports. As a fall term filler-in he took up company cross country, and with characteristic enthusiasm and determination he finished one season without losing a race. As a member of the notorious 14th Company Plebe Quartet, he carried the bass part and furnished the volume. Mischievous and full of fun, he kept things humming.



Forkie



Dick



Dick



Jim



Richard William Geaney

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

A direct descendent of the shillelah wielders of the Emerald Isle and a native New Yorker, Dick brought to the N.A. a decidedly sunny disposition which proved invaluable in bringing out the proverbial silver linings. He was a Bull savour in four languages and his endless discourses, politics included, were no end of enjoyment. Continually amazed at the forthcoming of Steam and blind drags, Dick managed to make a happy combination of work and play. His optimism and friendliness, his ready wit and personal charm made him an asset to the Class of '40.



Gerald Waters Gibson

ENGLEWOOD, COLORADO

As salty a Marine as ever spat into the wind—and got an eye full—Gib's two years on the high seas convinced him that he should run the gauntlet by the Severn. Early displaying those qualities for which the Corps is famous, he proved to be a true gentleman and friend. His off moments were spent either on photo work for the Log or on the cinder track. Ever ready to praise the gospel of the fighting amphibians, he left us with a song in his heart—*From The Halls Of Montezuma To The Shores Of Tripoli*. It was a body blow to the Navy, but a moral victory for the leathernecks.



Joe



Gib



Joe



Joseph Samuel Hall

KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI

"Once a Marine, always a Marine!" With a chest full of medals and corporal chevrons, Joe left the Corps, to return in three years with his bars. Besides his ability unconsciously to make friends, football, track, writing long letters, and sack drill were his avocations. Broad jumping accounted for a "N★" during plebe year. Upholding the traditions of old Missouri, Joe's pet phrase was "I don't see that!" His academic standing, however, didn't uphold the validity of this statement. A dynamic thinker, Joe will make General if, and when, the opportunity presents itself.



Punchy

Bernard Andrew Heesacker

RUSHVILLE, NEBRASKA

In 1940 Neptune's trident speared this apt candidate from the Midwest, and two years later the combers receded from the Severn's banks, leaving a salt-encrusted, bell-bottomed figure with laughing eyes and rakish tilt on his cap. With a hearty "Stand from Under," Punch thus traded bosun's pipe for sword. No misnomer, "Punch" was the inevitable tag this leather-swapping scrapper earned by blasting his way to the Regimental Championship his first year. This rhythmic fighting quality, together with the ability to glean the practical from academics, marked his character.

John Joseph Holden

MILBANK, SOUTH DAKOTA

A more amiable soul never said goodbye to his gopher and departed from the plains of South Dakota. Although he wasn't very salty, Joe had in him a bit of the salt of the earth. The "Dakota Kid" is a quiet, easy-going fellow with a ready smile for everyone. "Elephants and girls are just alike, they were made to be looked at," is a famous saying of his. Shyness has made him a member of the Red Mike Club. In athletics Joe participated in company sports or spent his time in the gym playing basketball or punching the bag.





Cecil Hale Hull

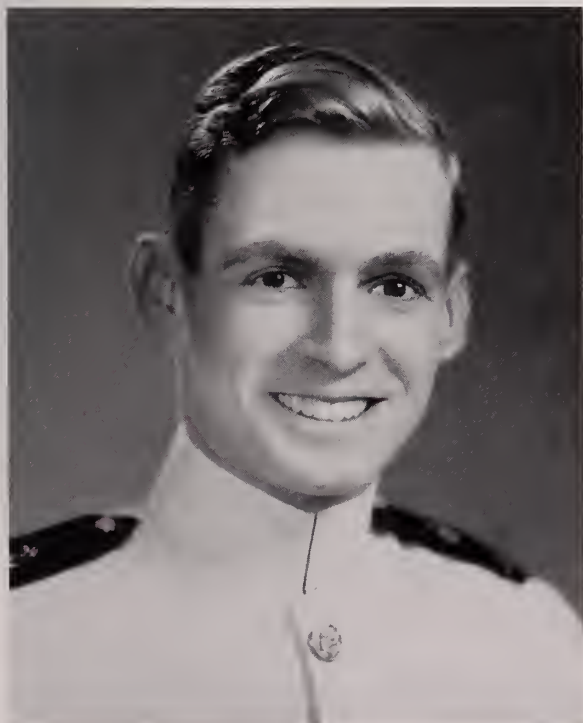
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA

Always whistling, always gay, that was our man Jack. Having had two years of "tin can" duty before entering the Academy, this Florida boy had already experienced the life he was getting into. Although not a star man, Jack was savvy enough to be able to enter more than the average number of activities. Besides dragging, this liberty hound found sailing his biggest interest. He spent a lot of time on swimming teams and, incidentally, led quite a few cheers. There can be no better place for Jack than in the Fleet, for only the Navy can satisfy his wanderlust.

William Alfred Hutcheson, Jr.

CLIFTON FORGE, VIRGINIA

A tall, quiet fellow from Virginia—that was Hutch. Easy to get along with, Hutch made a host of friends at the Academy. He was calm and easy-going, never ruffled. The Academic Departments tried, but never succeeded in assigning material rough enough to cause him any anxiety. He found plenty of time to keep up with his favorite hobbies: holding long sack drills and expounding on the merits of his home state. A connoisseur of 4.0 drags, he had only the best. And now as he looks back on Academy life, his only comment is, "Gee, that's fruit."

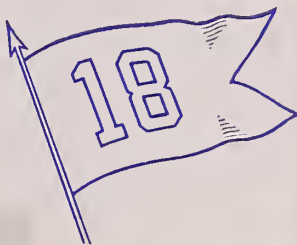


Hutch

John Allan Hughes

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Although coming from Chicago, John loved the wide open spaces. It prompted him to join the Navy and become a radioman before entering the Academy. A radio "ham," John spent his spare time tinkering with his mysteriously inoperative set. He was always a star man, but a more modest fellow was hard to find. To have him for a roommate for three years was a rare privilege indeed. Quiet, but always congenial and friendly, John won the admiration and respect of all of his associates. The days ahead of him will be happy ones we know, for he will make them so.



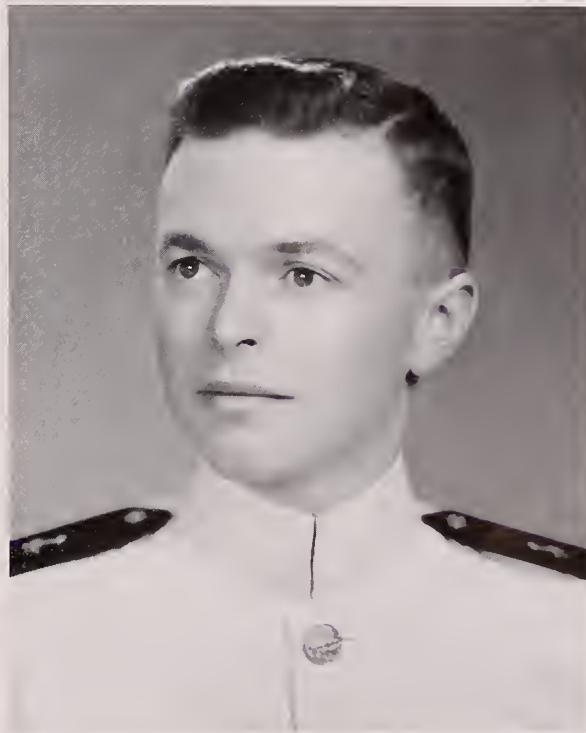
Jack



J. A.



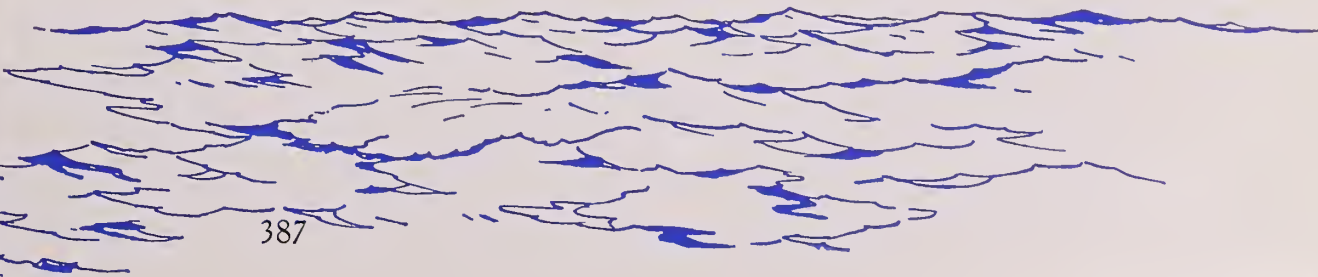
Ivy



Robert Gerard Iverson

TOPPENISH, WASHINGTON

After two years of five decimal readings from a slide rule, "Ivy" left the Evergreen State to enter the Academy. More easily heard than seen at a P-grade, Bob became the "voice in the rear rank." Happy hours spent in writing Peg provided the limitless energy for academics, and soon his gray bathrobe boasted stars. At the study bell the favorite pipe was stoked and work was begun under full pressure, only to be shortly interrupted by numerous classmates seeking extra instruction. For his cheerfully given help, Bob's many friends are saving a place in the Steam Department for the only guy who could explain their gouges.



Charles McCoy Johnson, Jr.

MIAMI, FLORIDA

Charlie came to the Academy from Florida via the Reserves, but he always stoutly claimed that Virginia was his only love, because that was where the little woman lived. Yes when his "Jingle" wasn't down for the week-end we were sure of one thing—it would either snow, sleet or rain. Devoted and true were the words that best express Charlie. With always a laugh or a smile at the right time he helped to make those tough moments a little more bearable. Charlie of the tall, lanky frame and the deep Southern drawl was a reliable classmate, a true friend, one to be remembered always.



Tom



Charlie



Thomas James Kenny

WEST BEND, WISCONSIN

As a plebe, Tom's elfin charm won for him the title of "Pretty Boy." An early ambition to be a barrister and his present desire to become a Naval officer fused to make him what is known as a sea lawyer. Though he claimed to be struggling for his academic life, not a few of his evenings were spent enveloped in cigarette smoke behind a current magazine. Since people were constantly bursting in the door looking for Tom and being quite dismayed to find him gone, playing bridge no doubt, this rugged individualistic Irishman needed no instructions on how to win friends.



Eldon Harold Knape

DEFIANCE, OHIO

Engineering, the farm, and Lil; put them all together—they spelled Eldon. "The Napp" came to us from Bowling Green University, carrying with him a store of technical knowledge and two years of varsity basketball experience. Whenever he wasn't busy helping one of his classmates overcome the intricacies of the Steam Department, El could be found discoursing to his wife on the benefits of life on an Ohio farm. Despite an innate antipathy for Bull he managed to win stars, but was always unable to find them when the time came for display. His wife and friends will gratefully remember that ever-extended helping hand.

El



K. K.

Kenneth K. King

SAGINAW, MICHIGAN

"K. K." was a man when he came to the Academy. He was twenty-one when he left a cool Michigan summer to swelter in the Maryland heat. "K. K." ran into a bit of trouble with his swimming and Bull, but managed to come out on top. Though by no means a Red Mike, he was different from the majority of the "boys in blue" in that he wasn't bothered by women. He could either take them or leave them. Though ordinarily quiet, when aroused he could expound at great length on the merits of his native state. Wherever he goes, his dependability will make him a valuable asset.





David Trent Leighton

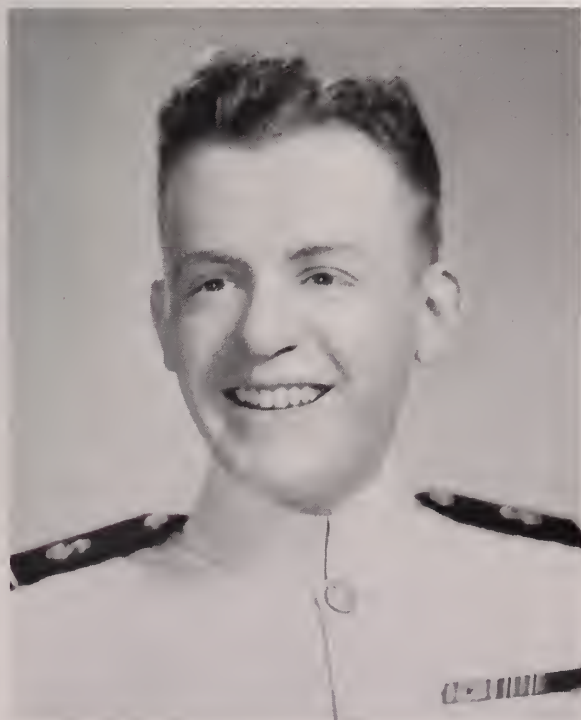
JAMESTOWN, RHODE ISLAND

Dave came from a real Navy family, led by his late father who reached the top. Though equipped with only a high school background, "D. T." was never bothered by the academics except when he wondered if he should wear his stars. Dave's athletics were confined to intramurals, but he managed to win numerals and an expert rifle ribbon. What energy he didn't spend working out was often spent shooting the breeze, answering the buckets' interrogatories, assuming the horizontal on his bunk, or finding out what makes the Navy tick.

Hayden Robert Maginnis

BANGOR, PENNSYLVANIA

"Red" blew in from the Fleet three years ago with a trumpet in one hand and a seabag full of stories in the other. His exploits have labeled him one of the best raconteurs that ever hit Bancroft. Versatility, in addition to salinity, marked "Maggie's" sojourn here—a "lo tengo" across the varsity soccer field; a mellow bass in the Glee Club, choir, and shower; sailing party on the "Croc," or even a friendly bridge or jam session. From Pearl to Pernambuco, from Pollywog to Shellback, from "stokehole" to wardroom—the saga of a seaman.



Simon William Koenig, Jr.

PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Bill, better known in his company as Si, hailed from Brookside Farms, in the foothills of the Alleghenies. Living near Pittsburgh, he quite naturally chose Carnegie Tech for his prep. His favorite pastimes were reading books, collecting classical records, and attending the Circle Theater every week-end. Being a devout Red Mike, Si dragged but a few times. Plebe year his time was fully occupied with diving, but it proved to be a source of ear trouble, so the team lost a prospective member. Bill hopes for sub duty after graduation—here's wishing you a good preference number, Si.



Dave



Si



Mid



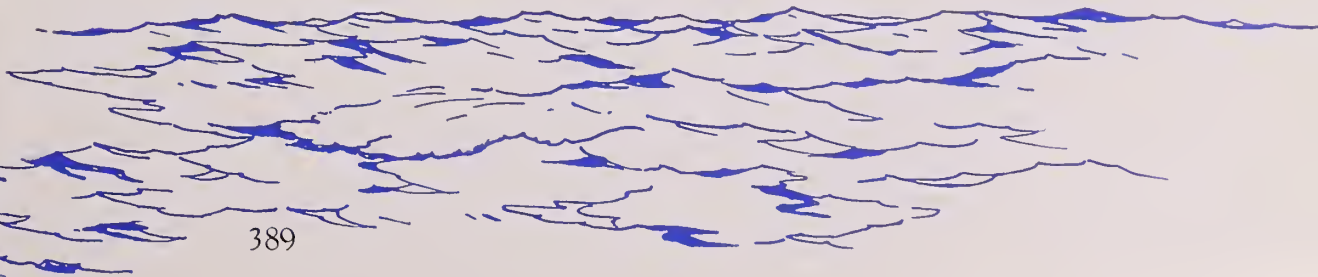
Maggie



Richard Morgan Middleton

PORTLAND, OREGON

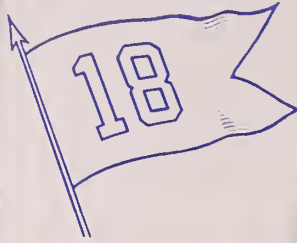
It was a drastic change to become a plebe after two years as a Stanford Phi Delt, but "Mid" found that with a big smile and a sense of humor one could get along on either coast. The Academy sports program was right down his alley. In the fall he quarterbacked the battalion football team, in the winter basketball was his sport, and when spring rolled around he was out on the diamond playing shortstop or second base. But during any season one could always hear "Mid's" tenor voice hanging on to those high notes while his musical wives harmonized on the lower parts.



Dean Harold Mikkelson

JAMESTOWN, NORTH DAKOTA

Twenty odd years ago "Mik" arrived in the Dakota wilderness, wailing in Swedish. Anyhow we think it was Swedish. His accent is gone, but that Scandinavian profile lingers on. Time marched on; our boy saw an "Uncle Sammy wants you" poster and joined the Army. Two K P. years later he staggered up to the Maryland Avenue Gate, discharge papers in hand. Dragging, sleeping, and track occupied "Mik's" spare moments in Bancroft. At other times he talked airplanes. Some day when we hear motors overhead we hope it's you, "Mik." You really deserve those wings.



Ken



Mik



Dave



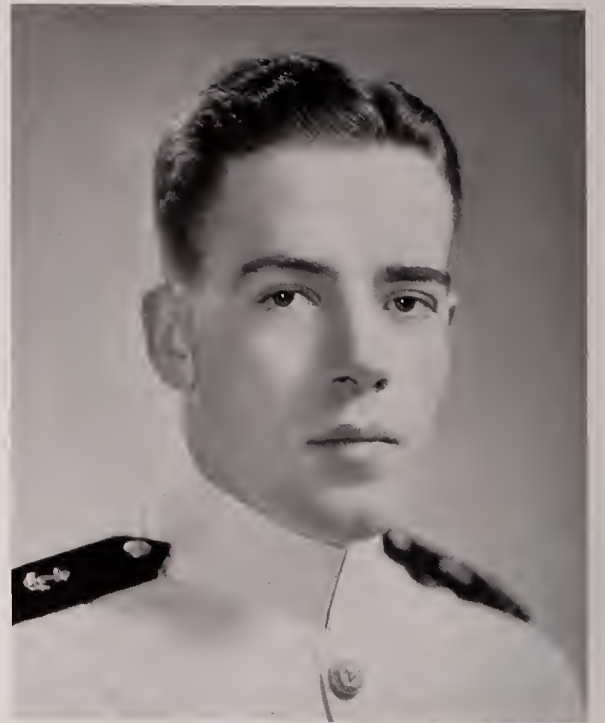
Russ



David Holland Rankin

CHARLOTTE, NORTH CAROLINA

After two years at Chapel Hill Dave turned his attention to the Naval Academy, and as the academics were seldom cause for worry he could usually be found kicking out a few hot licks on the sax and clarinet or working on his game of golf. Not content to rest on his Golf "N*," he was always ready to support the company and battalion sports during the off seasons. We will remember Dave as a true Southern gentleman, and the memories of laughter and joy that he contributed to our life will always have a place in our hearts, for Dave's intelligence and chivalrous spirit made life worth while on the dark days as well as the bright ones.



Kenneth Leslie Morse

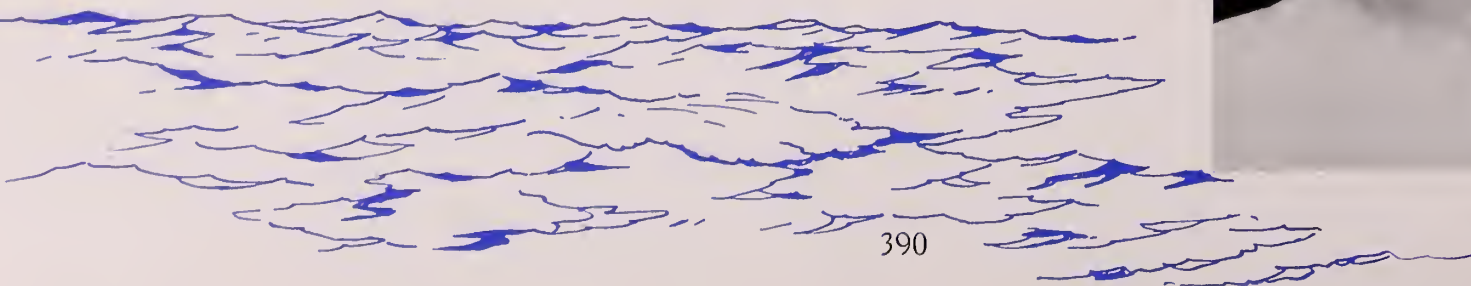
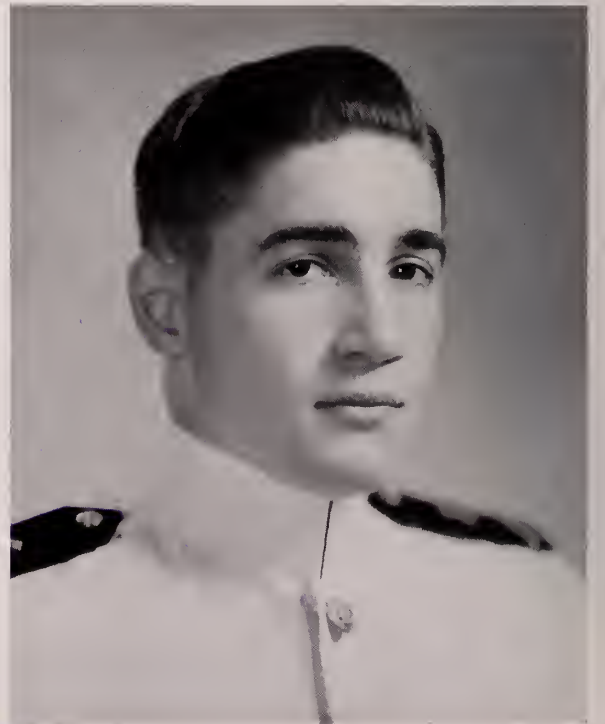
MANKATO, MINNESOTA

How Ken managed to date so many beautiful drags during his three years beside the Bay is still a mystery to most of us. However, his favorite diversion was correspondence with that certain young lady who wears his miniature. Hotly-contested bridge games, reading the hometown paper, and shooting the breeze took up any remaining spare time. Membership on the Press Detail earned him many enviable trips with the football squad. His one regret was that the Navy team never scheduled a game in Southern California, where he plans someday to make his home.

Russell "M" Owen

MONDOVI, WISCONSIN

And end run? A line buck? Sure, "Russ" could do it. And basketball? Of course, another Owen special. How about anything in sports? You bet! Yes, Mondovi's son will be best remembered as a versatile sporting man. Along with athletic ability he carried a waggish good nature accented with a ready smile. Socially he could be classed as cautious, for he rarely risked the perils of a blind date. Then as a hobby, he studied, quietly working with a determination of his own. We cheered his deeds at the Academy, and we're prepared to continue cheering. Keep plugging, Bud!





Merle Lewis Shumaker
MEYERSDALE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Shoe," the salt who beat the age limit by 9 days, came to the Academy from N.A.P.S. in Norfolk. When asked if he's a Yankee or a Rebel he said, "I did two years duty in Panama so you can just call me a Panamanian." It seems that the Navy taught "Shoe" a new philosophy of life. He assured us that on the U.S.S. Lapwing he learned to get along with the least work and to take full advantage of liberty. Once a great sports enthusiast, "Shoe's" Fleet duty cramped his style; but he managed to stand his ground in company sports.

John Palmer Ruchel
ARKANSAS CITY, KANSAS

From his home port he came to Crabtown; plain, pleasing, and unaffected "J. P." Anyone who could smile on Monday morning, become interested in an afternoon Steam drill, or be perpetually enthusiastic on a variety of subjects amid studies and sports, sparingly punctuated with demerits and dragging, must be a derivative of "B-1." We sometimes wondered about John, but his happy hours of sack drill broke some illusions. If any one topic ever has to absorb all those ergs of energy, John's doomed to success, even though it be something as baffling as the mysteries of Juice.



Shoe



Johnny



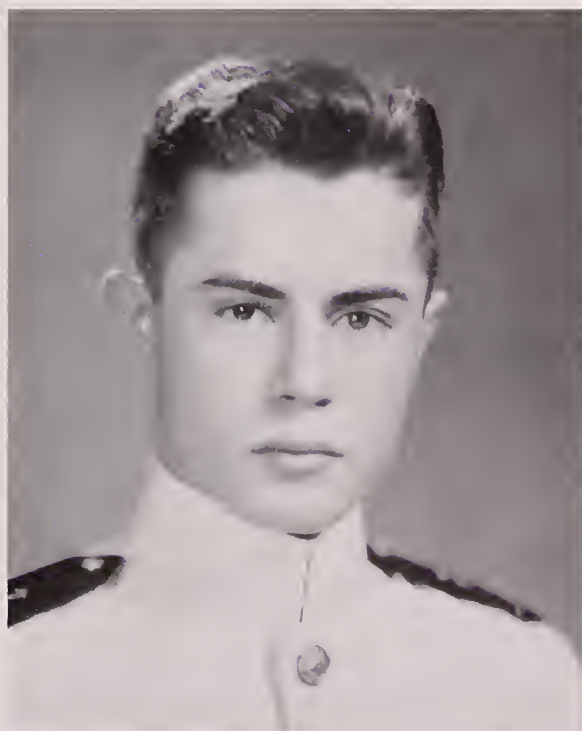
Ray

James Johnson Simpson
DILLON, SOUTH CAROLINA

From the moss and mist of the South Carolina swamps came Jimmy John. Laying down his squirrel gun and fishing pole, Jim picked up a rifle and marched his way through two military schools before becoming a midshipman. In sports Jim's favorite activity was working on the horizontal bar, but he was tricky with an épée in fencing also. Whenever you wanted Simp, you could usually find him in the midst of a bull session. Here his own peculiar understanding of philosophy and his ideas of organization, politics, and religion usually provoked a good debate.

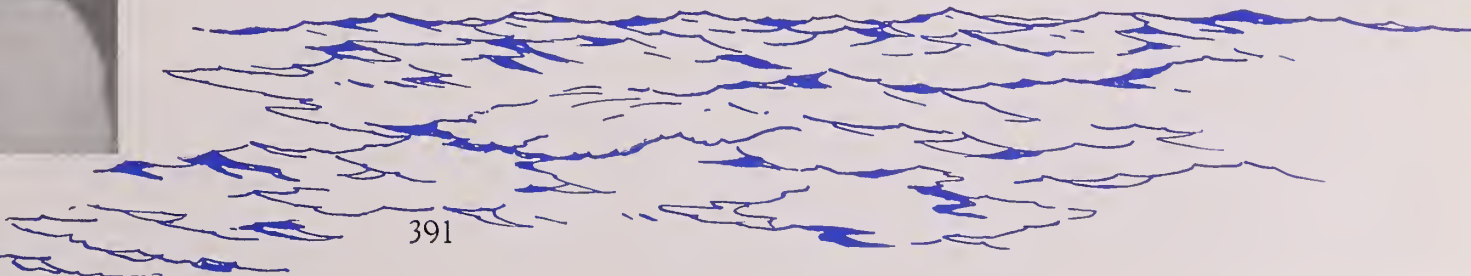


Simp



Raymond Brewster Spicer
CORONADO, CALIFORNIA

Wherever he serves, Ray's earnest desire and ability to look and act the part of an officer will always command the same respect and admiration that it did within the Regiment. His appreciation of good books and classical music never limited his love of sports or his social obligations and liberty. In addition to playing varsity lacrosse. Ray was a regular member of the *Light's* racing crew for two years. The Navy loses a fine officer to the Marine Corps when Ray follows his Dad into the family's traditional branch of the service.



Joseph Sanford Stoutenburgh

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

A year of aeronautical engineering at M.I.T. took care of Joe's academics, leaving him plenty of time to win "N*s" on the varsity indoor and outdoor track teams. Early in his Academy career however academics and sports interests met a terrific competitor in the person of a lovely young lady attending school near enough to make her available for week-ends. A big grin and a nature bubbling over with good humor insured Joe's popularity. Common sense and ability won him stripes and will see him to the top in his father's Naval Aviation.



Rock



Joe



Gabe



Tuck



Gabriel Everette Valenty, Jr.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

Scuffing his heels along the deck and rolling like the destroyer from whence he came, "Gabe" could not be mistaken. He could sleep longer and more soundly than any other man in the Naval Academy, which accounted for his eternal mental sharpness. None dared to say he couldn't solve a problem, for his genius lay in everything mechanical or mathematical—you couldn't stump him! There weren't many who enjoyed dragging more than this Minnesota boy and he was a familiar figure at the hops. His lighthearted, witty disposition will make his shipmates' days lighter as he has ours.



Wayne Hjalmar Swanson

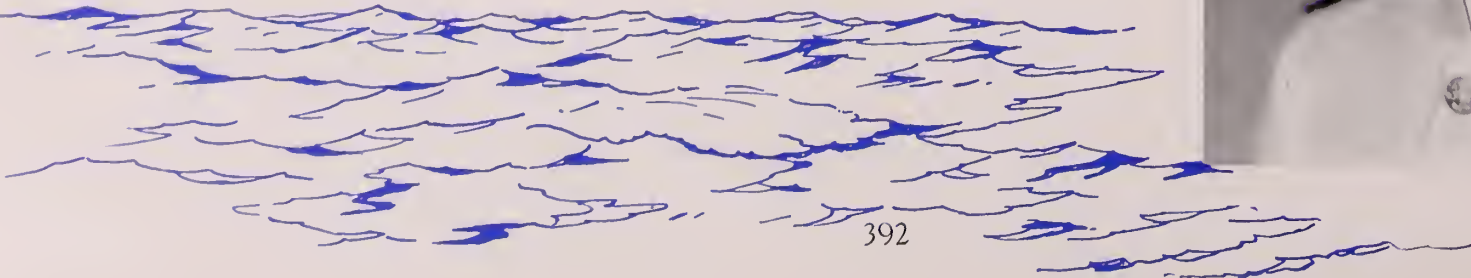
FORT MORGAN, COLORADO

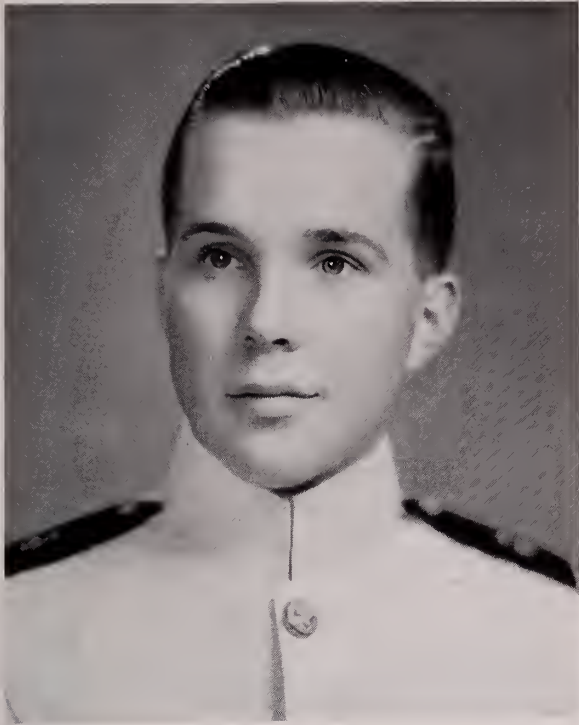
Although not a Red Mike at heart, this son of Sweden usually found dragging "too much trouble." His chief week-end interest was "seein' the shows with the boys." "Rock" came to Annapolis straight from high school, but had little trouble keeping right on the heels of the brains in his class. According to this sack drill artist, a few months of prep school in Southern California convinced him that the land of perpetual sunshine is almost as nice as Colorado. A winning smile and a cheery disposition, plus brains and brawn, forecast smooth sailing for "Rock" on any sea.

Robert Warren Tucker

HEMET, CALIFORNIA

Right from sunny California Bob entered the Academy from high school. In spite of this disadvantage, academics were easy enough for him, except for youngster Steam, which perpetually kept him throwing pennies at Tecumseh. Between shooting the breeze and occasionally philosophizing on the virtues of the Executive Department, "Tuck" spent the remainder of his spare time speculating on the future, engaging in tennis, or dragging. In the realm of international events and diplomacy, "Tuck" was extremely well read, and was always ready to expound his views.





Robert Jackson White

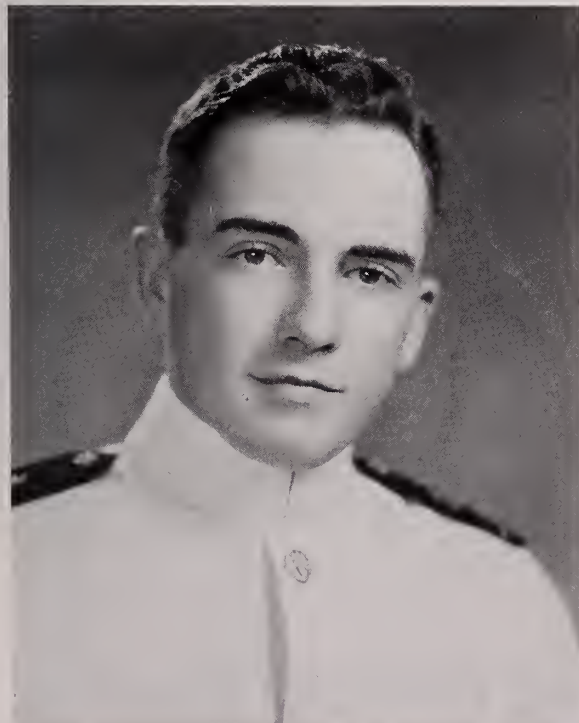
KINGSPORT, TENNESSEE

Most Southerners like to take things easy and leave the hustle and bustle to the Yankees, but R. J. never seemed to have the word. He was always bubbling over with energy for his hobbies, photography and dragging. His job as coxswain on the crew squad was the only thing that would tear him away from a darkroom or one of his beautiful drags. Academics weren't easy, but he made it with plenty to spare. That's the way it will always be with Whitey. After graduation, with a bit of sea duty under his belt, Bob will probably head for Pensacola and Naval Aviation.

Francis Harold Williams

MUNCIE, INDIANA

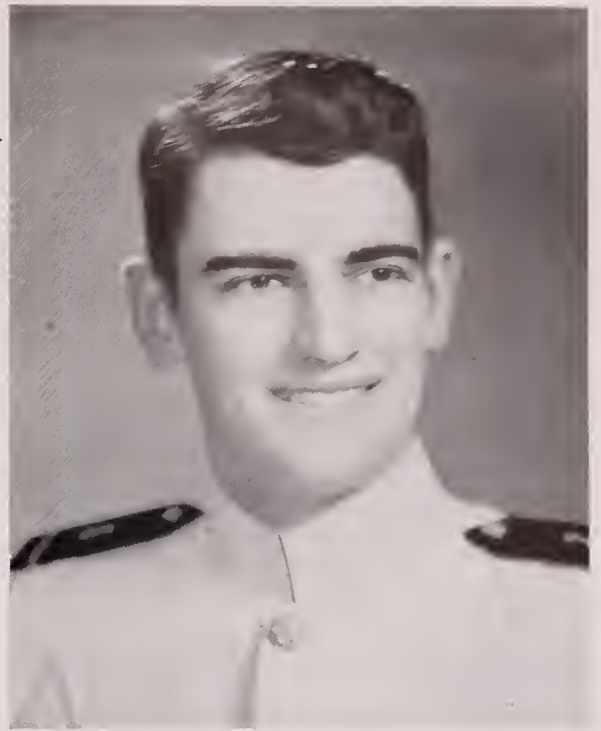
The big lug with the curly hair and the perpetual grin was Willie, who really got this romance stuff. As he quaintly phrased it, "dragging is my major sport." Few were the week-ends that Betty and her Buick weren't in evidence. Willie gave up a promising career in basketball because it conflicted with his major interest. However, he found ample time on weekdays to support the sports program. The one sport he did not enjoy was wrestling—with academics, the Executive Department, and eye charts. But he won all his bouts. Good luck, Willie! Keep on winning!



John Drennan Weber

CALVERT, TEXAS

"Spot One" tried to prove to everyone in the Naval Academy at one time or another that Texas annexed the Union, with varying success. Among his accomplishments were playing a top game of pushball, swinging a mean foot (13½) in company soccer, and speaking Spanish with a Texas accent. His morale varied directly as the number of letters he received from his "little women," but nevertheless his humor always worked a charm on any low-spirited friend. "Colonel's" chief asset is his amiability and his ready companionship, traits which will always make him a firm friend.



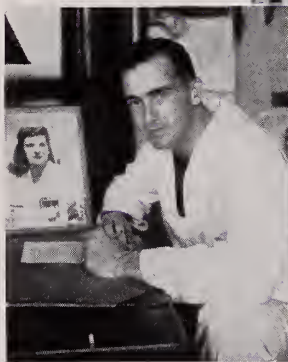
Bob



Colonel



Joe



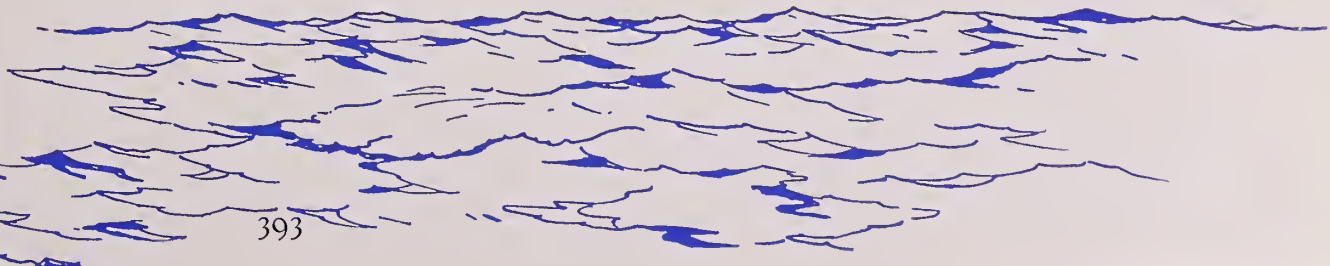
Willie



Albert Joseph Allen, Jr.

ATLANTA, GEORGIA

Joe brought along with him that old "Southern gentleman" personality—minus the drawl. Easy going and carefree, his only worry concerned the straightening out of his numerous dragging adventures. This former "Ramblin' Wreck" never bothered with academics—always reading, writing, or holding his own in a good bull session. If you could overpower the strong affinity he had for his sack, he could always give you a mighty good set of tennis or help set your opponents in bridge. He was truly one of the boys—a fellow whose knack in winning friends was only surpassed by his ability to keep them.



Franklin Goodspeed Babbitt

RUSHFORD, NEW YORK

From the soil to the Navy: "Rabbit" followed true family tradition. Plebe Steam and Math weren't his only headaches. As managing editor, he sacrificed many study hours to get the *Log* to press, and he gave much of his excellent literary talent to the *Lucky Bag*. Company sports, clubs, and committees kept his schedule full, to say nothing of those siesta periods and letters to his "Morale-builder." "Rabbit" enjoyed ball sessions, but often he found himself under the table for his radical opinions. "Sunshine's" congenial nature and capacity for work assure him of a successful career.



Tommy



Rabbit



Tom



Thomas Hawkins Clark, Jr.

BOULDER, COLORADO

The Academy was just another stopping off place for Tom. School life was the usual thing for this Western boy—military schools, fraternities, and women had been his luxurious life before he first woke up at the Toonerville Trolley Station. From his first day at the Academy, he looked forward to dragging and wearing white service. Dancing and gymnastics were his favorite sports, and he excelled in both. Tom is a lover, a great wife, and a fellow who will make the ways and ideals of the West live forever.



Jay



Thomas Alan Bryce

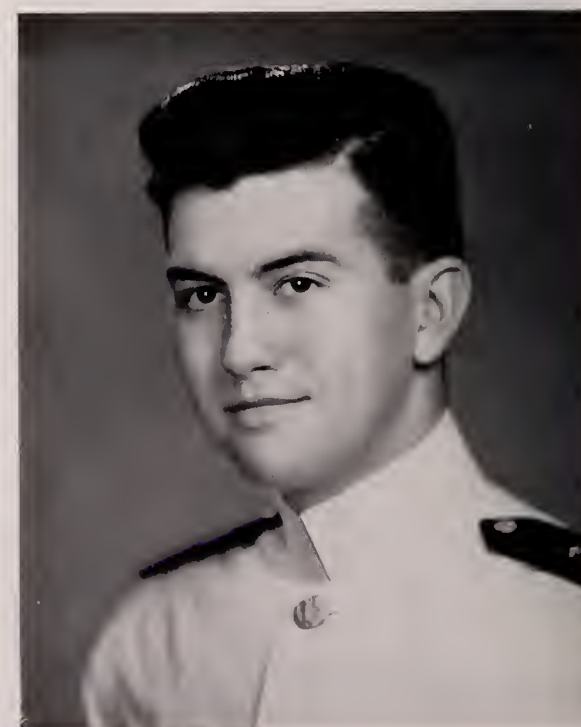
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS

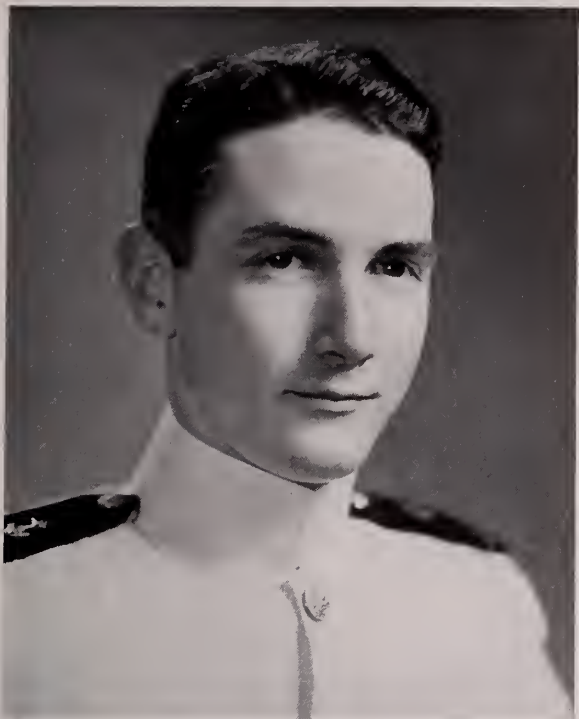
"Never ask a man where he's from! If he's from Texas, he will let you know soon enough; and if he's not from Texas—well, don't embarrass him." We forgave Tom for being from Texas, but there was no way we could forgive him for being a superlative classmate. No one ever found out whether he just sailed when he couldn't get a drag or just dragged when he couldn't arrange a sailing trip. A tireless worker, an admired striper, and a true friend, Tommy was the type of person that causes a classmate to have damp eyes on graduation morning.

James Thomas Burrill

YAKIMA, WASHINGTON

The ability of the radio to penetrate to far off, isolated corners of the globe was responsible for leading "Jay" on the long trek from Yakeema, Alaska to the USNA. From then on, each year he guarded his gold all year long to take one of those wonderful trains back home every summer leave. "Better'n dog sled any day," he said. Always a lover of good music, he was the happiest man of us all, come second-class rates. While hovering around the 3.4 mark in academics, he found time to do his bit for company sports.





Edward Joseph Costello

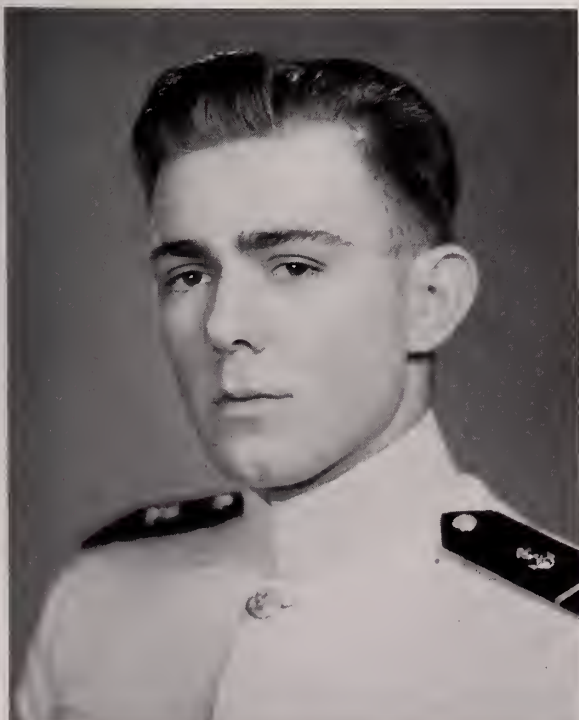
LAWRENCE, MASSACHUSETTS

The mark of New England was a part of Lou. He rallied to her defense and enjoyed a verbal thrust at the "glorious and undying South." A year at M.I.T. sharpened "Cos's" alert mind to the keenness that the Academy demanded. Admiring technical and scientific excellence, Cosmo claimed contempt for the Bull slash. A participant in a variety of company sports, Lou added to his own enjoyment and to the company's success. Vital Statistics. Hair: Brunette, thinning. Eyes: 20-20. Women: "Women are a snare and a. . . ." Vices: Skags, jokes.

Theodore Talbot Culpepper

AT LARGE

Tearing himself from the arms of his numerous feminine worshippers, "T. T." came to the Naval Academy to leave an enviable record as an operator supreme. A complete master of all situations concerning the fair sex, his slightest whim drove women to weep bitter tears and to retire completely from social life. Ted divided the rest of his time staunchly defending his beloved Marines, making good use of the sack Uncle Sam provided, and working hard at his desk sending C.I.S. chits. But women no longer were a snare and a delusion when Frances became Ted's salvation.



Donald Oliver Conway

LEBANON, OHIO

"Just one more game of gin rummy before I write some letters and develop those pictures; we've only got Jap and Juice MCQ tomorrow. Oh yerse, how can I make five bucks by next week-end?" By these words we knew "Doc"; nevertheless, he wore a little gold star above each collar anchor. How did he do it? By simply being "Doc." Satisfied to be an athlete by proxy, he still managed to come in first when coaxed to "that devil's dilemma" on Farragut Field. And he will always be first in the hearts of a host of classmates.



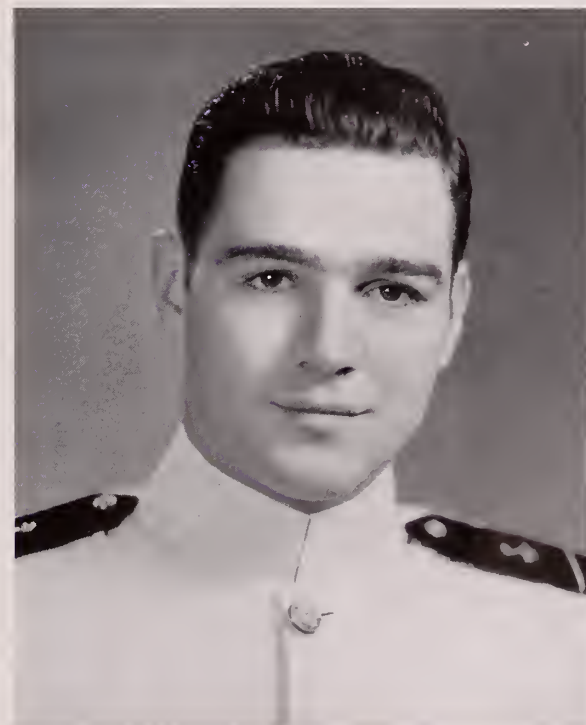
Cosmo



Doc



Bob



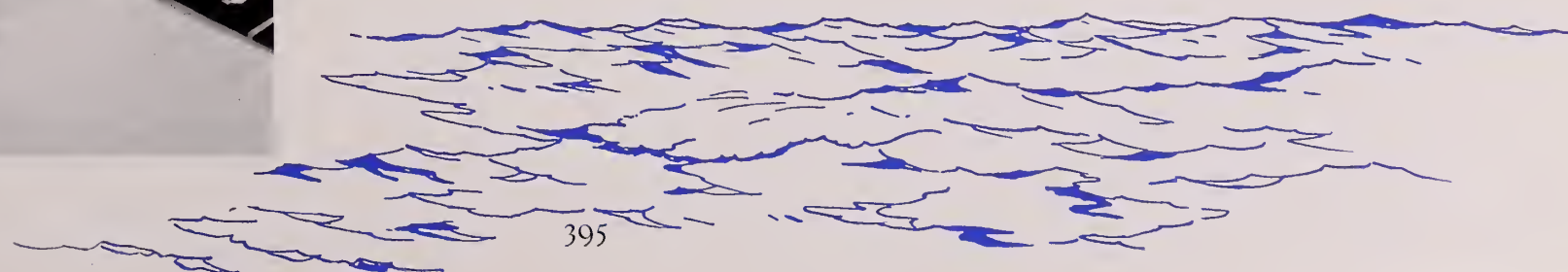
Robert Allan Davis

GLENCOE, ILLINOIS

They expected Bob to make a success of his three years at U.S.N.A. Whether he was smashing through his opponent's tennis game, driving around the end for a last minute touchdown, or pounding out his own inimitable style on the piano, the odds were on Davis. He was versatile in everything he liked and he liked many things. Everyone who knew Bob liked him, and that quality, coupled with a forceful character, will make him a leader of men in whatever field he enters. Just as the Windy City expected great things of R. A. at the Academy, so do we look forward with equal confidence to his success in later life.



Ted



Findly Miles Doughty

MONROE, LOUISIANA

Findly Miles came from the "Swampy State" via Washington, where he was a draftsman in the Navy Department for two years. His dreams of becoming a civil engineer faded when he left drawing instruments and friends (mostly eligible femmes) behind and donned the Navy blue. Gone but not forgotten were those D.C. girls. The first chance at dragging plebe year found Findly with one of his favorites down at Crabtown. But on the serious side, Findly was one of the most dependable people we knew. Whatever branch of life he enters, the Southern gentleman will be on top.



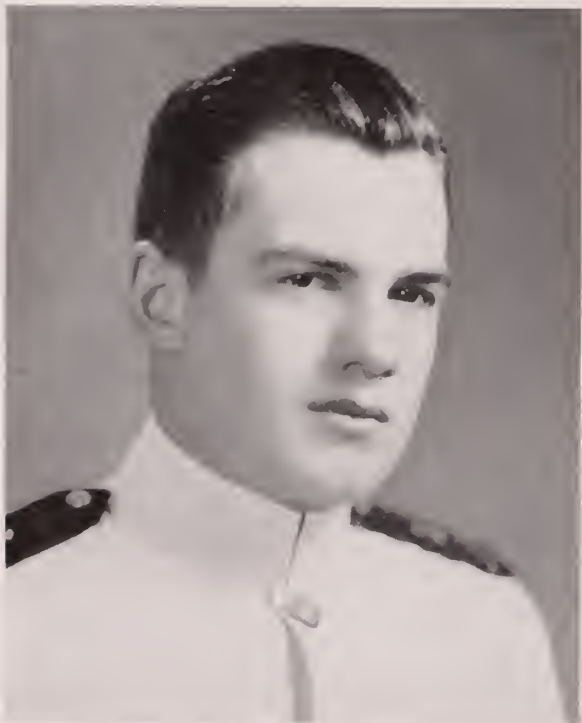
Fuddy-dud



Findly



Frankie



Martin Lee Frank

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

A confirmed Red Mike, Frankie dragged only twice in the entire three years, swore women were a "snare and a delusion." Perhaps this misogyny came from being a "Crab," but more probably from his determination to stay "sat." Frankie's multitudinous Steam troubles constantly had us in outright hysteria, as did the patter of his busy little feet in search of the dope. As a plebe, Lee was outa-this-world, constantly harassed by the big stick of '44. Lee charted an ever-improving graph of "aptitude for service," which nothing short of mayhem or marriage will stop. Happy-go-lucky, amazingly absent-minded, and always good for a smile—Frankie.



Frankie



Five-by-five



Frederick Dean Eble

GRAND JUNCTION, COLORADO

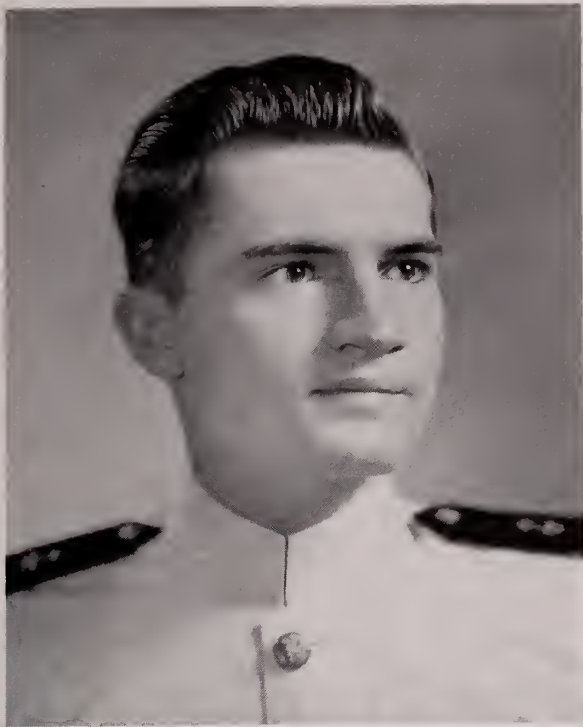
Fred advanced the theory early plebe year that a fellow could get through here without studying; then he spent three years proving it, to the satisfaction of even the slashes in the outfit. A "character" of the first water, Fuddy-dud never missed a chance to get in a good argument, get away with it, advertise the natural beauty of Colorado, write to women all over the country, or play a strong hand of gin rummy. We voted him P.O. most likely to succeed; though he might not make admiral, we can't think of an ensign we'd rather ship with than Fred.

John Fischer Fagan, Jr.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

Jack arrived at the Academy after spending two years on the Tulane campus. His short stature earned him the title, "Five-by-five," and also a pair of skates to enable him to keep up with his section. Every year found him among the star men, and every night found some of the buckets in his room getting enlightenment in academic affairs. Southern inertia led Jack to spend most of his afternoons in a quiet bridge game or in peaceful slumber. He hopes to get into submarines where he'll never have to stoop to avoid banging the overhead.





Walter Dickinson Hall

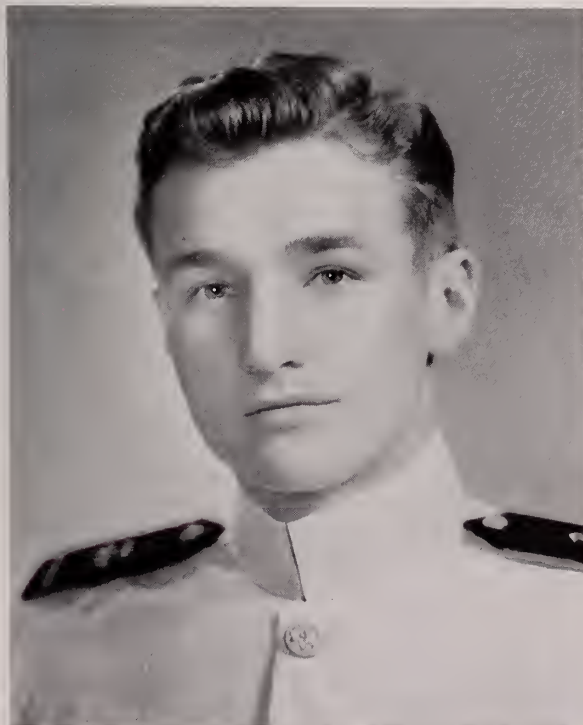
IOWA CITY, IOWA

The "Dream" lived in Texas, Ohio, Connecticut, and Florida, but claimed Iowa City as his Podunk. After waging a long, vicious campaign with the French profs, W. D. finally said "Oui, oui" fluently. His afternoon workouts with the battalion track team paid off on the Flying Squadron. Frequent exclamations: "That 1\$*%\$/# Steam Department," or, "Did you see the figure on that blonde?" Junior was fond of his sack and mail from the tender gender. Forty-six will remember W. D.'s good humor and genial friendliness—an esteemed companion and shipmate.

James Letrick Harris

CALIFORNIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Genial, jovial "Gentleman Jim," staunch supporter of Ogden Nash and the Pittsburgh Pirates, brought with him a ready quip and a vast knowledge of Bull. Classmates recognized his ability, elected Jim company representative. Typical politician, he never took a stand on anything, believing inconsistency the best policy. His ring style made boxing a gentleman's sport, and friends dubbed him "Horizontal Harris." Headquarters for company activity, his room was always the scene of violent discussions on anything from the week-end drag to destroyer duty.



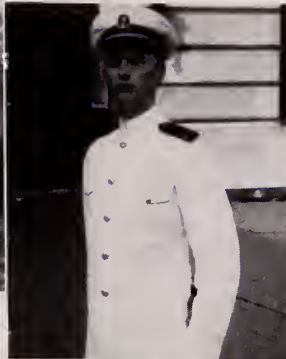
Victor Reid Gullatt

COCHRAN, GEORGIA

Whenever an airplane would drone someplace near, we were afraid our Georgia boy would run right out the window and do a few barrel rolls out over Smoke Park. Once he was the country's youngest licensed pilot; in the Academy, Peaches was a haven for plebes besieged with aeronautical questions. He was always pulling big deals, too. Remember the time he wrote letters to about 50 big companies just to get mail, and had the room flowing with circulars for months? Life was a lot of fun and quite interesting with him around; lets hope we see lots of him out in the Fleet.



Junior



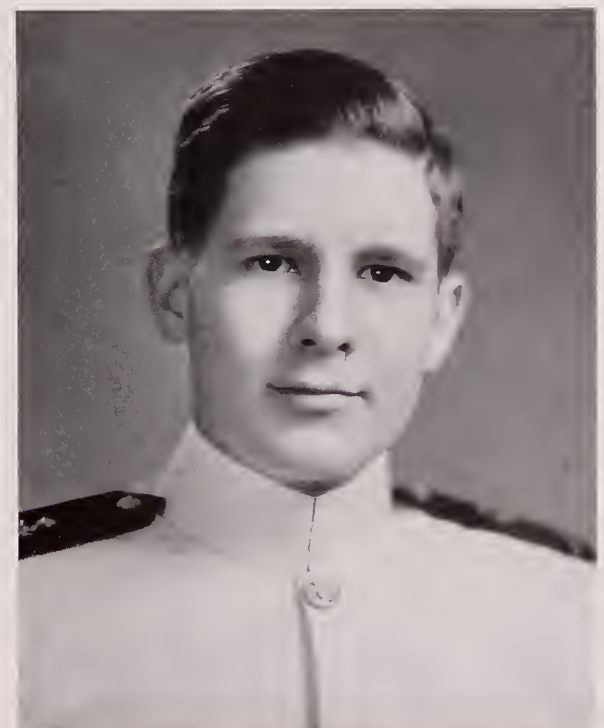
Peaches



Steve



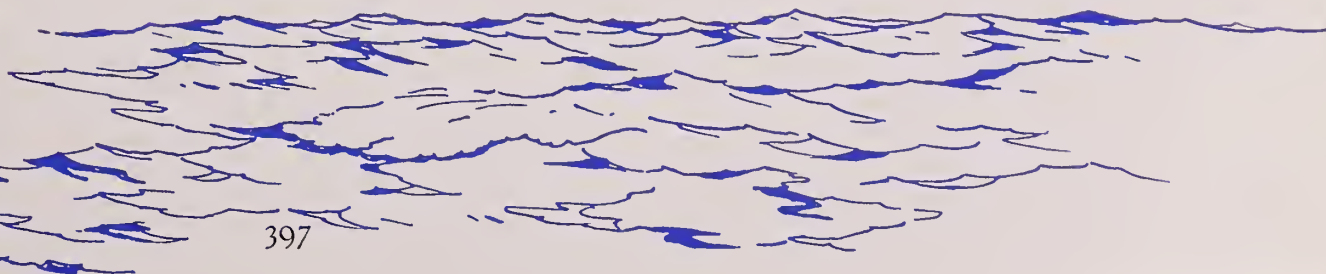
Gentleman Jim



Vaughan Stevens Hastings

SEAFORD, DELAWARE

Stevie hadn't been around much before he entered the Academy, but he was able to learn fast. His congenial smile and innocent appearance stood him in good stead, though often belying his actions. Finding academics fairly easy, "Wilbur" was able to enjoy his favorite diversions, sack drill and liberty. Also on the lighter side of life, he was one of those rare individuals who had no trouble dragging two girls on one week-end. Some will remember him as the guy who couldn't carry a tune, some will remember his voice that hadn't changed, but everyone will recall the warm personality which will make him many friends.



William Eugene Kaloupek

GRINNELL, IOWA

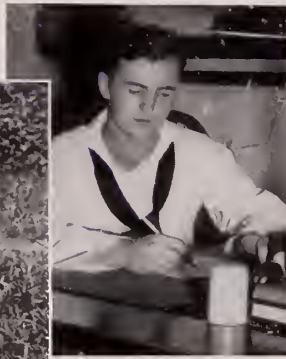
Slim, energetic Bill came to the Academy from "the greatest land on God's earth—Iowa." His decision deprived Grinnell College of the president of their Student Council. Although enjoying his sack during leisure hours, Bill was a versatile athlete with a creditable record in company athletics at the Academy. He usually managed to avoid the conduct report, but his sensational affair with "Delia Kardis" aroused the wrath of the Executive Department. "Kal" made the change from liberal arts to science with little trouble; his academic record stands as proof of his ability.



Al



Kal



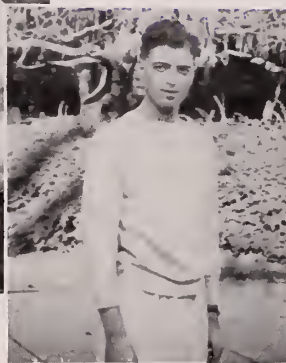
Alfred Stanley Karch

LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

Al Karch—a fellow we were all anxious to call a friend. His first claim to fame was his unofficial membership in 44's "Unholy Sextet," an organization that even the Admiral, the Jimmy-legs, and the sharpest of O.D.'s had to admit was tops. The gym team was sorry to lose Al to the wrestling team, where he came into his own as one of Ray Schwartz' boys. The women he dragged testified to Al's prowess with the fair sex. He didn't drag very often, but you could be sure that when he did, she'd be 4.0. Here's to a fellow that we can count on when the chips are down.



Bob



Jack

John Kaufman

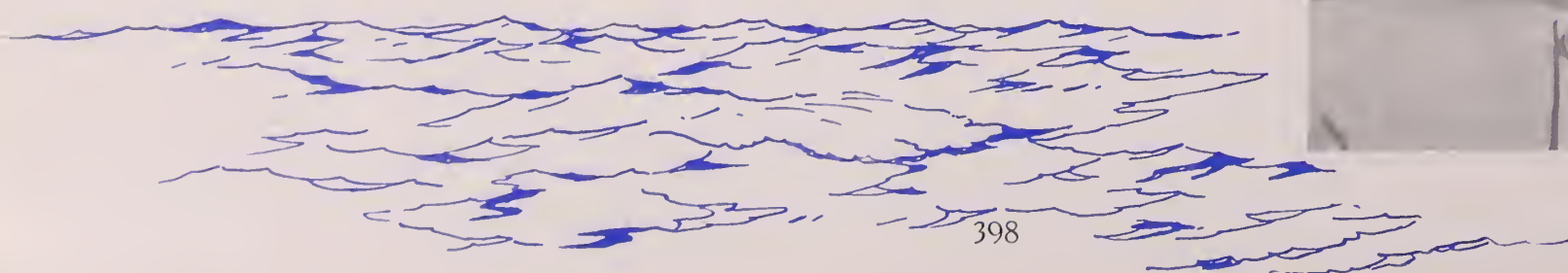
BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

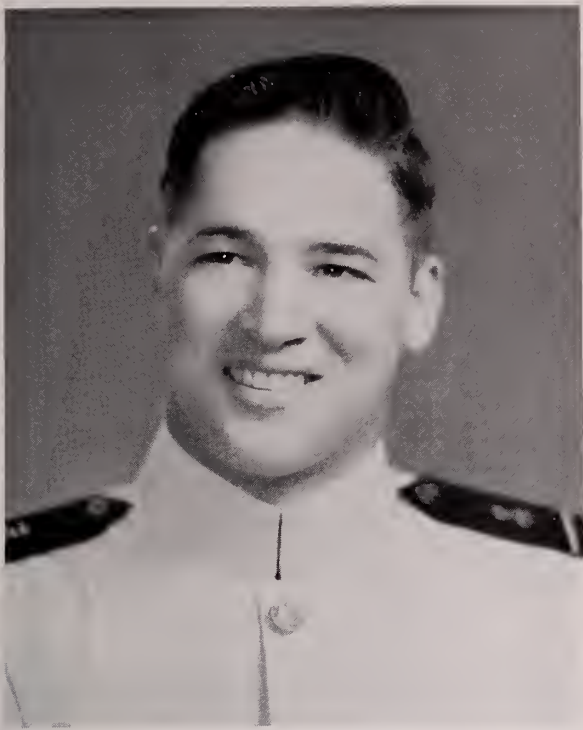
Jack was not too verbose, not believing in idle chatter, but his interest in Bull never left him lacking ways to express himself or facts to back his point of view. He insisted that trees grow in Brooklyn and the Dodgers will win the next series, or maybe the one after. He avoided serious trouble with the Academic Department; his biggest worry was his relations with the Exec Department. Not a Red Mike, he enjoyed dragging very much, but he believed that you had the most fun and the least trouble if you didn't do it too often.

Robert Nelson Krause

TOLEDO, OHIO

Bob was quiet and reserved, precise and neat, easy-going and amiable. He was a diplomat whose acquaintance we were glad to make. Always extolling the merits of his home state of Ohio, his claim that Ohio's weather is superior to that of Maryland aroused no debate; for what state cannot claim the same? "Curley" showed great form in hurdling for the varsity track team, as well as in swimming the breast stroke. He was a hard worker at the Academy, and will continue to be just that in the sub service, which he hopes to enter upon graduation.





Renn Lawrence

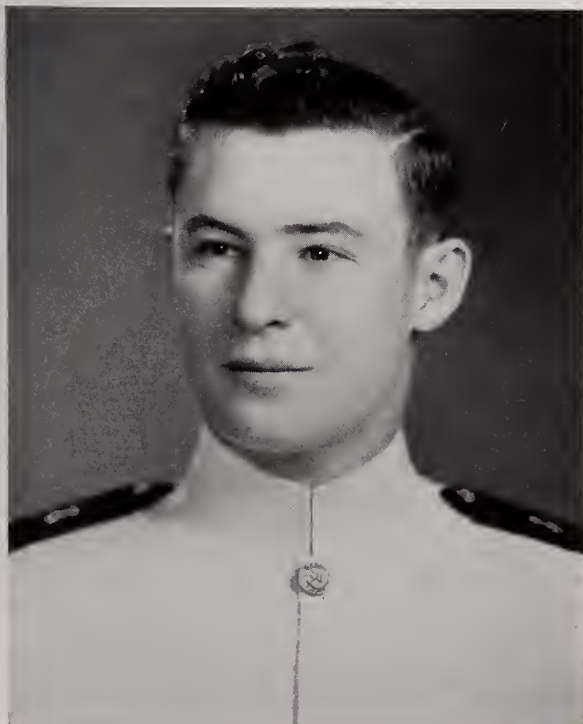
GONZALES, TEXAS

Ah! the loveliness of a woman . . . and a horse. Being a connoisseur of both (although he remained faithful to his O.A.O.), Tex often entertained us with his stories. Army brat, cavalryman, tank corpsman—all in one. He entered the Academy from the Army on his own merits. His fighting spirit and winning personality made him an indispensable part of our football backfield, and also kept him above the water line academically. His dreams of raising horses and children will someday vanish with his entrance into the Marines. A fighting guy for a fighting outfit!

Walter George Lessmann

MILTON, MASSACHUSETTS

It's a nose! But its got a body with it! Then it's "The Face." Ah yes, a character among characters, a son of a Navy man, an operator with the slipstick, and a maker of much chalk dust. When he staggered through the portals at the beginning, he had one girl; and when he ran through the portals at the end, he ran through with the same girl . . . little Lynn, lucky man! "The Face" was never a man for sports, but everyone who knew him knew that it wasn't because he was incapable . . . he just loved his sack.



Dixon Lademan

AT LARGE

Dix the cosmopolite! Being a Navy junior, he hailed from no particular state. An appropriate motto for this delegate-at-large was "Wine, women, and song." His personality was of the dual type; nonchalant, carefree on the one hand; reserved and determined on the other. Academics caused little or no worry to Dix, but his knack for being apprehended by the Executive Department proved most embarrassing. The fire in his waste basket during a crucial moment in '43 Army-Navy game netted Dix his classic frap. A brother to Pisces, Dix easily earned his N-stars in the big pool.



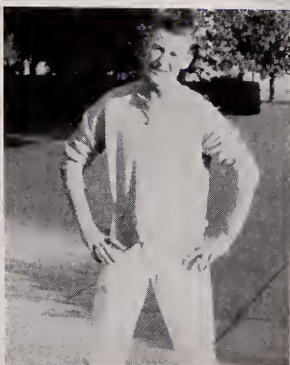
Renn



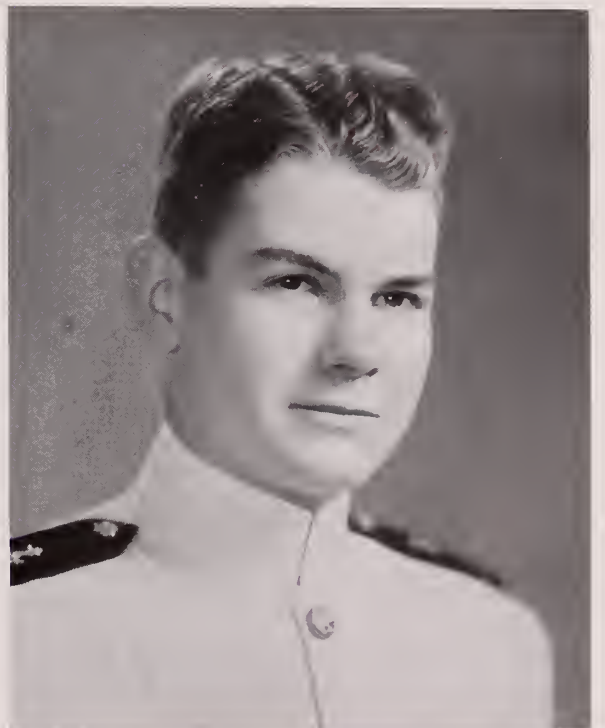
Dix



Toby



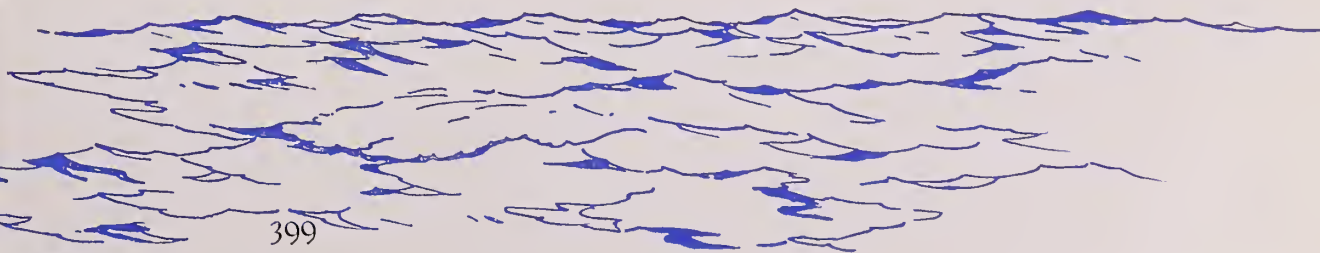
The Face



James Owen Lyon

ELKHORN, WISCONSIN

"Toby" was a blessed Navy junior, but a good one for a change. At times, however, he was hard to figure out because you could never predict what he'd do next. "O'Malley" was afraid of being on time for anything, especially formations on Sunday nights after one of his super dragging week-ends. With the help of his streamlined physique, "Little Oscar" was able to win a couple of N-stars on the varsity swimming team. But with all that buoyancy, who couldn't? Good luck, Jim, don't let those dreams of the Wisconsin woods get the best of you!



John Walter Macy, Jr.

SCHENECTADY, NEW YORK

Jack was called "Captain Horatio of whaling fame" ever since he navigated a whale-boat home to Dewey Basin during plebe summer. His ideas were meant to set the world on fire, but he would have needed a twenty-six hour day to do this, since sleep occupied most of his time. Jack prided himself on being a great lover and scarcely a week-end went by without his having a drag. Finding his name on the well-known E-D list was Jack's greatest problem; he had trouble mixing his romance with the less pleasant diversion provided by the beneficent Executive Department.



Mac



Jack



Robert Ervin McCall

TUCOPAU AND CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA

Whether it was S. Carolina, "the Old Navy," morals, women, liquor, or how not to beat the system, Mac had all the answers. The genial gentleman of the sack was always ready to donate fatherly advice, but seldom ready to follow it. Sea stories galore, with "Ask McCaskill" for proof were favorites of "Sackall," the man who forsook a chance at fame in the athletic world to strengthen the "tin can navy," and ended up by ornamenting a bunk with its pillars painted blue and gold, in an attempt to hide from varsity coaches.

Maurice Lloyd Medcalf

LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK

"Med" had a genial and fun-loving personality hidden under that quiet and unassuming attitude. Beneath his calm spirit lay a keen sense of humor that made him a friend to all who knew him. "Med" was intensely fond of his chow, and really appreciated the canteen. But when he wasn't foraging to satisfy his voracious appetite, he could probably be found pulling on an oar on the Severn or working out in the gym. "Med" tackled academics with the same zest that he showed in sports, but it never kept him from enjoying to the utmost every dragging week-end.



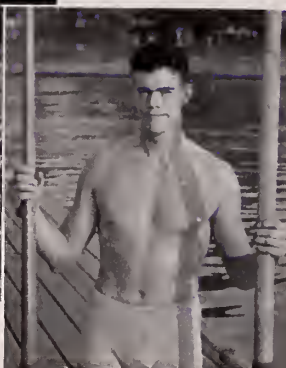
Robert Duncan Milloy

ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA

It's not hard to understand how "Sleepy" passed his three years unscathed by the system. His spontaneous wit was slightly terrific, and this quality, with his stoical outlook on life and its problems, earned him an enviable record at the Academy. Contrary to the flavor of his alias, "Sleepy" was a hard worker and a capable athlete. Torn between the rival beauties of nature and the opposite sex, he often resorted to cross-country hiking, with its poison ivy menace, for week-end recreation. In his Naval career—and on his future farm—his determination and ability should be Bob's key to success.

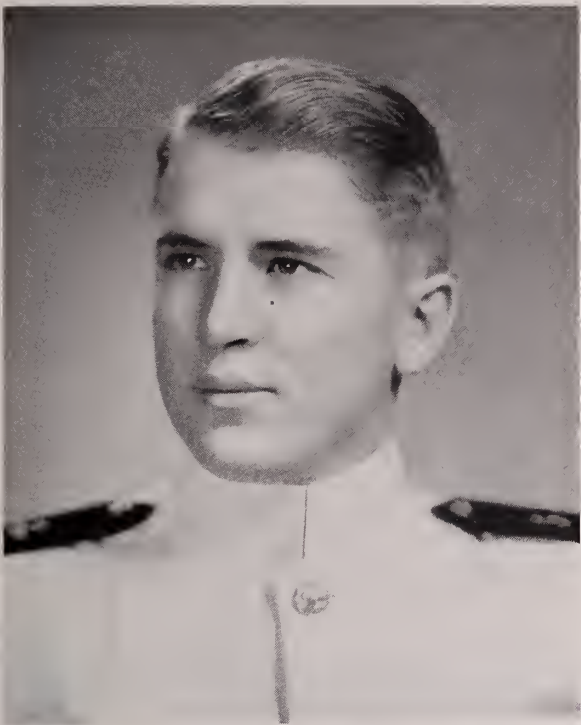


Sleepy



Med





Dale Edward Newman

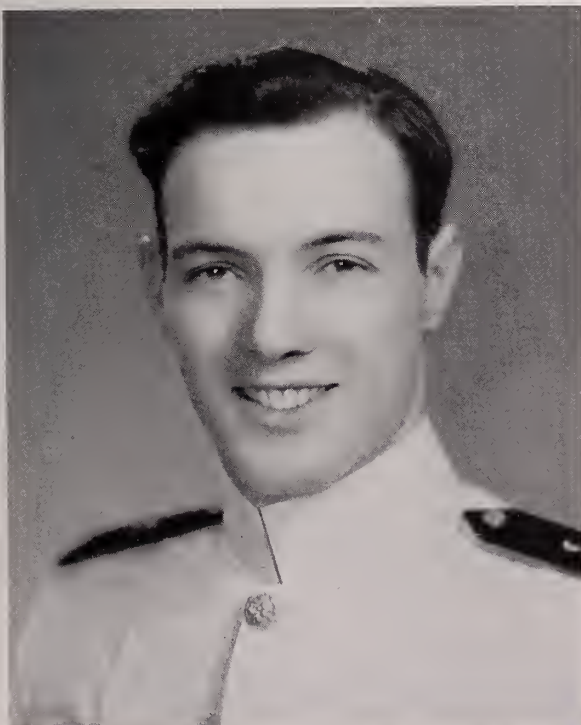
SENECA FALLS, NEW YORK

From Cayuga to the Severn came "Red-Head," potential Steam prof and chicken farmer, to find the Annapolis Finishing School sheer fruit after three years as a wage slave. Except on week-ends, when his home in town became a haven for mid-shipmen gardeners, lawn-mowers, handymen, and their drags, only Bull and Juice got the lad off his sack. Quiet, reserved, competent, Dale found time for company athletics and an unparalleled correspondence in which he slashed even the plebes. We'll always remember Dale ready to give his all.

James Sylvester Owens

BROOKLYN, NEW YORK

Brooklyn born and raised Jesse was a positive, matter-of-fact follower of the sea. Proud of the Fleet, he reveled in his tales of the pre-war Navy. At the Academy he devoted much of his time to rooting for Navy teams in a rabid fashion peculiar to Brooklyn, fitted into various company sports, and discouraged Marine Corps aspirants. An avowed misogynist, Jesse none-the-less managed bi-annual love affairs, which suffered fatally from academic attrition. Ambition: To become an integral part of what he calls the "world's biggest and best Navy."



George Paul Pavis

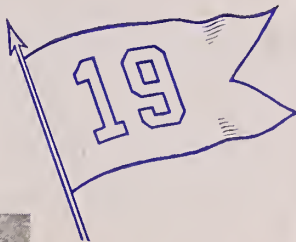
STATEN ISLAND, NEW YORK

Staten Island is the base for many a merchant mariner, but this time that New York borough sent us a Juice whiz. He'd work on your radio whether it needed repairing or not. A joker, even in "Nihongo" class, this sixty-eight inch tennis and handball enthusiast talked his way through life. "Geep" acquired his radiator squad tactics from Purdue, and found time during study hour to test his sack. Although not a dragging enthusiast, George impressed us with his Island queens. To the cans we proudly send our amiable "Geep."

Clarence Griffin Moody, Jr.

WOODVILLE, GEORGIA

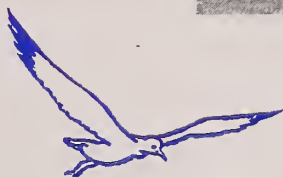
From the University of Georgia to the Academy was just one more step on the road to fame (or notoriety) for "Griff." Defending the virtues of the South against Yankee carpetbaggers and explaining the strategy of Sherman's retreat kept this Southern gentleman well occupied. Georgia's gift to the ladies didn't drag much because he was true to about five girls back home. "Griff" used the English language fluently and frequently, and his flair for other languages will serve him well in the Diplomatic Corps, if the Navy will permit him to join that distinguished group after graduation.



Red-Head



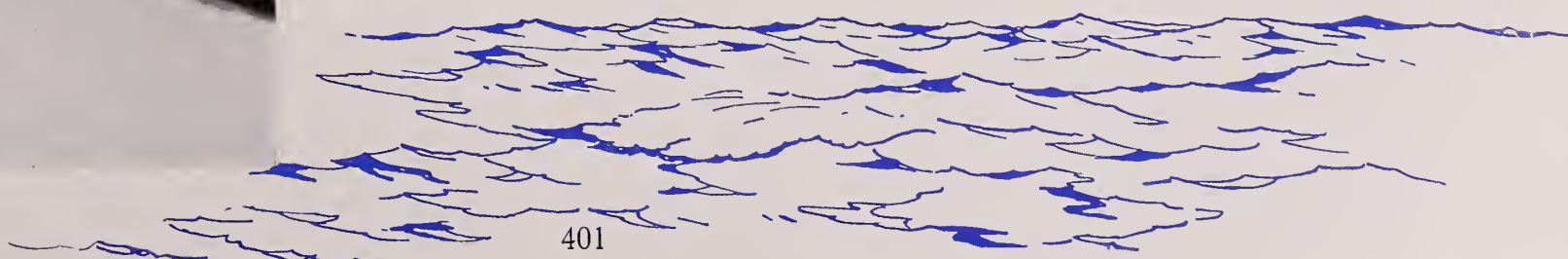
Griff



Geep



Jim



William Kenneth Petticrew, Jr.

DANVILLE, VIRGINIA

"Petty" with his amiable personality, made friends fast at the Academy when he became crew manager plebe year. Because of his "hospital duties," "Petty" had a hard start, but his determination to master the trials and tribulations of the Naval Academy proved his desire to make the Navy a career. A follower of the *Rubaiyat* of Omar Khayyám, Petty always had time for wine, women, and song. His ability to make friends, his pleasant disposition, and his slow, lazy drawl will be fond memories to all who knew him.



Smiley



Petty



William Roberts Pfefferkorn

ELLICOTT CITY, MARYLAND

"Smiley" blew in from Maryland where the weather . . . ! "Pfeffo" wrestled, played baseball and soccer . . . an athlete. When one spoke to him of academics (any subject) he maintained "It's all relative!" His passions were horses and fox hunting. His Luciene came to see him every other week-end to make the grind more bearable. For a long time "Smiley" was preparing to graduate from Annapolis; he's going far in the Fleet, and we'll be right behind him if we can keep up. In years to come we shall remember him working at the desk . . . writing letters.



Schooner



Dick

Richard Preston Richardson, Jr.

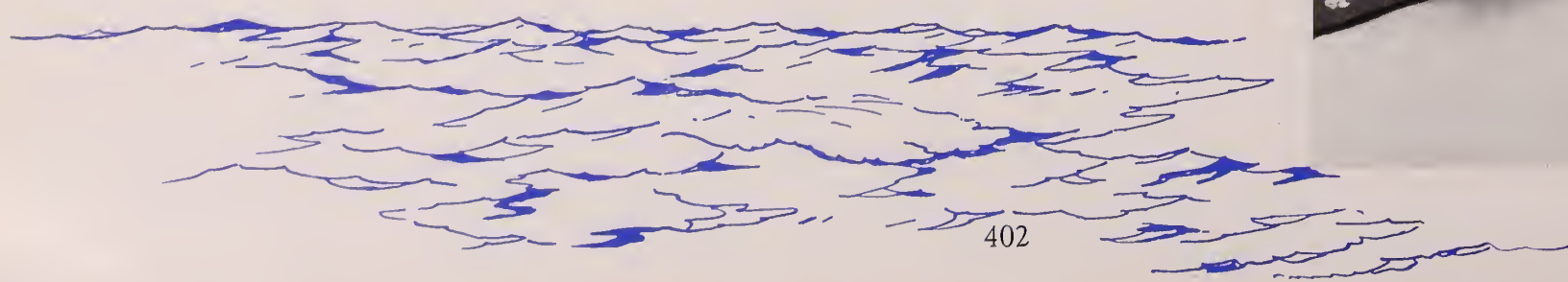
ONANCOCK, VIRGINIA

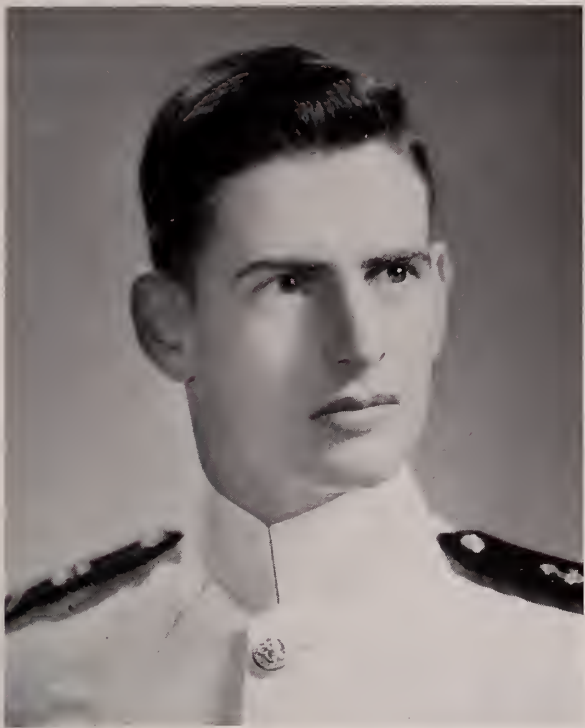
Having finished two years at The Citadel, Dick entered the Academy well prepared. Being a star man did not keep this freckle-faced son of the Eastern Shore of Virginia from finding time to engage in intramural sports, to be prominent in Press Detail work, and to manage varsity basketball. When hop week-ends rolled around Rich could usually be found dragging one of his Eastern Shore "belles." Gifted with a natural sense of humor, "R. P." and his wisecracks were a welcome addition to the not infrequent Bancroft bull sessions.

Herbert Garrettson Schoonmaker

AUBURN, NEW YORK

Although handsome and coming from New York State, "Garry" early cast aside presidential aspirations. He desired a position much higher and forthwith entered the Army Air Corps. Eventually seeing the light, he came to the Naval Academy. He was no sooner here than everyone began to notice studious, yet cheerful and witty "Schooner." He seemed to possess the enviable trait of knowing when and when not to be serious. He was versatile in almost all sports from wrestling to cross-country, but his special affinity for ping-pong was better known. Hard-working, likeable "Schoon" will be memorable "Schoon."





John Andrew Sichel

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

"Wake me up five minutes before drill," thus said "Sic" as he passed another happy hour horizontally. Jack's love for his sack and the latest copy of *Esquire* were surpassed only by his dynamic attraction for the fairer sex. In the classroom "Sic" found Math and Skinny easy going, but Bull and Dago rated only as necessary evils. This Navy stuff was nothing new to Jack, for his brother preceded him at the Academy. During his three years by the Severn, he exhibited versatility in athletics and an amiable personality which won him a host of friends.

Norris Ewel Sills

CROWVILLE, LOUISIANA

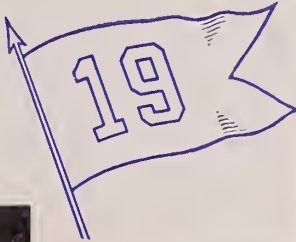
In from the swamps of Louisiana, Norris trekked to take up the happy (?) life of a midshipman. Plebe restrictions as to dragging were no hindrance to him, for deep in his home state lived the girl of his dreams. While the rest of us wondered what ions were, Sills calmly 4.0-ed his chemistry, for he had almost completed his chemical engineering course prior to entrance. He was able to cope with other academic hurdles easily, excepting Dago. Being a person of diversified interests as well as a good student, he was in the group that won their stripes.



Edward Joseph Sheehy

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Another proud product of Brooklyn, Ed came to the Academy from N.R.O.T.C. His brilliant records in high school and R. P. I. gave "Flattop" an excellent opportunity for leading a comparatively fruit existence here. Ed put in a good bit of time at company sports and, more recently, occupied himself as associate editor of this book. A star man, he willingly turned study hours into instruction periods for his classmates, although always managing to get off a letter a day to "Rosebud." A prospective sub man, Ed's technical knowledge and scientific inquisitiveness will carry him far.



Sic



Ed



Bull



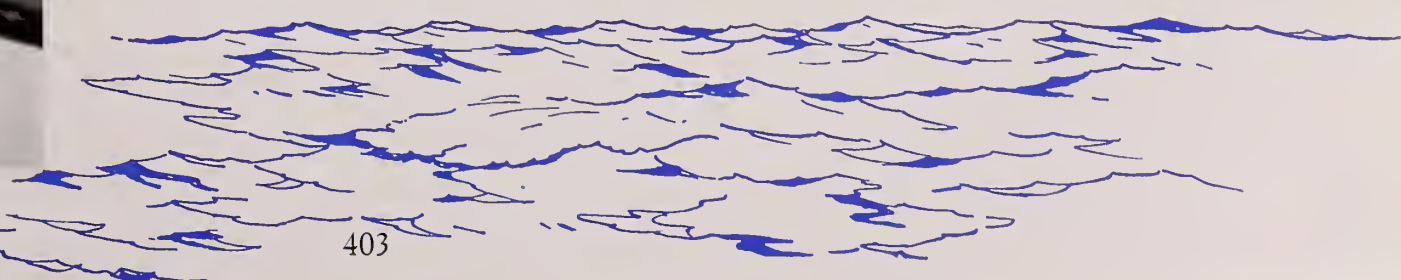
Norris



Bernard Lewis Snyder, Jr.

MUSKEEGON, MICHIGAN

Late in the summer of '42 a canoe landed at the Naval Academy dock, discharging one B. L. Snyder; since there was no welcoming committee, Deut never recovered from his reception. He was chagrined to find that his year at Michigan School of Mines had been spent studying the wrong kind of mines, but after being corrected, he waded into academics with a vengeance. "Bull" was, however, more successful in the ring than in the classroom—he was a Golden Gloves champion before entering, and a Naval Academy champion when he left. Aside from these notable achievements, he found time for football and lacrosse.



Robert Allison Spargo

ANSONIA, CONNECTICUT

After spending the term "almost bilging Steam," and then standing 171, "Spooky" moved out of the corridor closet, his 14/20 eyes causing him embarrassing experiences. Quiet and efficient on the surface, "Spooky" nevertheless tried many times to beat the system, and did most of his athletics on the commando course. Despite his wives' many attempts to brick him, Bob didn't take chances, and remained relatively faithful to his own women. "Spooky," who knew that you rate what you can get away with, could always tell you how he will change things when he is commandant.



Willie



Spooky



William Reutter Steers

KALAMAZOO, MICHIGAN

Three years at Albion College gave Willie a store of knowledge to help his daily grades, but exams were another story. Lucky at cards as well as love, Bill broke all the axioms. He proved that a midshipman could do the impossible—three years, one girl. He stayed out of varsity sports only to excel in intramurals. An ardent member of the Boat Club, he knew every buoy and bar from Cambridge to Baltimore, and any ketch under his command had smooth sailing. With a fanatical sense of perseverance and a great sense of humor, Willie cannot help but succeed.



The Jug



Perry

Perry Root Taylor, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

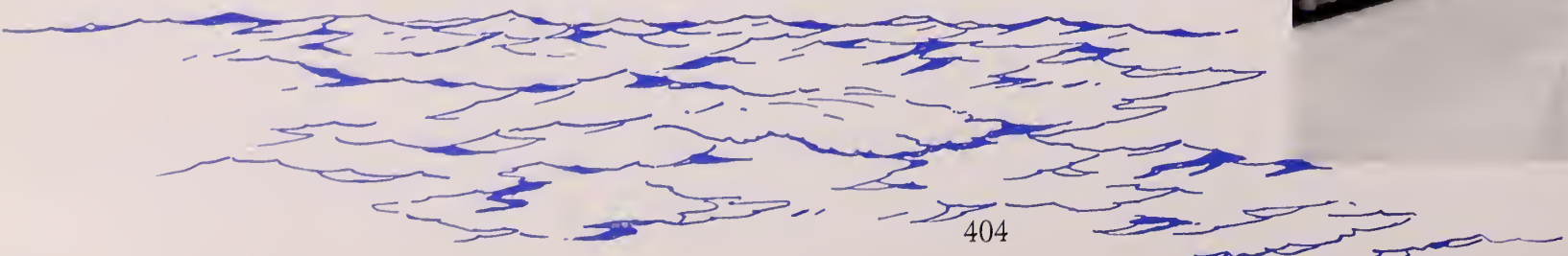
Perry had his eye on the Navy longer than most of us. Valley Forge discipline and a year at Lehigh enabled him to maintain a good all-round standing. His main interest was swimming. He started on the varsity plebe year, and stayed with it for the two remaining years. Perry also had the unique ability to love several women at the same time—"if they would only write me." He is a true believer in the Navy and his determination to become a good Naval officer spells for him a successful career in the Fleet.

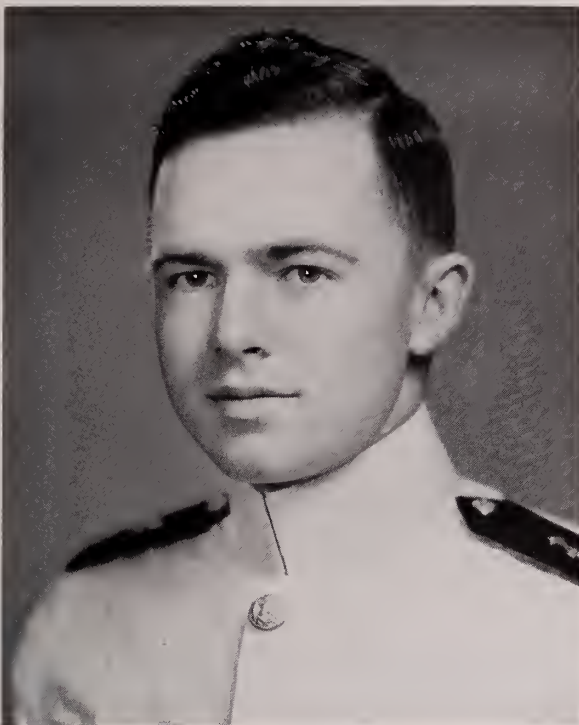


Joseph Thomas Thompson

LEXINGTON, MISSOURI

"The Jug" first got in the red when he signed his oath in red ink. He first saw red when he finally hit the Executive Department's "bad boy list" during first class summer. In between times he displayed a slight tinge of crimson when he "chose" the water route returning from Dago recitation. Joe was a hard worker all the way through; he earned stripes by constant effort. Formerly aspiring to become a lawyer, he kept in shape with his weekly "talks to drags." His argumentative ability won him the vice-presidency of the Quarterdeck Society.





John Mark Tierney

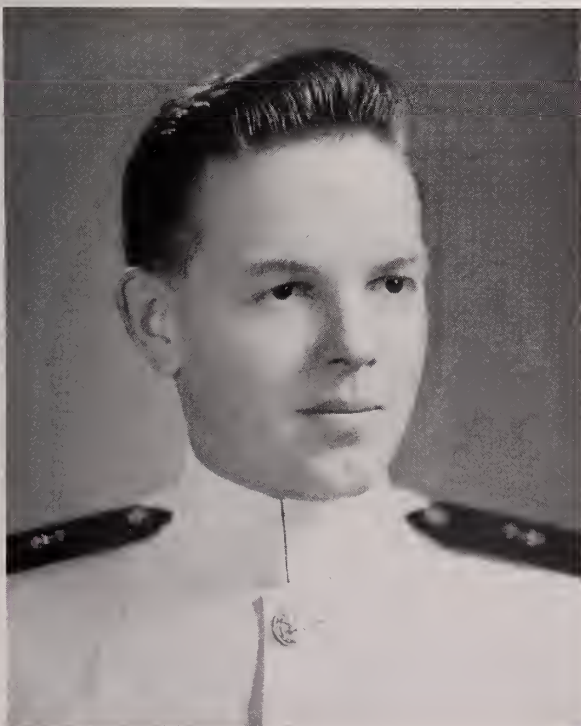
NEWARK, DELAWARE

Hailing from Newark, "Delaware Gene" came to the Naval Academy straight from high school. Along with a profound wish to see Delaware and the Irish get ahead in the world, he brought the Navy his good looks and an enviable, ever friendly disposition. Never troubled by academics, Jack was able to secure a top-notch position on the Juice gang, really hit those intramural athletics, and at the same time kept up an awe-inspiring correspondence with all those girls he left behind. His motto—"You can't beat the Irish."

Clark Waite Tinch

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIFORNIA

Clark left his beloved California via the Chamber of Commerce Propaganda Bureau with a complete spiel about the "Golden State." Three years in U.C.L.A. kept him out of trouble academically, and a natural ability for organization and just plain "getting along" with his classmates made him a success in other fields. Clark ran the Public Relations Detail first-class year with great finesse, and was never known to slight the athletic side of life at the Academy. His ability to acquire golden tans and beautiful women cannot be neglected nor forgotten.



Robert John Trott

MANCHESTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE

Although a staunch New Englander at heart, Bob acceded to leaving his beloved White Mountains long enough to become an ensign. A hard worker and a confirmed Red Mike as a plebe, he remained the former, but his first blind date caused him to change his ideas about women. Bull, Glee Club, and letters from Washington were his favorite topics for discussion. Most of his spare time was spent on the Severn, pulling an oar for crew. Never seeming to be bothered with academics, Bob always found time to play, read, or dash off a quick article for the Log.

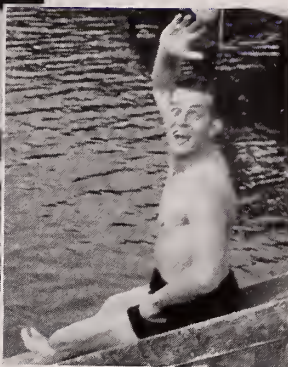
Robert Drysdale Thompson

METUCHEN, NEW JERSEY

Out of the "wilder" of New Jersey via Rutgers University came "Swampy" Thompson. Although quite an athlete in high school days, he succumbed here to more intellectual and less strenuous ways of spending his time. His first love being music, it was only natural that he should become an active member of the choir. Socially, Bob was in the class of the not-too-crimson Red Mikes. After graduation Bob intends to go into the submarine service, where his steadiness and resourcefulness will be assets to the men who wear the dolphins of our underseas fleet.



Jack



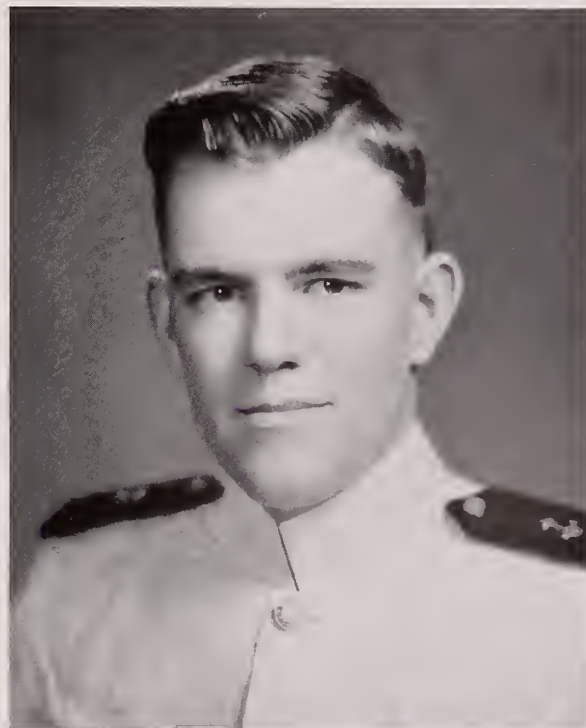
Swampy



Bob



Clark



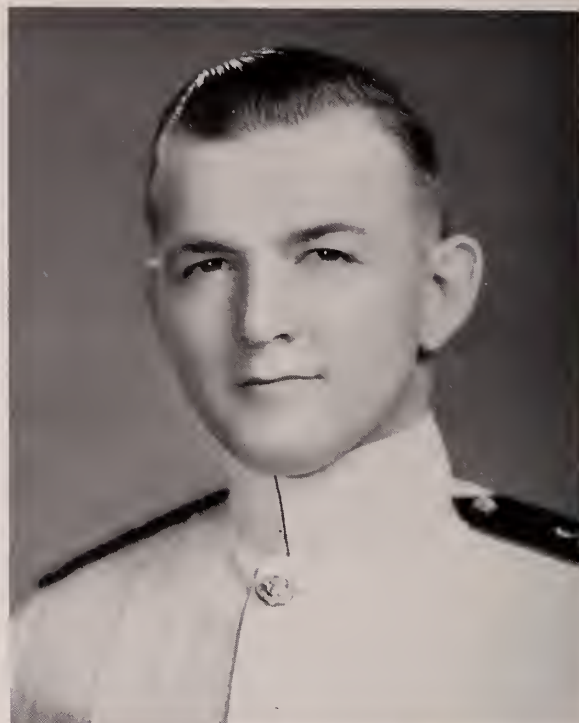
Richard Allyn Vaill

LAKEVILLE, CONNECTICUT

A few words can hardly express our thanks for having been fortunate enough to know Dick. For the "Nutmegger," a graduate of Hotchkiss, it took a minimum of time to win that place we all reserve for special friends. His abundant knowledge of things academic was a boon to those who found the curriculum more difficult, and yet the books never prevented him from dragging the latest thing in beauty. His generous personality, supplemented by a perpetual smile, will win him a high ranking on Destiny's honor roll. We part company hoping that our paths will cross again.



Hank



Henry Marsden Waddell, Jr.

WOODBINE, MARYLAND

Perhaps Hank can best be described as a Navy man by heart, but a country gentleman by nature. For three years he seldom bothered to get in step, but his half-furrow pace led him from his Maryland farm to a hard-earned commission. Hank never completely solved the mysteries of integration or of the fairer sex, but nevertheless he handled his guitar and lacrosse stick with dexterity. His musical ability led him to the directorship of the Mandolin Club. Though blessed with a contagious sense of humor, Hank never learned to smile before breakfast or after a Math P-work.



Dick



Wig



Swampy

Walter Albert Weaver, Jr.

NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA

"Swampy" Weaver always contended that there were bayous, not swamps, in Louisiana. "The Institute" was but a pause, preparing him for the big leap into the life of the Navy. His was definitely an Epicurean outlook, but he considered all women conniving creatures and, except upon occasional moments of weakness, he kept them at a distance. Accustomed to the lazy tempo of the South, he was not infrequently found in his sack, just resting. His ambition is a plantation "on the river." He'll make a perfect gentleman farmer.

Howard Leroy Weigle

NEW CASTLE, PENNSYLVANIA

Leaving behind a promising career in the steel industry, "Wig" soon proved that "their loss is our gain." "Wig's" friendly manner, quick wit, and ready smile soon won him many friends. Easily starring plebe year, he was little bothered by the Academic Departments. Youngster year saw him spending more time on his bunk, but with time for intramural sports, sailing, and plenty of bull sessions. Determined to see a job through to the end, "Wig" was known as a man who finished anything he started, whether it was a practical joke, a blind drag, or a more serious role in life.





Charles Stanley Williams, Jr.

SAN PEDRO, CALIFORNIA

Tall, lanky, blond, and blushing, Chuck Williams was a man well suited for a Navy profession. From San Pedro—where the Pacific Fleet anchored almost at his very doorstep—Williams easily stepped into a bluejacket's garb, and later that of a midshipman. Along the reaches of the Severn, Chuck pulled a good oar, was more than adequate at tennis and basketball, poor at bridge, collected many bricks, disliked foreign languages. Amiable and affable, Chuck's success with men under him stems from getting them to work with him, not for him.

Rodney Keith Wingo

LA CENTER, KENTUCKY

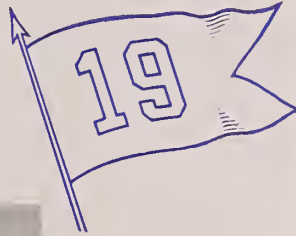
Venturing out into the world from his father's general store in La Center ("at least 587 people") came "Doc" Wingo. "Not just Kentucky, Western Kentucky," to forestall any impressions that he came from the hills. None doubted that he came from the blue grass when he started talking horses. Romping through sports like a colt, taming spirited young fillies on week-ends, and donating good horse sense to *Reef Points* left time for such minor activities as studying. While Wingo is around no one will forget Kentucky; when he is gone, no one will forget Wingo.



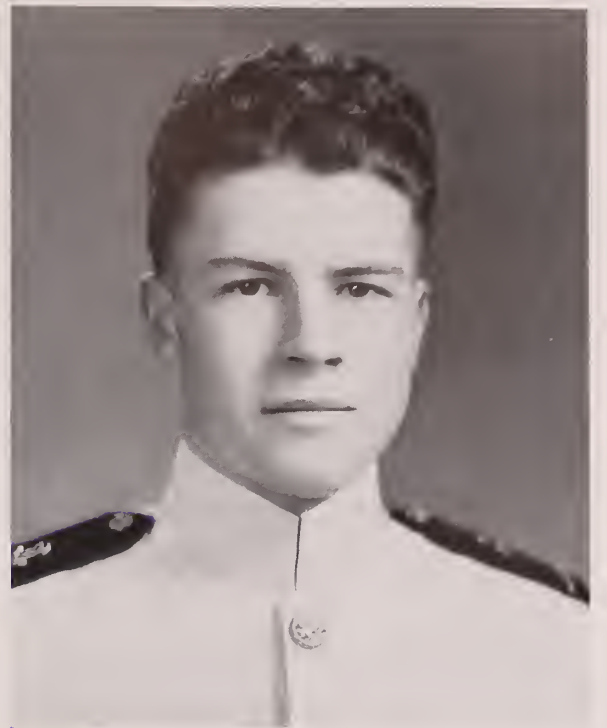
Arthur Thomas White

CASTLETON, VERMONT

Holding to the belief that "the integral sign points the way to success," "Whitey," a star man from the Province of Vermont, discovered during youngster year that formulas did not apply to affairs of the heart. The termination of a five-year allegiance to his O.A.O. left Art greater time to delve into the more intricate problems of Math, Juice, and radio. Among "Whizzer's" contributions to life at the Academy were a tubeless radio, a fast rope-climb, and a willingness to learn and serve. That willingness and "thinkability" are going to help Art climb the long Navy rope to success.



Chuck



Whitey



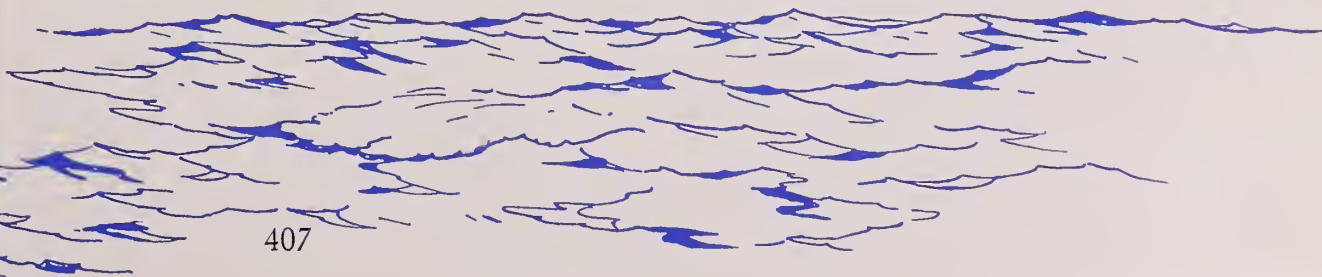
Bob



Robert Wesley Worrall

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Bob was born way out on the outskirts of the city of the living dead—Philly. Without talking or otherwise wasting energy, Bob proceeded to his sack, there to spend much of his time at the U.S.N.A. His accomplishments include a college education in bar tending, a bit of lacrosse, a smattering of l'amour, plus a good collection of Benny Goodman records. Bob had a knack for putting new words into old songs; his wit and humor kept him in good standing with the regular guys and made knowing him a pleasure.



Lewis Warner Adkins, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The son of a Naval officer, Lew came into the Academy with a knowledge—as the plebes can testify—and love of the service and the sea. Conscientious, and filled with a determination which became even more intense as exam weeks approached, he could be depended on to do a job right. Taut sails and many hours on the soccer field occupied his free time. Just as Lew was still game after the smoke had cleared from his room at the end of study hour, when the smoke of battle is blown away, he will be there waiting for the next round.



Wally



Lew



Wallace John Agren

DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Small but mighty was the little Michigander that hailed from three years on the briny deep. Personality and the urge for a change of duty marked Wally as the man destined to become a "gentleman of the Navy." The little "Salt" wasn't disturbed much by academics—foregoing his lust for liberty was his most difficult problem to solve. A sweet little lady caught his fancy and gave him the inspiration to carry on to the finish with flying colors. Wally is a man we will always be proud to sit with at the same table, whether it is over a glass of "suds" or in the ways of business.



Bud



Harry

Harry Elton Braddock

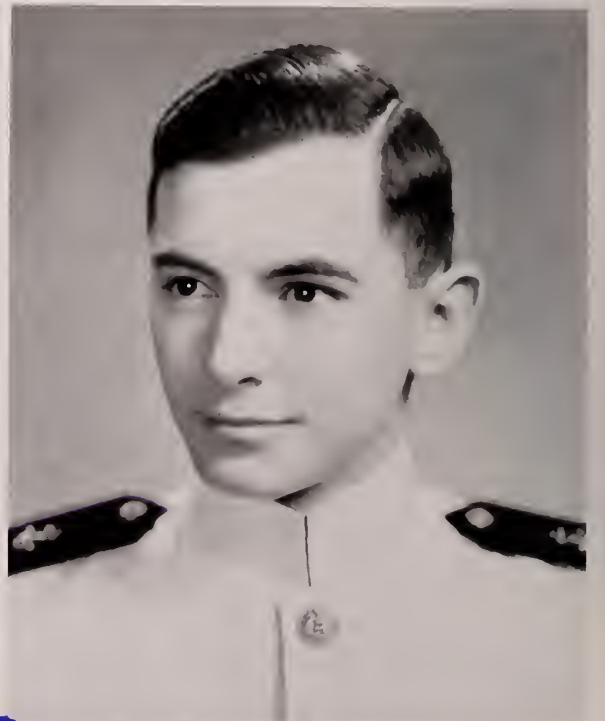
NORTHFIELD, NEW JERSEY

This scrappy little son of Erin left the gay boardwalks of Atlantic City for the more sombre shores of the Severn, bringing with him a pair of bright eyes and an ever-ready laugh that soon won him a host of friends. Industrious but never quiet, Harry's faculty for playing pranks soon caused him to be jokingly titled the "Troublemaker." His favorite pastime was dragging a certain blonde bombshell of local talent and nothing short of the will of the Executive Department or a case of the mumps could prevent him from putting in an appearance at every hop.

Linwood Oliver Bowers Branch, Jr.

NORFOLK, VIRGINIA

From the salty atmosphere of Norfolk, Bud brought his smile and sharp wit to the Naval Academy. With a marked zest for originating nicknames and songs apropos of his classmates Bud became a welcome participant in bull sessions. His lively repartee upheld, in the tradition of a true Southern gentleman, the honor of the South in many informal debates. Although athletics and academics received attention, Bud devoted much of his time to making and cementing friendships. His appealing personality and novel phrases, such as "Estufga, Ho!", added color and fun to our Academy life.





Earl William Burdette

BIG STONE GAP, VIRGINIA

A background of two years at V.P.I. made the life of a midshipman smooth sailing for Earl. He showed an active interest in the Naval Academy intramural program by vigorous participation in many sports. His favorite indoor pastime, that of yielding to the beckoning of his pillow every happy-hour, earned him the nickname of "Sleepy." Many will also remember him as "Smiley," a name which complimentingly explains itself. Earl's tall, lean figure well exemplified the mountaineer stock from which he came, a stock that can be traced back to the pioneers of early days.

Millard Alfred Carlson

KANSAS CITY, KANSAS

"Mate, is the mail out?" This was "Iggy's" daily contribution to the din of Bancroft Hall. The success of each day depended upon the arrival of a letter from his brown-eyed one-and-only far away in Kansas. A ready companion in work or play, congenial and easy-going "Mac" was always welcomed in any gathering. Not adverse to a sack drill at the expense of Steam or Skinny, he managed to have a little session with Morpheus each day. This personable Kansan was walking proof that everything is up-to-date in Kansas City (Kansas). Let us be off, "Iggy"!



Eugene Chamberlain Branson

CANTON, MISSOURI

On spring and summer afternoons, "Butch" headed for Lawrence Field, where he played the part of manager and best supporter of the baseball team. Baseball, for a limited time, took his mind off the "chicks," but not for long. The one thing that he missed while at Missouri U. was the Steam Department. Here at the Naval Academy he took part in a few close skirmishes with this department, but came out the winner in every one of them. As classmates and fellow members of the "Flying Squadron," we realize that we will never know a better friend and shipmate.



Smiley



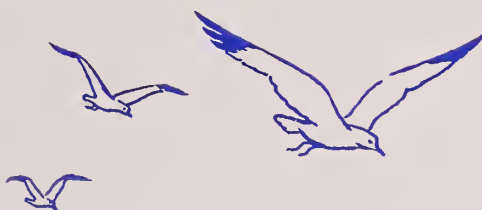
Butch



Pat



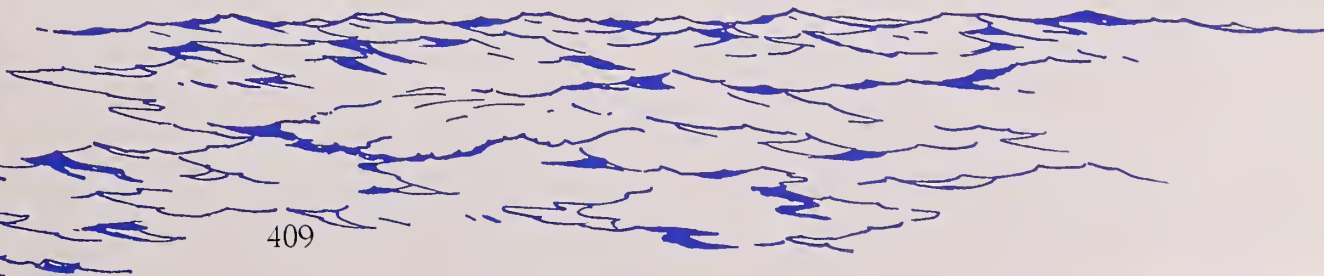
Iggy



James Patrick Cartmell

SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

"Laughter, love, and the joy of living academics and the accompanying culture are essential to a well rounded life, but not when they interfere with the joy of living—that was the essence of Pat's philosophy of life. However, Pat was no bucket—on the contrary, whatever he attempted ended well above average. With a year at San José State College and two years in the Fleet, Pat acquired numerous friends. We all remember him as a quiet, easy-going fellow that merely asked to be left alone with his thoughts of a beautiful San José nurse.



George Millet Clancy

SANTA FE, NEW MEXICO

If you ever wanted to know anything about anything, you saw "Casey m' boy," who was perennially the kid with the dope. A face-lifting job changed his appearance—all for that secret love of his. Of course he always had a way with the women, but now, sailors, beware! Like all paisanos from the "Land of Enchantment," he had a flare for flashy clothes and was a sucker for a good time. If you wanted to know the best places to go, you asked George. So hoss, if it's for a good friend or a good time ye search, here's George



Bob



George



Robert Elliott Crawford

MOUNT ROYAL, PENNSYLVANIA

Soon after General Hershey began his famous "lottery of twelve million winners," Bob picked up his tennis racquet and left Dartmouth for Annapolis. The "Rube" never was a star with the Academic Departments. Instead he chose the varsity tennis squad for his field, starting out with a N* his plebe year and playing number 1 for two more years. He was also a smashing success in the Executive Department Follies during youngster summer. Bob's big easy smile and friendly personality will insure him good company whether it be with young ladies or fellow officers.



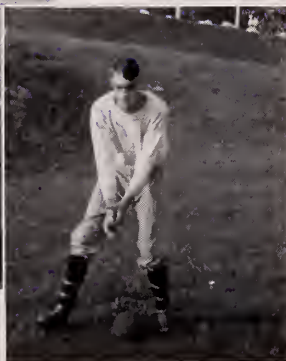
Willie



William Odia Davis, Jr.

GILMER, TEXAS

Dragging and Math were Will's specialties, while Steam invariably had him in a cold sweat. Coming from the wilds of Texas, "Guillermo" entered the Academy after his Wet-I lead year at Texas A & M. His happy-go-lucky attitude won him many friends throughout the entire Regiment, as testified by the steady influx of visitors to his boudoir. His athletic interests generally centered on track, where he starred in the hundred yard dash if sufficiently activated. "Pop's" varied talent showed itself prominently on the tennis courts, piano, or dance floor. His agreeable disposition and generosity will make him long remembered by all his classmates.

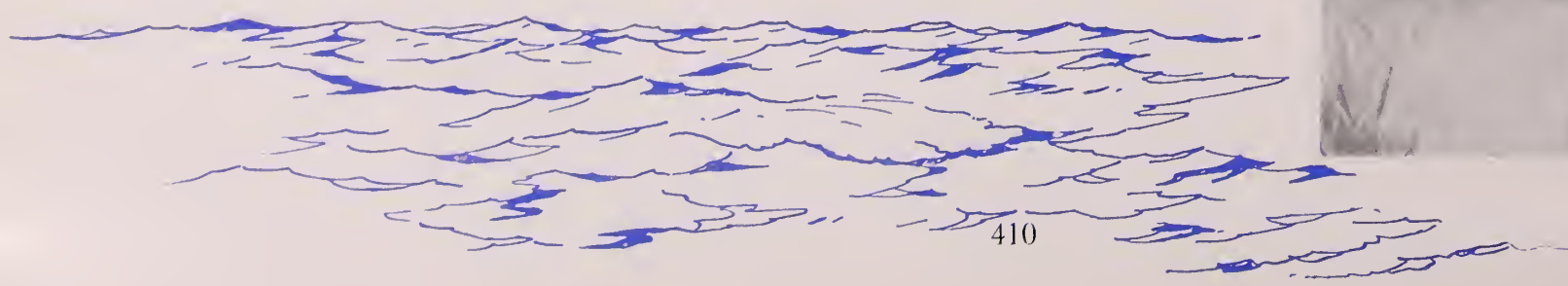


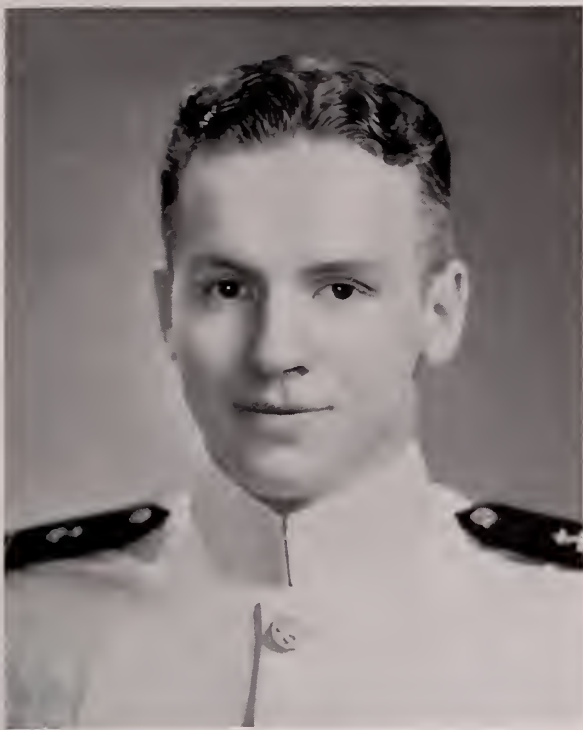
Jim

James Harold Cronander

VASHON ISLAND, WASHINGTON

There was no better shipmate than the Vashon Island "wonder boy." His antics were enjoyed by the entire company, and his presence was always desired by all hands. His easy-going manner and keen wit made him one of the most colorful men of our class. "Cro," "Cronatra," "Jim," "José" La Cro, and "The Most Handsome Kid in the Regiment" were his usual titles, although he would answer to almost anything you called him. Academy life for Jim was fruit. I believe he only studied twice while here—once, to see if he could, and the second time, to remember how it felt.





George Bernard Donahoe

MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA

"From the ankles up, he is really neat; but from the ankles down he's just *too much feet!*" That was "Feets'" theme song as he drew his 6 feet 3 inches through Bancroft Hall. Hailing from Pittsburg via Minneapolis, "Feets'" brought with him a huge pair of feet and one of the most shining and amiable personalities the Academy has ever seen. Never one to waste time studying, he spent most of his time undergoing sack drill. When "Feets'" leaves, it will take three big men to fill his shoes, and sure as his feet are big and his hair red, they will have to be Irish.

Louis Charles Duesterberg

VINCENNES, INDIANA

From the banks of the Wabash came Lou to go through the Academy with the same ease demonstrated by the Wabash as it winds through the Hoosier State. Academics came easy to this star man and many were the classmates whom he helped with a difficult prob. A graceful diver and a consistent performer, he easily gained a spot on the varsity swimming team. Out-of-season he spent many hours on the basketball court. Liberty meant little to him other than another chance to exercise. Many friends, ability plus stability, a sure success—that's "Dusty."



William Manier Eaton

ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

When we think of Bill, we recall his 2.0's in Math, his 4.0's in Saturday Bull lectures, his witty quips and happy face issuing from his room while studying for the morrow, his being held scoreless by the Academic Department but scoring his share on the soccer field, his voice calling, "Plebe ho," or "Any chow in here?" We remember his perpetual smile, his unconquerable merriment, and love of 2.5. We'll remember long what a fine shipmate he was, and we'll always hope that life will be as much fun for him as it has been with him.

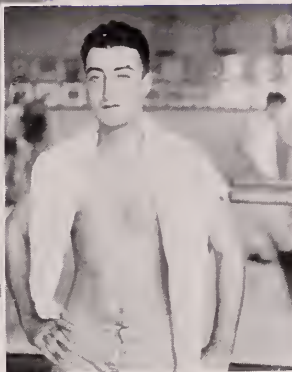
Eugene Dente

NEW YORK, NEW YORK

Entering from the Fleet, Gene found Academy discipline unusually restrictive. But his adaptability and common sense enabled him profitably to understand life here. Possessing a keen intelligence, he covered academics quite easily with minimum effort and often had a book for extra reading. He maintained a great and rather singular interest in women. Gene never allowed an unduly great interest in extra-curricular activities to bother him, although he was ordinarily insistent upon and even periodically eager about his gym exercise. His particular character admirably suits a Naval career.



Feets



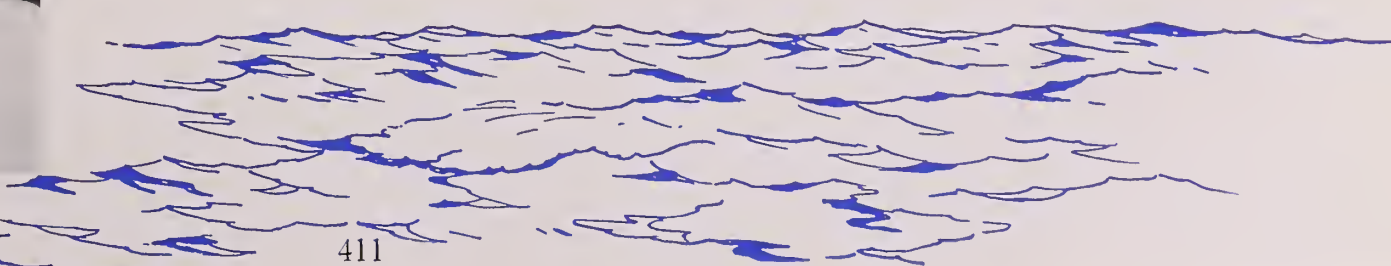
Gene



Bill



Dusty



William West Erwin

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN

To say that Schlitztown's favorite son is a typical Annapolis product may constitute a slight inaccuracy. In fact, youngster year found his potential admission to the Fleet as a graduate solely in the hands of the Steam Department. While disdaining usual liberty pursuits, "Willie's" 40 week-end consisted of only three things—sack, sack, and more sack. When not adding to the considerable swayback in his innerspring, he could be found enjoying a rubber of bridge or sampling the products of the steerage. Aquatic affinity gained on the sub squad should insure success in the Navy.



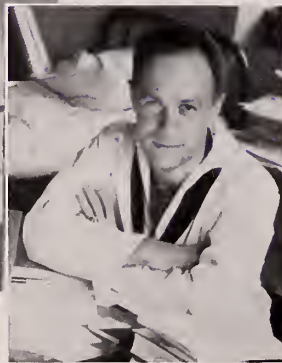
Walt



Willie



Herman



Frankie

Herman Harris Held

WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA

After strenuous training at Parris Island, Herman found the Naval Academy to be fruit duty. He did not concentrate much on academics because he was usually more concerned with women and extra-curricular activities. Women were no problem for Herman. He practically ran a date bureau and he was always ready and willing to help his friends in any way possible. Being a good Marine, he was a member of the Academy rifle team; the rest of the year he spent with crew. Herman harbors an ambition to write and we may hear from him in the future.



John Walter Hansen

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT

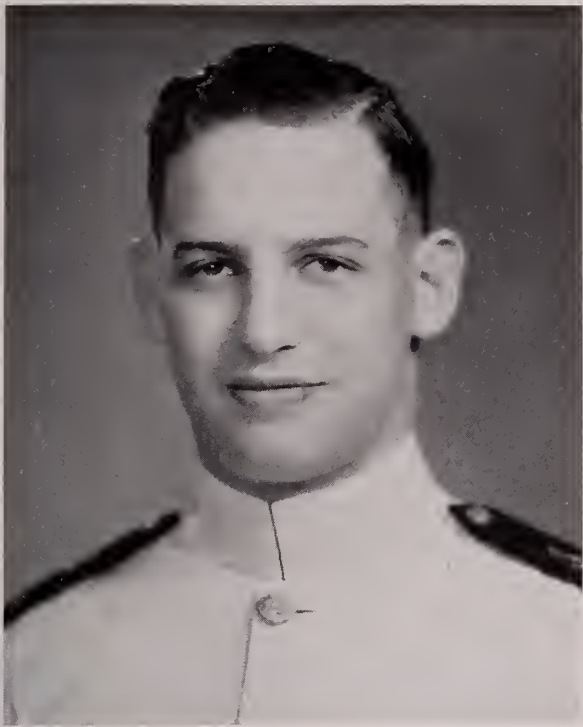
In spite of conflict with both the Executive and Academic Departments, Walt managed to maintain his friendly, whimsical grin. At Sub School, youngster summer, Walt saw \$8,000 worth of torpedo plumb the briny depths, but stongly maintains that he did take up snug on all the bolts. Walt shaved it pretty close on exams a couple of times, but diligence pulled him through where we thought he was lost. "Sir, I'm not exactly clear on this." An ex-Merchant Mariner, to him "Turbine" still rhymes with wine. If constant friendliness and effort are criterions, Walt rates 4.0.

Frank Demming Harmer, Jr.

GLENSIDE, PENNSYLVANIA

"Frankie-boy's" chief activities were almost equally divided between brushing his hair and the fair sex. Having had a little trouble with engagement rings (not his own), this latter pastime did not always receive his fullest attention. His shining pate, always a beacon to his friends, seemed to be an irresistible butt of the jokes of his classmates. Easy-going, with a fine sense of humor, most of his exercise seems to come from running to the window at the sound of high heels. In fact, the Executive Department sometimes wondered what kept "Romeo" from falling out.





Monroe Heumann, Jr.

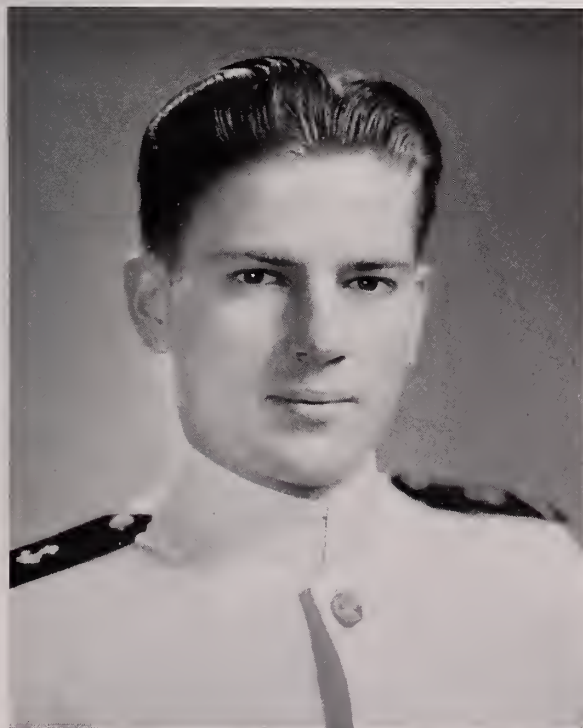
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Maryland's weather and the East's women proved most disappointing to Los Angeles' contribution to the Naval service. "Mike" left his riveting gun at Lockheed to become the Naval Academy's most talented artist, capable of anything from a caricature of a Steam prof to a plebe's vision of a queen. Academically the Naval Academy was fruit, but "Migool's" unfortunate experiences with the upperclasses and the Executive Department began toward the end of his plebe year when his O.A.O. succumbed to the charms of an R.O.T.C. Field Artillery shavetail.

Edward Holkovic

PERRYSBURG, OHIO

When Ed entered the Naval Academy, he had behind him three years of faithful service in the Fleet and a heart-felt desire to be an officer in the Navy. Sincere in all he did, Ed's willingness to learn and his determination to succeed won him the respect of many friends. A fondness for sports prompted him to be a star end on the battalion football team. Ed never missed a liberty, but he was not a confirmed dragger. Uppermost in his thoughts was the day when he would wear the stripe and star he had worked so earnestly to attain.



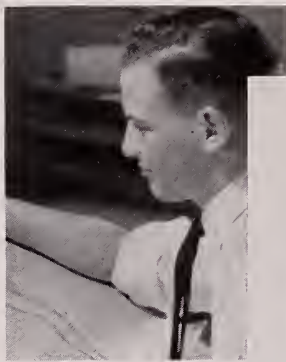
Charles Maynard Hess

FAIRMONT, WEST VIRGINIA

"Foo Foo" began his Naval career back in 1940 when he enlisted. He claimed to have been a fireman, but his Steam grades never showed it. His pursuits at the Academy were women, shining shoes, and keeping the plebes in suspenders and garters. He also served as head of the Prop Gang during his last year. "Foo Foo" never cared for academics and during study hours he found excuses to divert his energies from his studies. Before he joins the Fleet again, he has an appointment with a lovely Fairmont nurse that both have been waiting eight years to keep.



Mike



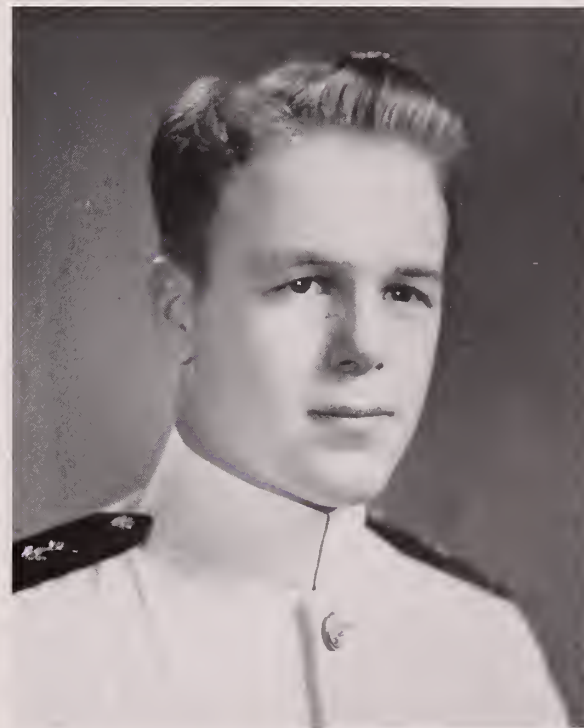
Foo Foo



Johnny



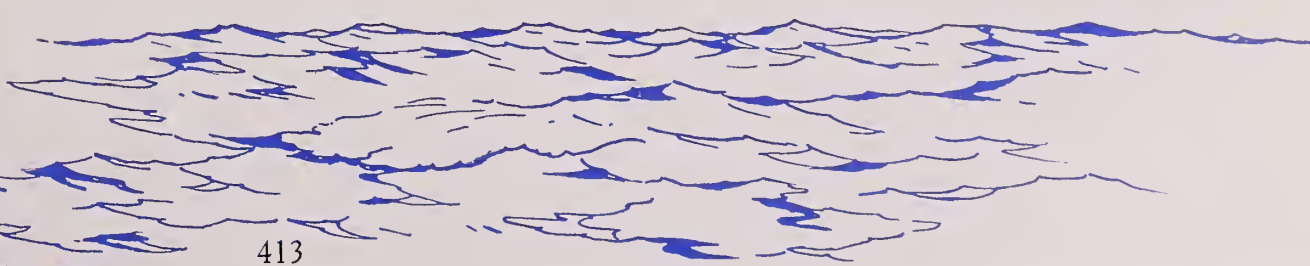
Ed



John Marlin Jones

WHITEFISH, MONTANA

Johnny gave up a mighty easy billet at the Naval Air Station at Sand Point, Washington, in order to go to the Naval Academy Preparatory School. Successful Norfolk liberties (unbelievable), triumphant entrance examinations, and Johnny found himself removed to the Academy. His very promising career in regimental boxing was ended when he received an injury while winning points for the "Fighting Fifth's" victorious team. A member of the Academy's Starboat Fleet, Johnny proved himself an able seaman as coxswain of *Star Dust*. His ability to drag for five cents qualifies him as an excellent future first lieutenant or commissary officer in the Fleet.



William Frank Jones

COLUMBUS, MISSISSIPPI

Hailing as he did from the deep South, Willie's first love was his home state of Mississippi. Next in his estimation came leave, and lastly, a liking for a fast set of tennis. A quiet and congenial attitude and a willingness to help a classmate with a particularly rough Math problem won Willie many friends during his stay at the Naval Academy. In view of his ability to make friends, it wasn't surprising to know that he seldom missed a hop or entertainment. Knowing him was to realize that he was one of the boys that worked hard for his stripe and truly deserved the right to wear it.



Jack



Willie



Arturo



Kep

Arthur Hempton Kinneberg

BATTLE MOUNTAIN, NEVADA

'Arturo' may well have been a miner, a promoter, or a beauty expert, for he came to the Academy with muck on his boots, with a ready argument that Nevada is the greatest state in the Union, and with a claim staked on the girl chosen by Earl Carroll as Queen of the University of Nevada. Having completed three years there himself, 'Kinney' easily found time to keep his academic marks near the top, write letter after letter to his beautiful queen, participate in various sports, and handle the many responsibilities of a company representative and striper.



John Taylor Stark Kearns

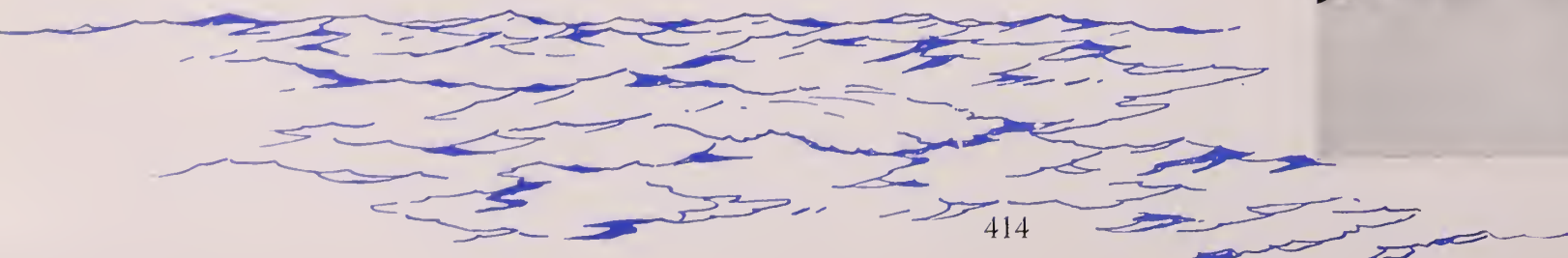
CULPEPPER, VIRGINIA

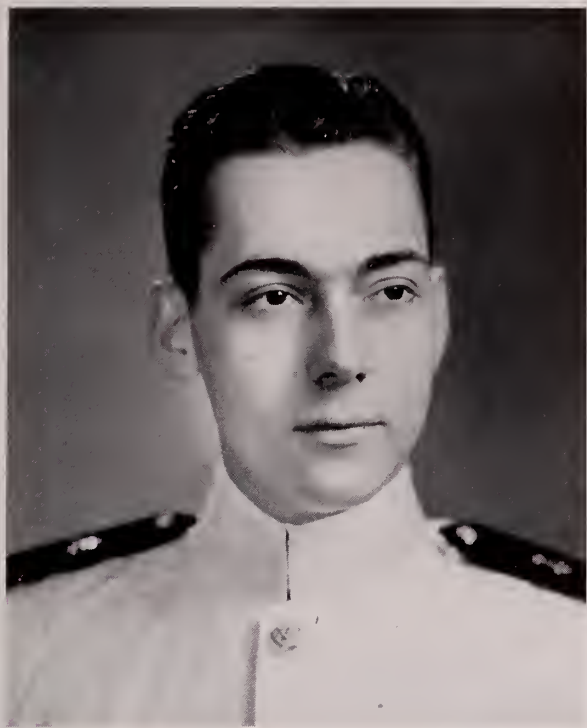
"Whatever it is, I'm against it!" described his policy in passing on matters of daily discussion. Never claiming to be a quiet, retiring lad, he pulled his wives through the academic perils by interpreting the difficult parts of the subjects for them. The plebes all knew him from either spooning or running. Of if any plebe wanted a difficult answer, Jackson was the man to run to. Girls couldn't draw this Red Mike from his sack, except for limited quiet week-ends. Hops held no charm; far better the early show followed by quick taps.

Robert Drake Kephart

PORTLAND, OREGON

"We need a fourth chair for bridge; using yours?" Yes, we all remember "Kep's" indefatigable love for this indoor sport. Bob liked to think of himself as an indoor athlete, but he found himself right at home carrying the ball for the battalion football team or wielding the helm of one of the Academy's yawls. The week-ends were another phase of Academy life that the Romeo with the wavy brown hair definitely enjoyed. However, beneath his light and cheery manner, "Shorty" maintained a deep seriousness in his attitude toward his future Naval career.





Leslie Orrin Larson, Jr.

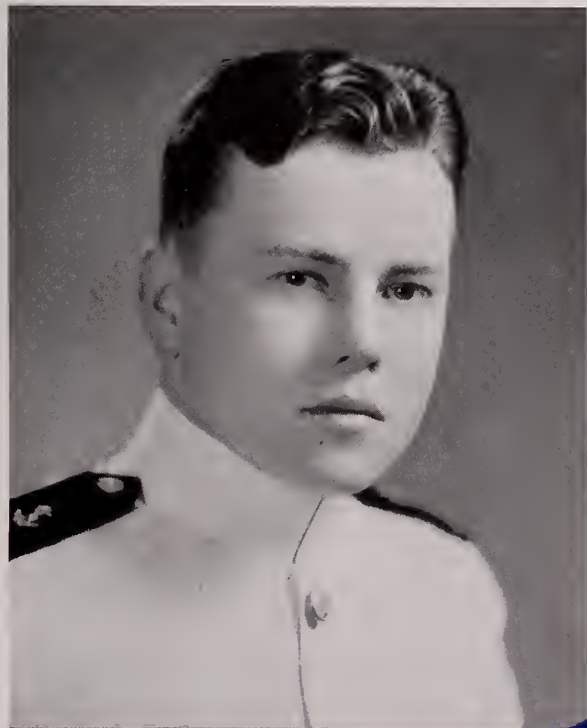
CORAL GABLES, FLORIDA

"Well, whatdayaknow, fella?" Larry was always ready to talk about any aspect of life, especially women. He spent his afternoons at the range with the pistol team, becoming varsity manager his last year. His quiet, scholarly manner won him a host of admirers, for he could always be counted upon to come up with the right answer. Larry always had some popular tune to hum when the routine became dull. His course through life's uncharted waters will be clear of rocks and shoals and his will always be a happy and efficient ship.

Ray Forrest Larson

WAYNE, NEBRASKA

When "Wings" shook loose the dust of the inland to carve himself a career in the Navy, he brought with him a backlog of 3 years of "Joe College" life and the stock of pleasantries that made him the best of shipmates. His extra-curricular life was devoted to being a big man about the tennis squad and being a fountain pen Lothario. His successes in both departments were generally conceded to be pretty hard to beat. However thick rolled the smoke of battle or bull session, "Lars" came through with Dago book in one hand and eye chart in the other.



Albert Max LaLande, Jr.

NAMPA, IDAHO

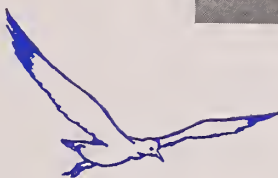
A spud from beyond the hills in Idaho with eyes and ears to the world and a gal, Georgia, on his mind. Twenty seconds past reveille, "Mother Al" had her chickens up with a snap and a dust rag. To waste a minute was to waste a lifetime, and with Al there was always another letter to write. Nor did he stop here. None of the vicious contrivances devised by the academic group could thwart Al's 3.4 gravy. When it comes to ergs, Al mustered up a few for Navy football, and can always put out more wherever he goes.



Larry



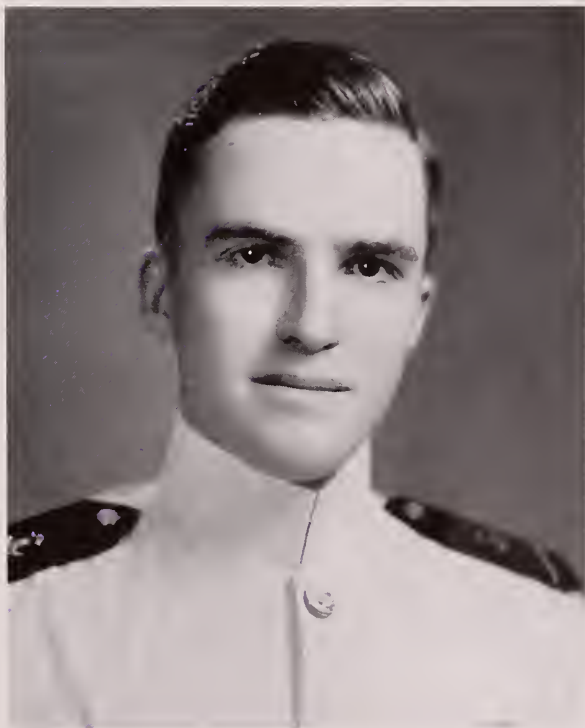
Al



Bob



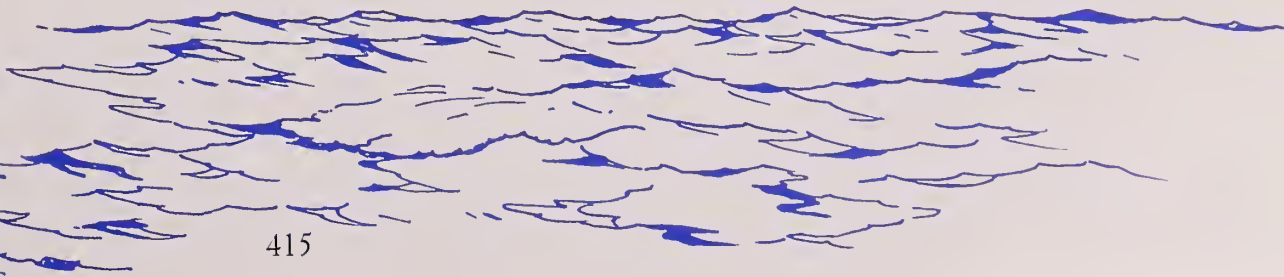
Lars



Robert Fillison Latham

LINTHICUM, MARYLAND

Even though his father was an Army major, Bob came to the Naval Academy through the Naval Reserve and was proud of it, in spite of being called a reserve by his classmates. Although from an old Virginia family, he was born in Florida, and lived in many states, including Maryland, Pennsylvania, Arkansas, and Texas. This vagabond had a difficult time answering the stock question, "Where you from, Mister?" His efforts on the field of sport were not for naught, as he has several numerals on his "B-robe" for plebe and J.V. soccer.



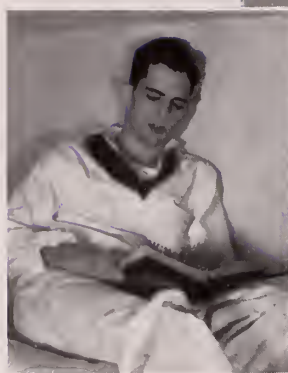
Alvin Leonard Lugn, Jr.

LINCOLN, NEBRASKA

Alvin liked best his time spent in dragging and thinking of Rae, his O.A.O., and in writing her long letters. He liked to read, favoring books on mathematics and physics. He was president of the Math Club and attended regularly the concerts of classical music and the meetings of the Spanish Club. Not much of an athlete, "Lugn" did win his numerals in fencing. He did well in academics here, as he did for two years at the University of Nebraska. Alvin's greatest ambition is to become an ambassador, a position for which he would be well suited.



Fibber



Lugn



Mac



John Holmes McCalla

NEWNAN, GEORGIA

"Covers Dixie like the Dew" - that is the slogan of the *Atlanta Journal*, which was Mac's antidote for blue and gold injections and bites of the system. Normally a quiet, easy-going son of the deep South, Mac's Rebel blood was readily brought to a boil by strains of "Marching Through Georgia." Neither a hep-cat nor a long-hair, Mac loved good music and reached the peak of his Academy social rates with the receipt of his radio. His good nature and broad smile gained him many friends, while his loyalty and ever up-turned thumb made him a swell wife.



Darryl Gene Magee

YUMA, COLORADO

By the ratey angle of his hat plebe summer it was not hard to tell that "Fibber" was an old salt. His duty aboard the "Dale" and sea stories about her made "Squeeze" Johnson immortal, and his nickname well-founded. Though not lazy, Darryl was not one to fail to recognize the virtues of his sack. In academics "Muggsy" was a natural. Never devoting an erg more than necessary, he was always able to say "Yo tengo mio, y Vd." A keen sense of humor coupled with natural ability in all fields will keep "Fibber" in front.

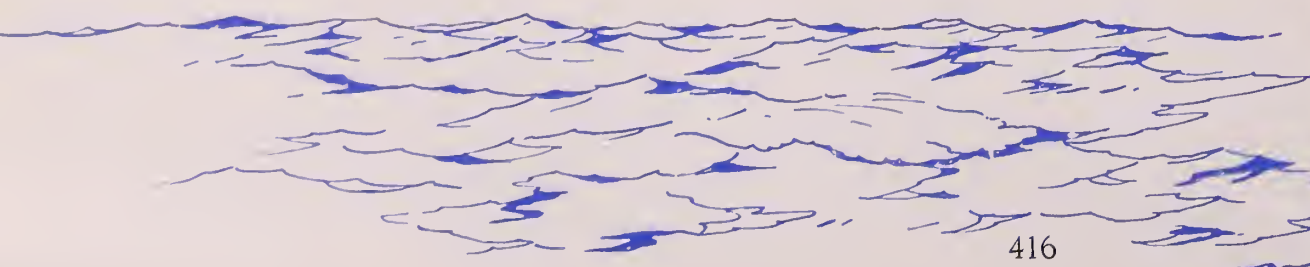
Luther Whit Maples, Jr.

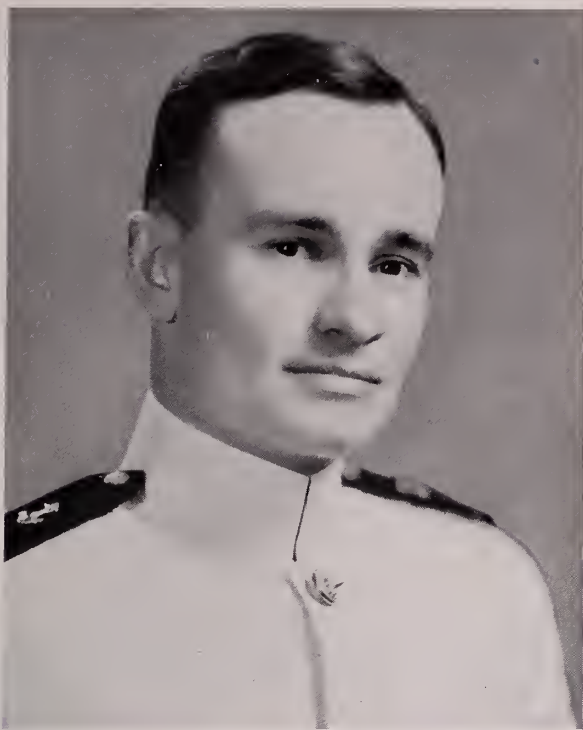
GULFPORT, MISSISSIPPI

Luke's love for the sea was a long, lasting one, owing its origin to the waters of the Gulf of Mexico on which he spent many pleasant hours sailing and fishing. Blond and easy-going, "Mapes" was a true Southern gentleman, and always insisted that the Yankees won only after the South's supply of corn stalks ran out. Although he did very well in the technical subjects, Luke's favorites were Bull and Dago, but usually they were assigned the low multiples. Luke preferred the Gulf Coast in all respects and insisted the Academy should be in Gulfport.



Luke





Charles Gray King Memory

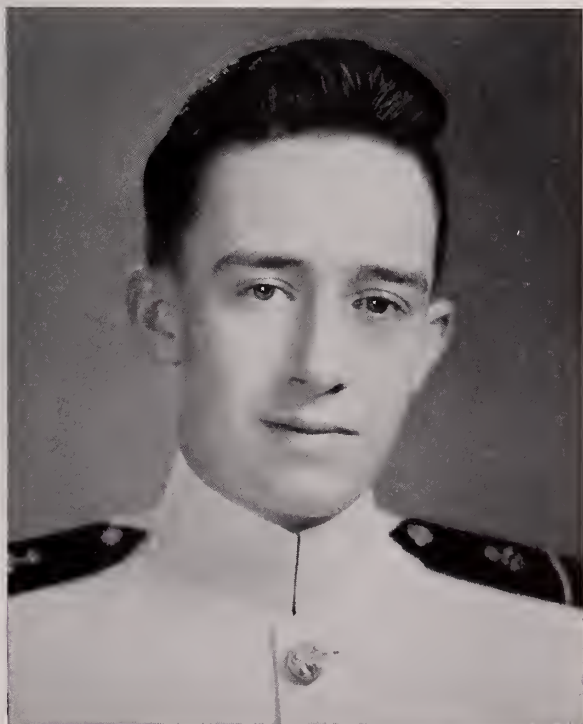
BLACKSHEAR, GEORGIA

King came to the Academy after four years of engineering at Alabama Polytechnic Institute; however, he had to keep plugging to stay ahead of the Academic Departments. He became known to us as "The Ancient One," since he was three or four years older than his classmates. Here was a Rebel from the swamps of South Georgia who did not believe Sherman ever marched through Georgia. He was definitely not out of place in a boxing ring or on a tennis court. Quiet, unassuming, and always friendly, King was a swell "Memory."

John James Metschl

BUFFALO, NEW YORK

Hidden Irish in Jack asserted itself when he became thoroughly aroused; however, he was usually easy-going and congenial. Although a promising track man during plebe year, "J. J." later devoted his time to dragging, sailing, and the Movie Gang. Academics never bothered him, and for one who had a reputation as a slash, he spent many hours on his sack. Few men complained more about dragging a la Annapolis; nevertheless every hop found him present. Jack's foremost ambition will be realized when he can set foot upon one of Uncle Sam's new CL's.



Arnold Kinzie McClay

COKATO, MINNESOTA

Three years in the Fleet tempered Mac's good humor and rounded off his ability to tell sea stories. Cranking in spots and working fire control probs on the Nashville helped him star in Ordnance, which more than compensated for his being a Dago bucket. His greatest inspiration came from that brunette in Minnesota, whose letter could be found on his desk every morning. His size and build had him slated for a berth on the varsity football squad, but his athletic career was nipped in the bud by a knee injury received plebe year. Mac's second love is cruisers of course.



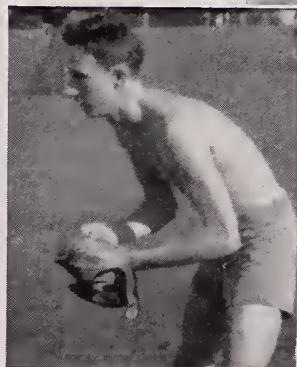
King



Mac II



Metz



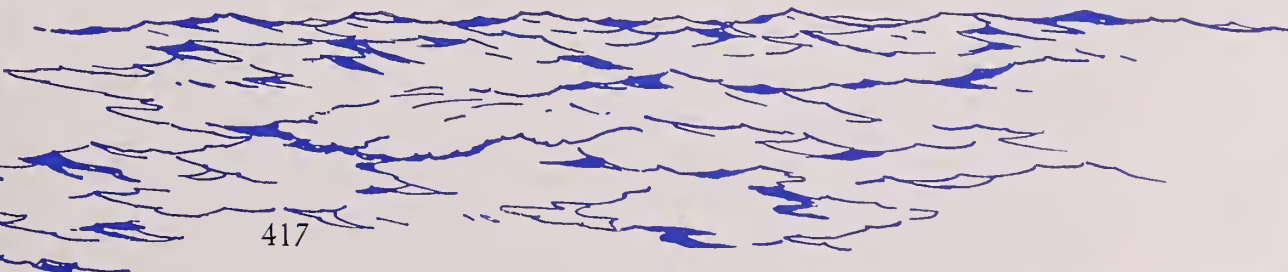
Metch



Richard Lenhart Metzler

WASHINGTON, D.C.

Food, sleep, and a certain Miss Kind constituted the three prime requisites of "Metz's" existence. It would be unfair to say that these requisites rank in order of appearance; but to see "Big Metz" put away the chow and then sink into oblivion on his sack was really a sight. Never a favored son of the academic group, he always managed to scrape up the necessary gravy when the chips were down. Football, crew, and lacrosse took up the majority of his afternoons—rugged sports for a rugged guy! To know him is to like him—he grows on you.



Harry Muschenheim, Jr.

PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

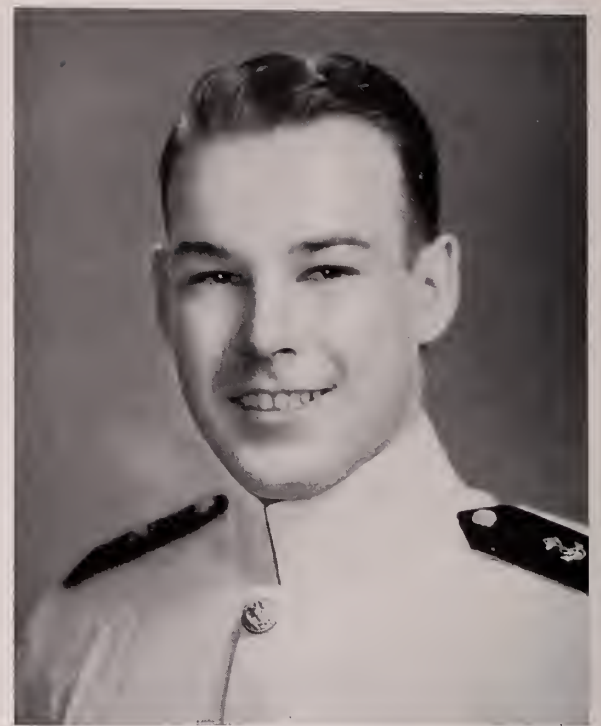
Out of the "City of Brotherly Love" came a smiling giant—"Da Hair," as he was affectionately called. He hurdled academics and pulled an oar, both with mighty gusto. Undoubtedly his wealth of energy was supplied by his unerring sense of chow—*youngster, plebe, no matter, he went straight to his goal. Well, the years with Harry are not to be forgotten, for who can forget such a wife—"the body beautiful." Whether it's commander or commando in the years to come, we know that he'll be in there pitching for home and country.*



Obie



Mush



William Richard O'Brien

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA

When the melodious strains of the latest ballad resounded throughout the deck, if it wasn't Bing, it was probably "Obie." The worse gripe always seemed a bit easier to bear after this stout West Virginian had aired it with his Irish sense of humor. A rough battalion football game on a Sunday afternoon, or a few sets of tennis on a spring day were Bill's meat. A few minutes with a letter from home, a good bull session, and a leisurely hour with his favorite radio mystery were the things that Bill looked forward to with great enjoyment.



Chic



Woody

Robert Eugene Parker

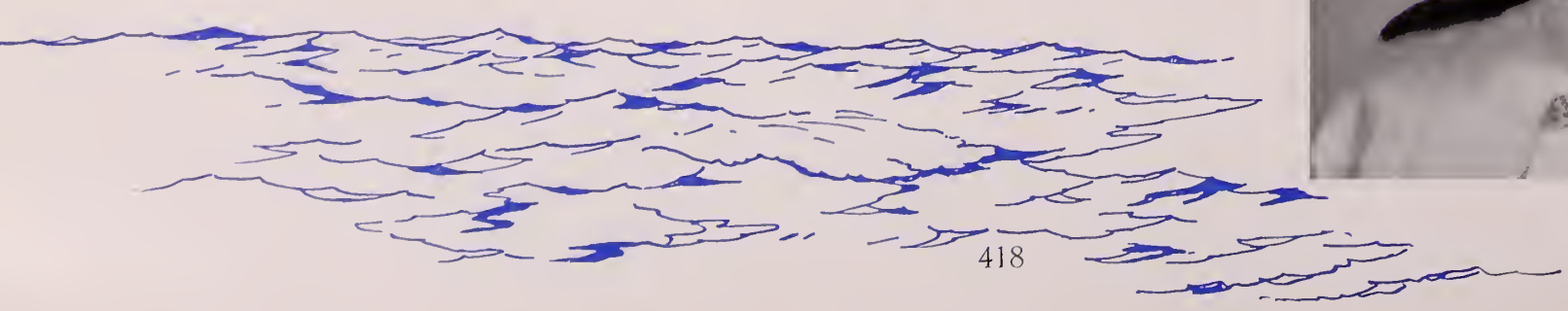
MARION, INDIANA

Versatility was the motto of this ex-boilermaker from Purdue University. Slipstick maneuvers, dragging, or soccer—Woody took them all in stride. He passed many of his recreational hours working with the Sound Unit or employing his talents as a typist and artist for the LUCKY BAC and Log. Sailing on the yawls and dragging were Bob's favorite pastimes. During youngster year he escorted a different girl to every hop. This precedent, together with his congenial personality and capacity for work, should serve him well in the Fleet.

Robert Merlin Pickrell

CHICKASHA, OKLAHOMA

Bob Pickrell left home to cover the dust of Chickasha, Oklahoma, with a thick coat of salt, but "Chic" will always have that personality and good nature that gained him a host of lifelong friends in the Fleet, at prep school, and here with us. Any wardroom in the Fleet will be proud to receive this lively conversationalist and devoted companion. The Fleet, also, will recognize his consistent hard work, and most of all, will recognize a man who has a keen interest in all things—women, home, academics, and the sea.





Sherrill Slade Rathbun, Jr.

ROCKVILLE CENTER, NEW YORK

The cry of "How'd you do the third prob?" daily interrupted Slade's artistic attempts and study-hour siestas. Untroubled by the usual perplexities of Academy life, Slade had difficulties in convincing Dago profs that his dreamy eyes, which earned him the name of "Sorrowful," belied his mental alertness. Slade found time enough from his many activities for a bit of football, basketball, and tennis, and a bull session was incomplete without him. He will be best remembered, however, for his masterful sketches and cartoons to which he devoted much of his spare time.

Henry Schultz

FLORA, ILLINOIS

The memory of a year at Carnegie Tech challenged "Hank" to leave the U.S.S. Maryland to attend the Navy Prep School and then the Academy. Each additional year with MIT subjects accentuated his doggedness because he was a real plugger. Fear of high blood pressure made "Hank" shy away from strenuous sports. His last year at the Academy he discovered his true love in star boat sailing. It took Hank two years to realize that too much study is detrimental, and dragging is more fun.



Richard Levan Rahn

ALLENTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

If you could get the Versailles Treaty from log tables, or conjugate verbs on slipsticks, Dick would be the happiest midshipman ever to leave "The Club." Still, Bull and Dago profs couldn't dull his subtle Pennsylvania wit, nor did third leaves and mid-watches cause Mrs. R's son to lose any of his happy-go-lucky spirit—due, no doubt, to a certain Allentown gal. There'll only be one Edison, but if you were ever down Annapolis way and heard tell of weird devices in the fourth battlion, you could bet your last Willkie button that Dick knew why.



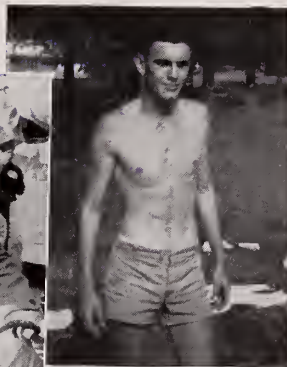
Slade



Dick



Reb



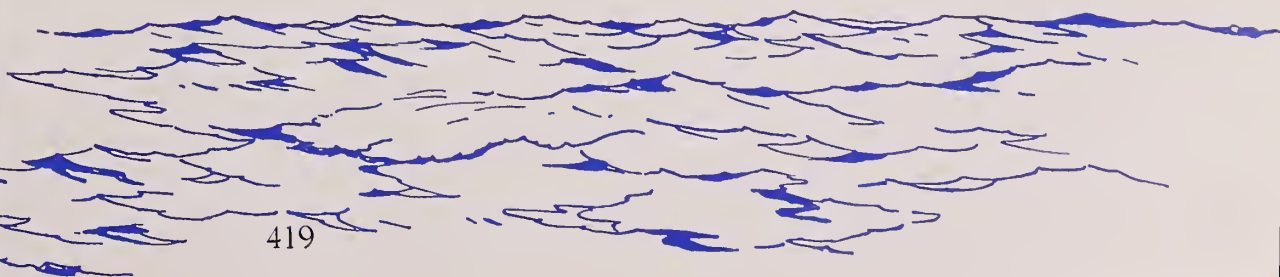
Hank



Franklin Smith, Jr.

GREENVILLE, SOUTH CAROLINA

"Reb" was one of those well-known Southern gentlemen. His impressive appearance, easy-going manner, soft-spoken word, and fine sense of humor gained for him an enviable number of firm friendships among his classmates. Although not the football player type, "Reb" was an excellent golfer and enjoyed a good game of tennis. In addition, he could always be counted upon as a fourth for a bridge game, or as a crew member for a week-end yawl or ketch trip. However, "Smitty's" one eternal stumbling block was his "femme situation," and he drained many an ink bottle trying to un-noose himself.



Marshall Terrell Steves

SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS

"Stevie Boy," a former 2nd lieutenant in the Army with three years at Washington and Lee behind him, took over plebe summer as company commander. "Punkie" went on to earn his letters in varsity football and wrestling at the expense of an oft-broken nose. The "Large One" always managed to drag, although he could be counted on not to have a room or a drag until the day before the week-end. "Marsh" always said, "It is not what you know, but whom you know." However, he will never have to rely on whom he knows.



John



Stevie Boy



John Wallace Vele

LARCHMONT, NEW YORK

John's inclinations toward nautical life originated on Long Island Sound, where he developed his knowledge of yachting. At Randle's Prep and Admiral Farragut his pre-Academy education was completed. John's love of good books, music, and his accordion concerts were well known. Willing to spend hours in bull sessions, his sense of humor and practical outlook were popular with the company. John's greatest trial was the constant mispronunciation of his name. However, he endured the three years of trials and earned a "well done" on his performance as classmate and student.



Nemo



Warpeth

Martin Chesterfield Warmath

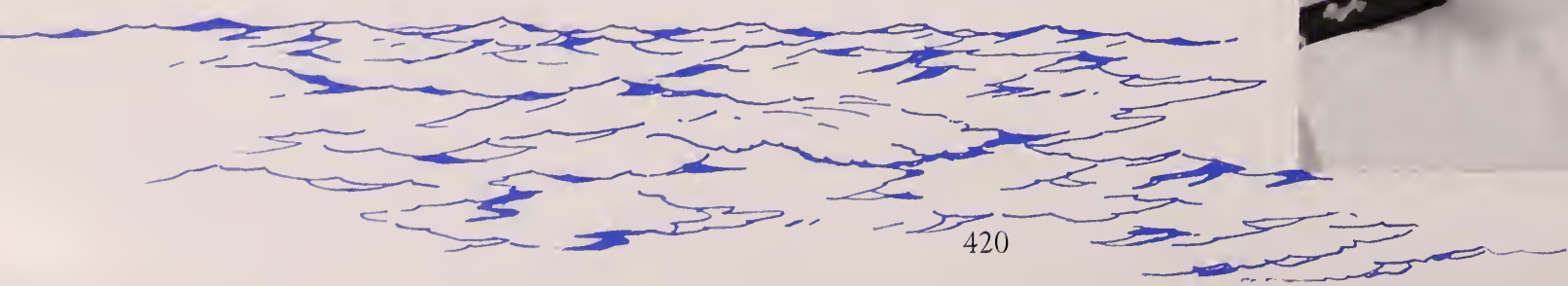
DALLAS, TEXAS

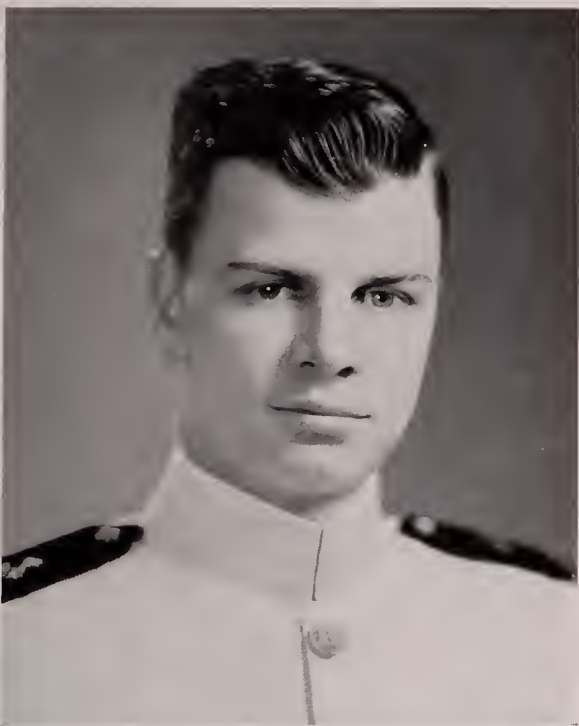
On almost any afternoon during the fall or winter, "Warpeth" could be found "pen-pushing" with the other members of the fencing squad over in the gym. In the spring and summer, however, his fancy lightly turned to thoughts of relaxation, and he became a staunch supporter of the Radiator Squad. Even then, there was something fascinating in a sail on the Severn or a blind drag, and it was seldom difficult to persuade him to indulge in either. The Fleet should find this easy-going Texan adaptable to any job to which he is assigned.

Robert Walter Wesson

BRONXVILLE, NEW YORK

The best always comes in small packages. So it was with "Nemo" Wesson. "Nemo" ran cross-country and track during his plebe year. Youngster and first class years saw him trying his luck at lacrosse. However, the greatest honors came to "Nemo" when he managed Navy's famous cross-country team. "Nemo" was noted for his ability to raise the dead with his praise of New York and all "Yankee Land." Many were the times that the fourth deck echoed with his vigorous outbursts, and few were the men who could out-yell or out-argue this little man from New York.





Erwin Paul Young, Jr.

HOPE, ARKANSAS

"Where there's life there's Hope," not Bob Hope, but Hope, Arkansas, the home of the world's largest watermelons and E. P. Young. In July of '42, the "life" left Hope to come to the Academy and assume command of the Confederate Forces of the Chesapeake (Comconforches). E. P.'s greatest moment came when he made his youngster cruise on the unforgettable "Arkansas." "Rebel" was very friendly except after the mention of Bob Burns or "Mr. Speaker." His spirit backed by excellent vocal cords and a love for talking won him many friends even north of the Mason-Dixon line.



E. P.



AND SOME THERE BE, *gone but not forgotten*

For various reasons, varying from academic deficiency to physical disability, they left our class before the end of the course. Some are in later classes, others have entered different branches of the service. However, wherever they are, those of us who knew them will always think of them as members of '46.

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Adams, Robert Morgan
Ahrens Dorf, LeRoy William
Aicklen, William Joseph, Jr.
Altz, Leroy Vernon, Jr.
Amelang, Robert Lee
Anderson, Roy Theodore
Andrews, Warren Frederick
Armstrong, William Floyd, Jr.
Bagby, Edward Booker, Jr.
Bagley, Worth Harrington
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Baskin, James Dollar, Jr.
Beam, Charles Alexander, Jr.
Blackwood, Roy Robert
Booth, Merson
Bowman, David Wright
Bowman, Robert Burke
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Brown, Kenneth Calhoun
Bryan, George H., Jr.
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Burke, Aubrey Graham
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Doscher, Charles Robert
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Glass, George Hodges
Godwin, Edward Reddin
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Grantham, Joe Powell, Jr.
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Hallin, David Basil

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Klein, Clifford John
Knauer, Paul Irvin, Jr.
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Land, Nathaniel Benjamin
Langston, William Dwight
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Lee, Francis Harrison, Jr.
Leet, James Oliver
Linehan, John Francis
Long, Carmi David
Lucas, John Richard
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Martin, William Hefley

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Sininger, Wendell Boyd
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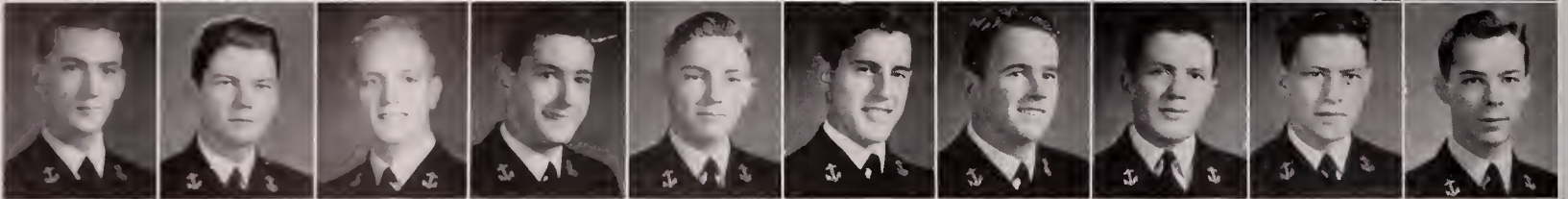
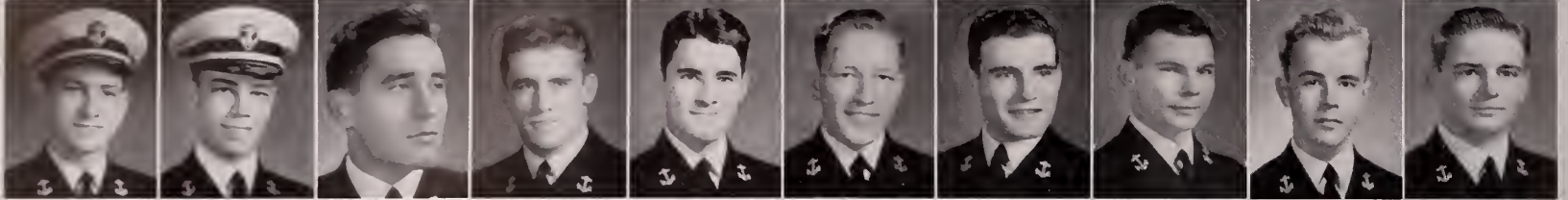
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*As naught may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service, the ship.*

*Now these are the Laws of the Navy
And many and mighty are they.
But the hull and the deck and the keel
And the truck of the law is---OBEY.*

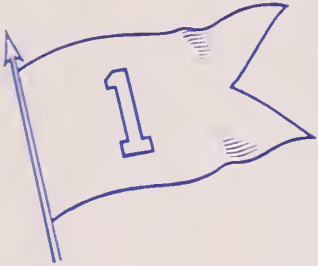


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1947

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 Second row: W. E. Knaebel, W. M. Lavelle, R. D. Lyon, K. B. Monypeny, K. E. Portz, E. F. Ryan, B. Sanchez, H. L. Stanley, D. L. Toohill, J. C. Turner
 Third row: W. P. Warliek, V. M. Wilson, B. J. Bandish, W. W. Barron, W. E. Blythe, J. W. Bowen, J. C. Bowes, J. R. Bridges, G. O. R. Brungot, W. R. Cobean
 Fourth row: J. G. Diekson, T. W. Frazier, J. W. Griffin, O. D. King, D. E. Menk, J. L. Prehn, S. S. Smith, A. G. Spahr, R. C. Wells, R. W. Wise



Bottom row: R. B. Harris, F. C. Knoek, G. T. Balzer, W. M. Morrison, A. L. Jansen, F. W. Bacon, E. W. Mulligan, R. H. Sprinee, W. G. Wepfer, E. F. McLaughlin, R. A. Hemmes, S. N. Rosenblum, J. A. Johnson
 Second row: C. C. Carter, G. F. Wright, E. M. Rhett, R. S. Wise, S. M. Williams, H. B. Sturtevant, B. J. Loftsgaarden, B. D. Hoffmann, J. B. Hughes, R. J. Salomon, R. M. Fluss, J. T. Becker
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 Fourth row: J. P. Kelley, D. W. Whelan, R. D. Loehner, F. P. Heffelfinger, H. T. Settle, P. C. Keenan, C. C. Villareal, W. H. Keen, E. F. Ward, J. I. Gibson
 Fifth row: W. G. Ikard, J. A. Hartman, S. H. McLean, F. C. Fogarty, R. N. Smith, P. N. Sherrill, J. S. Pittman, W. D. Crawford

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Top row: J. M. Balfe, R. J. Beaubien, R. G. Beck, G. R. Bowling, R. Brooke, G. I. Campbell, W. C. Curran, H. L. Curry, R. J. Edwards, S. S. Ellis, J. W. Eury
 Second row: V. A. Forlenza, T. E. Fortson, O. Greene, J. M. Hill, W. L. Hindman, D. L. Hollis, K. R. Kiddoo, A. L. LeBreton, E. P. McCurley, E. B. Meyer, J. L. Morrison
 Third row: J. A. Ouska, D. G. Rogers, R. E. Schenk, C. H. Schnorr, W. D. Sloan, J. F. Tangney, R. M. Tucker, T. F. Watts, E. L. Coen, W. M. Georgen, W. J. Grant
 Fourth row: J. F. Hall, F. D. McMullen, I. W. Metzger, W. D. Murphy, J. H. Nicholson, F. J. Smith, W. S. Smith, D. R. Toll, J. L. Williams, T. C. Williams

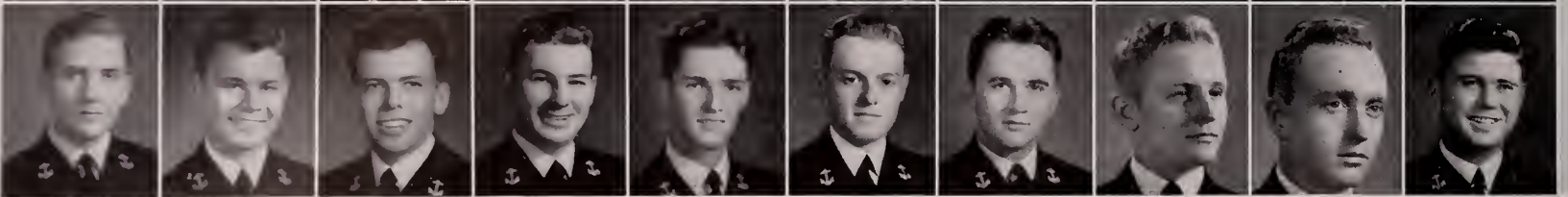
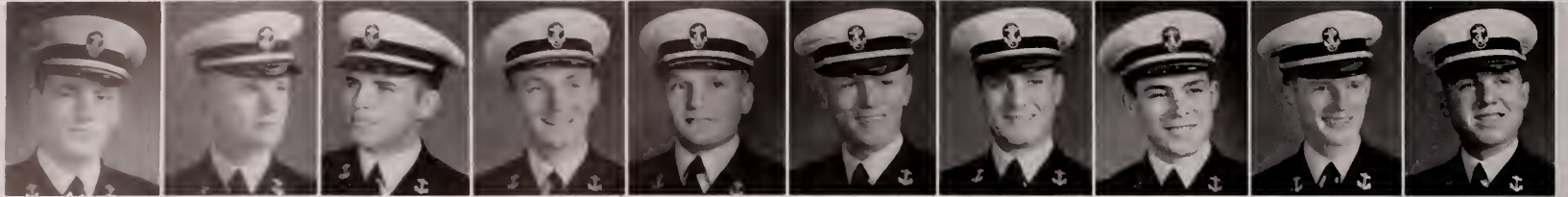
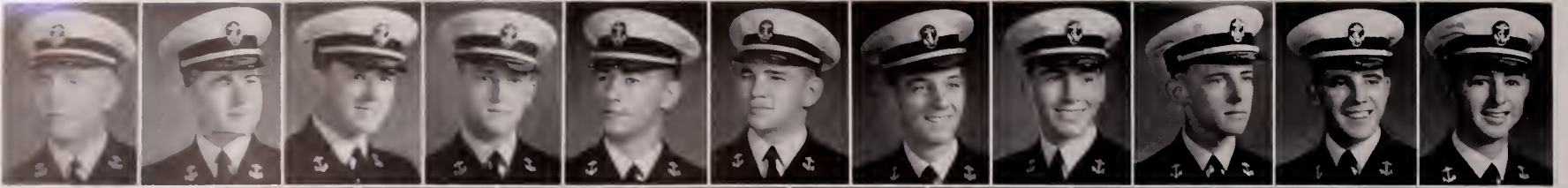
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Bottom row: N. J. Corriveau, J. D. McNeil, S. L. Hirsch, G. A. Savage, R. J. Clas, T. F. Murphy, E. S. Levy, A. G. Wellons, P. F. Thomas, D. U. Rakestraw, K. R. Thiele, J. S. Brunson, R. G. Smith
 Second row: B. T. Sansom, J. C. Haynes, C. R. Miko, K. Kelty, G. A. Leighton, R. K. Bramwell, T. J. Hull, A. S. Garner, J. P. Rogers, C. F. Rauch, R. M. Ryder, C. H. Brown
 Third row: P. J. Sullivan, S. D. Moore, A. L. Loeffler, J. M. Montgomery, J. R. Duquette, A. G. Knisely, S. H. Wilson, S. T. Smith, D. D. Montgomery, H. R. Humphrey, R. L. Sonne
 Fourth row: L. A. O'Leary, R. W. Vasquez, W. C. Olin, T. H. Nugent, J. W. James, R. D. Darragh, J. Gewin, R. O. Wheeler, R. R. Carson, W. C. Holton
 Fifth row: W. F. Sallada, P. F. Able, T. Woods, W. S. M. Arnold, C. H. Ogilvie, R. W. Holding, J. H. Wray, J. E. Wilkie, T. W. Routledge

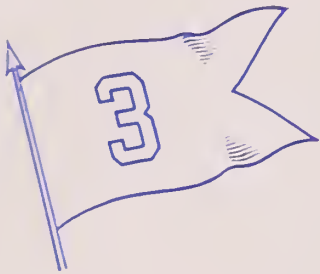
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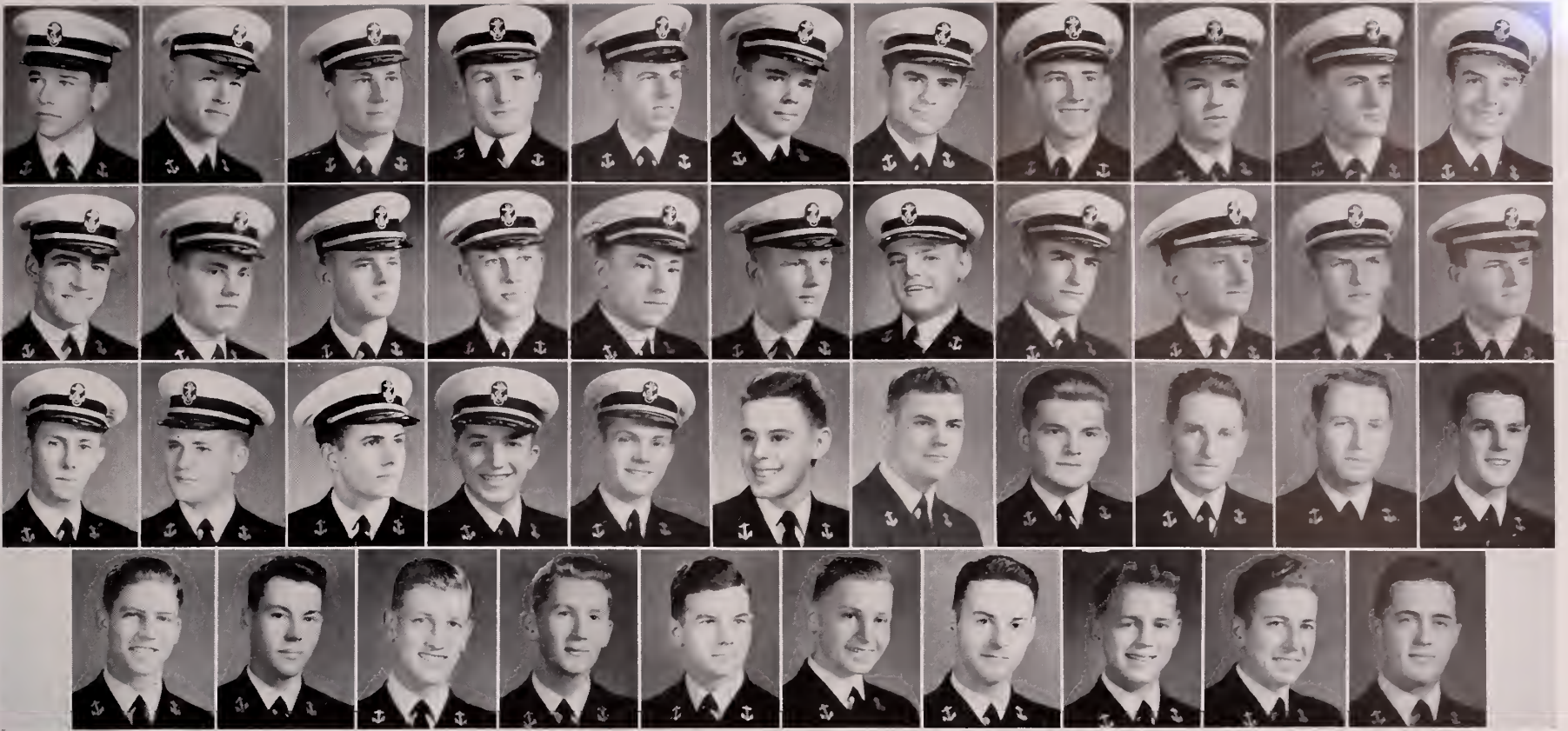
Top row: J. F. Ayers, H. R. Bivin, M. B. Brown, J. W. Brummer, M. G. Coerper, C. W. Cummings, D. B. Deatherage, C. O. Glisson, W. T. G. Granat, W. R. Hartman, W. G. Hearn
Second row: P. N. Hewett, A. J. Hodder, G. W. Hosking, J. E. Illingworth, C. A. Kiser, R. E. Lcc, G. E. McPadden, M. Q. Muncie, K. A. Murray, J. J. Nuss
Third row: E. B. Robbins, R. D. Schneider, L. A. Sncad, R. J. Sowell, P. C. Spoolstra, J. C. Thompson, R. F. Wenke, H. A. Williams, L. R. Young, C. D. Alberts
Fourth row: E. Boucher, A. L. Child, W. L. Donaldson, C. A. Hertel, J. A. Horst, D. R. Jcx, F. J. Marsden, A. D. Napior, J. E. Pline, F. A. Thurtell



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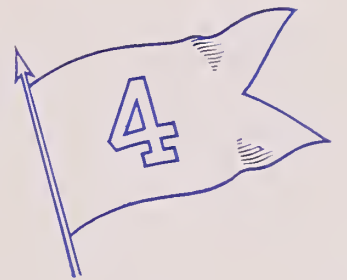
Bottom row: G. M. Hogg, J. E. Jarvis, W. C. Newell, R. I. Conn, G. A. Herbert, W. P. Riggins, H. A. Hoffmann, C. A. Fowler, O. L. Norman, H. P. Dcley, R. P. Gercty, F. W. Erickson, B. B. Siebert
Second row: B. V. Damberg, C. Mertz, J. J. Vermilya, F. H. Baughman, J. W. Porter, J. E. Larson, H. F. Smith, G. H. Weyrauch, R. G. Herron, C. P. McCallum, J. M. R. Castano, J. E. VanEpp
Third row: T. J. Wills, D. C. Douglas, L. T. Urbanczyk, J. F. Ward, R. H. Christian, J. R. Silvey, W. L. Zedaker, W. C. Klemm, R. E. Vol-lertsen, G. A. Nicholas, R. C. Anderson, R. A. Chapman, K. E. Wilson
Fourth row: J. H. Brennan, J. D. Woods, D. C. Carruth, G. L. Little, H. P. Benton, R. C. Allen, J. R. Lastova, G. W. Riggs, J. L. Chelgren, D. S. Applc, R. E. Pyle, J. E. Vinscl





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Second row: W. E. Forsthoff, W. H. Foy, R. S. Giles, D. D. Grantham, J. M. Gronfein, R. B. Hadden, W. D. Hall, T. L. Hartigan, A. C. Holland, R. B. Houghton, C. B. Huggins
Third row: T. R. Jostc, D. J. Murphy, R. C. Peniston, S. A. Pillar, R. S. Smith, A. H. F. Barlow, J. C. Coppedge, N. T. Dietrich, J. H. Doyle, E. R. Lippman, B. Martin
Fourth row: J. R. Morriss, R. E. Odgers, C. J. Ostertag, W. S. Peterson, C. R. Rockwood, J. D. Rumble, S. J. Schiller, L. G. Stafford, J. A. Strickland, R. G. Topp

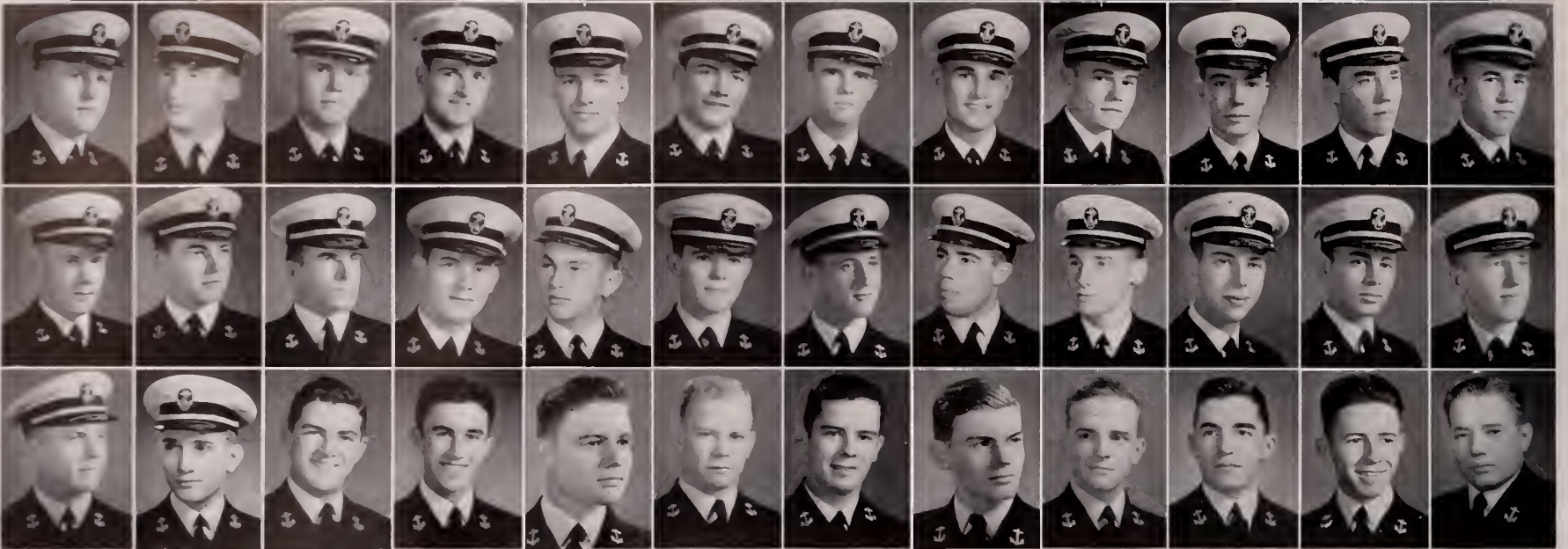
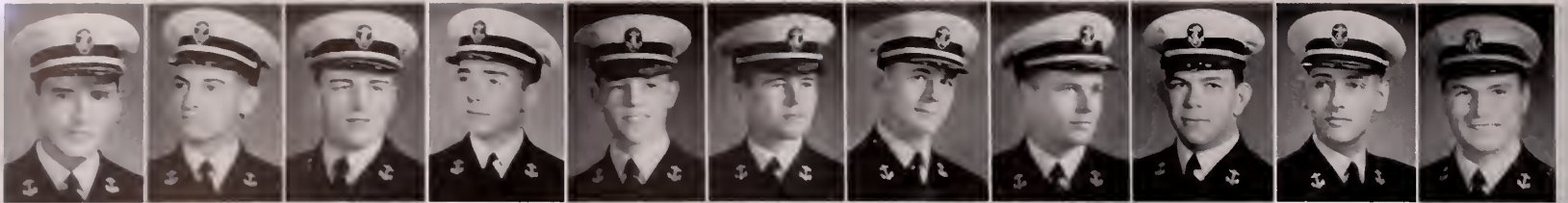
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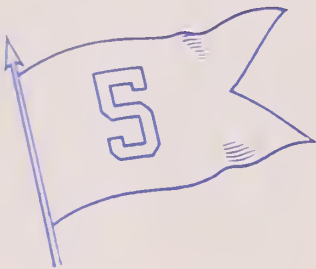
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Second row: J. E. Rasmussen, R. H. Emmich, R. G. Ricker, W. E. Clark, W. H. Ortland, F. H. Bolger, B. J. Rab, C. H. Bloom, D. H. Corson, E. S. Armstrong, D. P. Harvey, R. B. Durning
Third row: B. G. Riddell, C. R. Braley, P. L. Collins, K. M. Robbins, C. P. Ekas, A. K. Blough, W. L. McClure, C. S. B. Edmondson, R. A. Schultz, R. B. Rubenstein, T. M. Welsh, E. F. Resch
Fourth row: C. P. Smith, J. C. Grunig, R. Bartmes, G. W. Phelps, E. A. Dcwey, R. A. Hoffman, B. G. Allen, H. B. Rardin, D. B. Hall, R. K. Russell, J. C. Allred, M. K. Morris, D. P. Buhner

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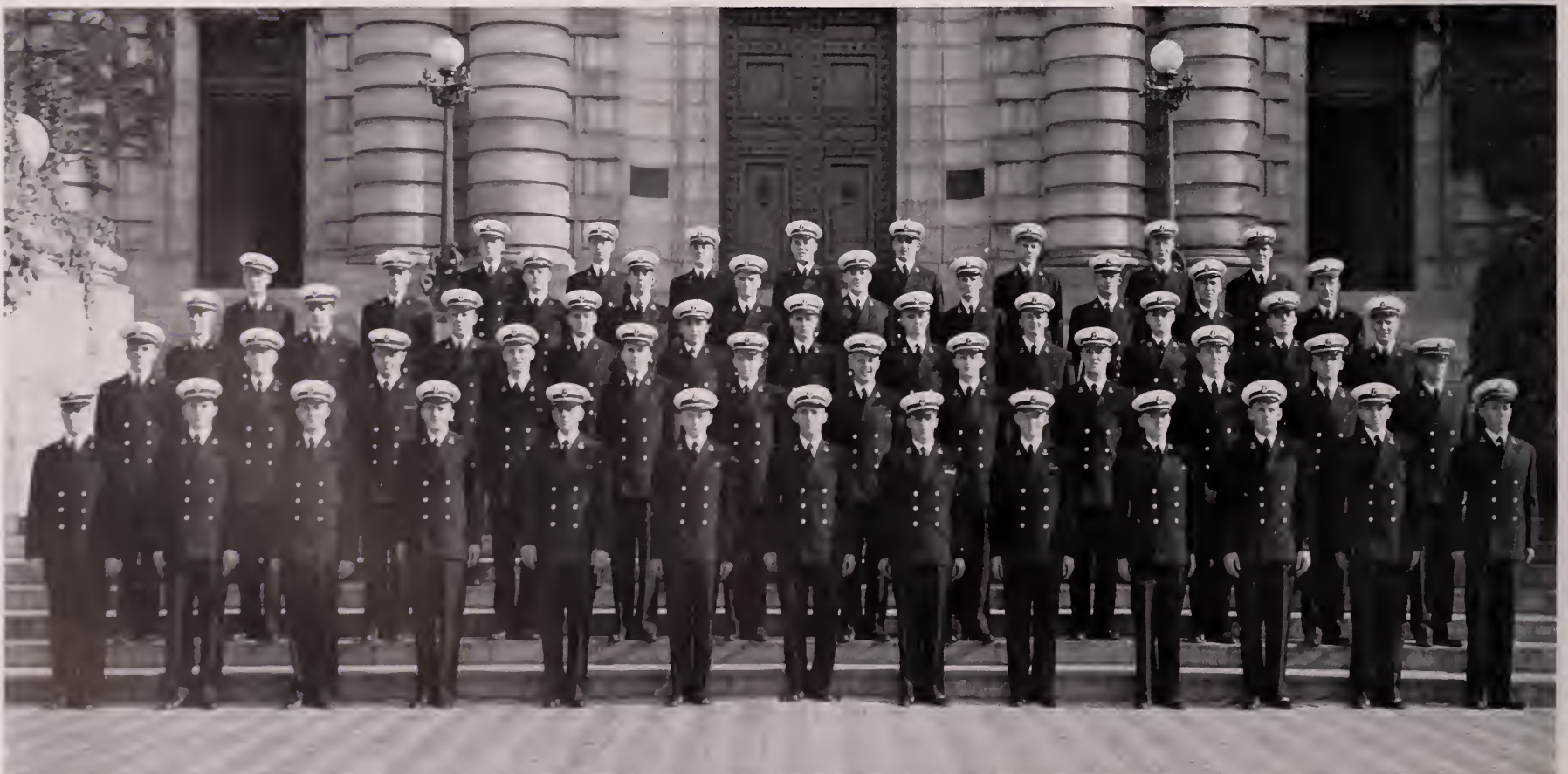
1947



Top row: F. M. Adams, D. L. Baily, J. H. Barry, M. J. Becker, W. P. Blair, T. J. Bowen, R. G. Brown, T. J. Burgoyne, J. D. Callaway, R. E. Chamberlain, K. S. Coc
Second row: R. A. Dadisman, W. O. Day, H. M. Delaney, W. S. Dodd, W. G. Ferris, J. W. Hannigan, R. R. Horner, O. J. Jacomini, R. C. Johnson, H. A. J. Joyce, F. V. Martin, D. W. McCormick
Third row: L. C. McGuire, M. M. McLeod, R. B. McNatt, J. L. Moss, D. S. Murray, T. J. O'Connell, F. T. Owen, R. J. Perrich, R. P. Piccirilli, K. P. Scars, J. C. Seijas, C. M. Shuey
Fourth row: F. G. Sorensen, T. R. Teply, R. M. Adams, A. G. Butler, J. N. Eagle, J. D. Gantt, F. A. Graham, T. E. Jackson, D. R. Mayer, C. B. Smith, K. R. Sutliff, J. P. Weary

1948

Bottom row: D. B. Hatmaker, J. J. A. Berggren, B. W. Bevin, J. R. Pesavento, M. S. Hutchison, J. P. Gaffigan, E. F. Lattarulo, A. G. Opitz, F. L. Bowersox, J. E. Davenport, A. T. Roulston, J. R. Virts, M. L. Norton
Second row: K. Niland, P. D. Shutler, C. L. Scott, M. I. Macquarrie, R. E. Wilson, W. L. Spry, W. A. Speer, R. S. Nunnally, D. H. Hunt, J. C. Hufft, H. D. Adair, O. C. Paciulli
Third row: R. G. Blair, J. H. H. Carrington, H. N. Townsend, R. E. Totman, D. L. Kratzer, N. W. Smusyn, E. J. Sutter, K. O'Keefe, N. L. Duncan, P. H. Bowdre, J. D. Peterson
Fourth row: J. M. Stufflebeam, L. J. Boland, H. W. Jesse, N. W. George, H. A. Smith, T. E. Stone, W. A. Revis, F. O. Roland, C. R. Wick
Fifth row: A. L. Frahler, F. W. Denton, W. D. Harkins, W. E. Monaghan, J. L. Young, R. D. Waugh, J. M. Beggs, W. R. Muelder, F. J. Vichmann





Top row: W. J. Aicklen, R. T. Anderson, F. S. Averill, F. M. Bacon, F. G. Bouwman, E. G. Case, W. R. Dougherty, J. D. Evans, D. W. Everett, R. M. George, R. J. Grimsley
Second row: E. K. Hartzell, E. M. Hooper, R. S. Jones, J. D. LaHaye, J. E. Lenihan, D. W. Nordberg, L. K. Pomeroy, V. D. Rose, L. H. Russell, E. R. Stacey, G. P. Talcott
Third row: J. W. Townes, R. P. Umbel, L. Welsh, D. D. Welt, R. B. Whitegiver, E. G. Wood, A. C. Carpenter, D. L. Gardner, D. E. Gilman, L. F. Johnson, F. L. Keith
Fourth row: D. C. Lutken, E. R. Meisel, P. G. Miller, B. J. Oliver, A. D. Robbins, J. H. Stone, E. N. Trickey, A. J. Updike, J. W. Weinstein, P. Zenner

1947



Bottom row: K. W. Lawson, R. I. Bornik, J. C. Tsiknas, H. I. Zankman, J. M. Hornbrook, C. H. Langton, W. D. Robertson, J. T. Hayes, J. L. Gracey, R. E. Nicholson, S. L. Kunin, W. P. Houk, P. P. Billingsley
Second row: A. J. Yates, N. Guletsky, O. S. Lowsley, W. H. Dearth, B. R. Bell, J. S. Kern, G. F. Kempen, J. R. Pickens, L. R. Howard, W. D. Chandler, B. Y. Brewster, V. V. Sharpe
Third row: J. H. Luce, J. J. Gasken, R. E. King, T. J. O'Connor, J. E. Deavenport, A. R. Schofield, J. F. White, J. W. Rabinowitz, W. F. Tarleton, R. Carlquist, J. C. Dyer
Fourth row: R. G. Buechler, N. W. Bullard, I. R. Williams, J. A. Ostiller, M. J. O'Frill, A. B. Knudtsen, R. J. Springe, H. K. Gates, P. B. Omelich, T. F. Killduff
Fifth row: J. E. Eilert, R. W. Dickieson, W. A. Kananui, R. E. Kosiba, R. W. Hill, F. T. Williams

1948





1947



Top row: D. F. Adams, J. L. Anderson, A. W. Avery, R. L. Bertram, H. J. Blaha, I. W. Blair, D. Chadwick, J. L. Collins, A. N. Davidson, E. L. Dcramee, S. J. Evans
Second row: W. G. Graham, W. E. Grimes, D. W. Haggerty, J. C. Hatch, E. H. Hemmer, T. Hughes, K. G. Lakey, A. E. LeFever, P. B. Maxson, T. O. McDonald
Third row: J. H. Melesky, L. A. Niedfeldt, C. E. C. Nimitz, R. E. Otto, J. H. Pownall, E. S. Roth, H. D. Ruppel, W. M. Russell, E. T. Travis, R. C. VanOsdol
Fourth row: W. H. Bagley, J. E. Ballard, G. M. Dent, W. B. Evans, G. G. E. Kirk, J. F. Marshall, W. L. McDonald, S. G. Murray, P. R. VanMeter, C. L. von Schrader

Bottom row: J. J. P. MacDonald, W. C. Albright, T. F. Nealon, M. A. Chiara, C. Lewis, L. L. Seaward, C. D. Summitt, J. F. Earley, E. L. Truax, R. E. Crispin, P. H. Freeman, C. H. Rockcastle, E. Frothingham
Second row: A. Rockman, L. S. Blomcyer, R. E. Munly, A. J. Haskell, H. Partridge, G. B. Beardall, E. B. Pickell, J. F. Mangold, W. E. Johnston, P. J. Early, E. F. Welch, R. I. Mather
Third row: G. W. Moore, W. Spangenberg, J. H. Curl, L. W. Mulbry, W. L. Shea, J. L. Jensen, R. W. O'Reilly, R. W. Hanby, R. W. Crouter, W. C. Brewer, R. W. Corkum
Fourth row: B. Kccncr, J. C. Shannon, D. E. Carlson, M. Menkes, R. H. Gormley, R. N. Hall, J. A. McCamont, R. L. Ghormley, J. A. Adams, J. L. Treecc
Fifth row: J. D. Waddell, M. M. Edwards, J. E. Kelly, J. W. Osmer, D. Wadsworth, V. H. Schaeffer, R. A. Rowan, T. A. Ross, K. H. Fleming

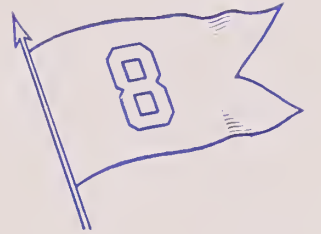
1948





Top row: A. E. Adams, M. Booth, R. C. Brady, A. M. Calisto, L. F. Carpenter, J. H. Chapman, J. B. Copenhaver, F. A. Deaton, J. P. Duckett, J. E. Earl, K. O. Ekelund
 Second row: J. R. Fisher, S. P. Gary, G. F. Hedrick, R. G. Hirsch, V. H. Jennings, B. Johnson, W. M. Johnson, C. T. Joy, I. W. Linder, P. D. Lowell
 Third row: J. E. Pope, L. T. Renz, G. D. Riley, J. B. Shelnutt, J. K. Stuhldreher, J. M. Sullivan, R. W. Thompson, J. B. VanVelzer, F. H. E. Vose, J. R. Wilson
 Fourth row: D. T. Cummins, R. P. Davis, J. L. DeLany, E. S. Fritz, L. C. Hofman, J. D. Langford, R. G. Layser, L. A. Marousek, D. Nowlin, W. L. Scurlock

1947



Bottom row: R. D. Rawlins, T. R. Tenczar, G. R. Dreher, E. J. Wessel, R. E. Errington, J. A. Fletcher, W. E. Shorr, A. L. Kasnow, E. H. Koester, A. G. VanMetre, J. W. McCord, J. C. Bowers, N. Osborn
 Second row: S. H. Kessler, R. H. Miller, C. E. Ransom, R. L. VanHorn, P. J. Goldman, E. M. Eyler, J. B. Jochum, J. L. Evergnan, E. W. Jaworski, R. W. Fenn, W. A. Feltovic, E. C. Moss
 Third row: G. R. Engel, B. L. Baker, D. Connoly, R. L. Black, F. H. Benton, J. S. Crosby, W. R. Ayres, H. Conover, W. S. Lewis, J. C. Henry, J. W. Hawthorne
 Fourth row: R. E. Behrends, G. R. Earnest, S. R. Hawe, E. A. Kimball, A. B. Moldstad, J. R. Bjorge, J. M. Gammon, E. W. Meyers, D. L. Hartshorne, H. E. Renacker
 Fifth row: B. S. Dowd, T. E. Murphree, P. K. Allen, L. Berberian, D. M. Harlan

1948





1947

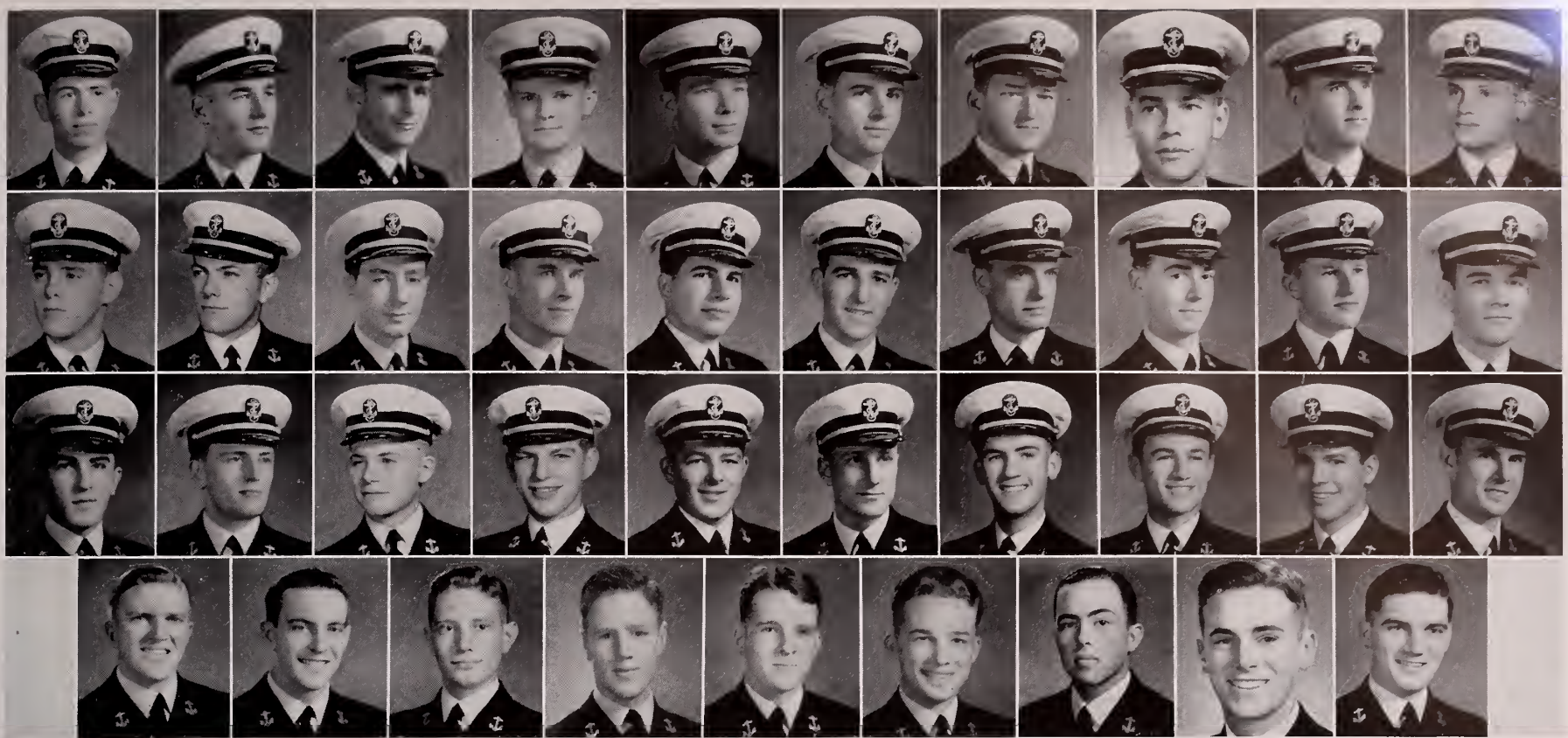


Top row: D. B. Adams, R. C. Atkinson, R. S. Bagnall, T. E. Cohen, R. F. Conway, R. E. Cummings, J. D. Davidson, R. E. Davis, C. Dew, V. M. Dupy, R. L. Gehring
Second row: P. F. Hunter, R. E. Lloyd, E. B. Longmuir, D. A. McCoskrie, J. E. Myrick, W. C. Rae, J. J. Raftery, H. B. Rathbone, W. F. W. Reeve, W. T. Sanders, L. F. Schemp
Third row: A. R. Schuknecht, J. P. Shelton, A. B. Sides, C. E. Slonim, S. Turner, K. H. Volk, E. P. Appert, T. F. Davis, P. H. H. Dunn, N. W. Gokey, L. H. Guertin, D. L. Hancock
Fourth row: F. T. House, R. B. Keating, E. H. Kiegh, P. Y. Matthews, J. H. Millington, L. F. Niehalson, J. B. Schafer, D. K. Skinner, J. B. Stagg, W. A. Teasley, L. A. Tepper, J. S. Urban

1948

Bottom row: K. L. Shugart, D. Holstein, A. E. Conord, L. J. Zelcznoek, L. Ulatowski, B. L. Daley, J. R. Schmoller, J. R. McMahon, G. E. Goodwin, D. B. McDowell, R. D. Ely, H. S. Kline
Second row: J. H. Gildard, B. H. Pester, W. M. Matthew, W. Grehanik, H. H. Wilson, H. L. Robiner, L. G. King, J. Evasovieh, P. N. Kyros, W. G. Brendle, L. F. Estes, J. Bunganieh
Third row: J. H. Fisher, J. A. Dunn, R. T. Stycer, W. J. McClain, G. W. Stone, F. A. Cuff, V. L. Grigal, F. S. Tiernan, F. M. Snyder, J. J. Sullivan, R. H. Dunn
Fourth row: R. T. Goodwin, G. W. Dittmann, A. F. Shimmel, R. W. Loomis, H. S. Harris, W. E. McDermut, D. R. Behrens, C. Gonia, J. V. Loueks, J. D. Costello
Fifth row: R. B. Moore, W. J. Donovan, W. J. McCabe, J. H. Clasgens, H. F. Skelly, R. V. Scott





Top row: L. Bilder, J. S. Brayton, S. W. Burgess, W. J. Callahan, R. H. Carnahan, J. W. Crane, J. B. Craven, A. S. Dowd, P. B. Fairman, D. D. Farshing
Second row: R. S. Gerth, E. R. Hill, R. P. Howard, T. J. Hudner, F. J. Korb, P. Kwart, E. J. McCormack, C. G. McPartland, M. P. Merner, H. D. Moore
Third row: E. J. Power, L. D. Reed, W. F. Regan, E. R. Rosenberg, J. E. Snyder, G. G. Strott, J. T. Tiernan, H. L. Warren, H. A. Weiss, H. L. Wilder
Fourth row: L. J. Curtin, J. P. Flanagan, J. S. Gardner, R. Gygax, J. W. Haizlip, J. W. Hill, T. R. Johnson, H. L. Reycroft, K. B. Webster

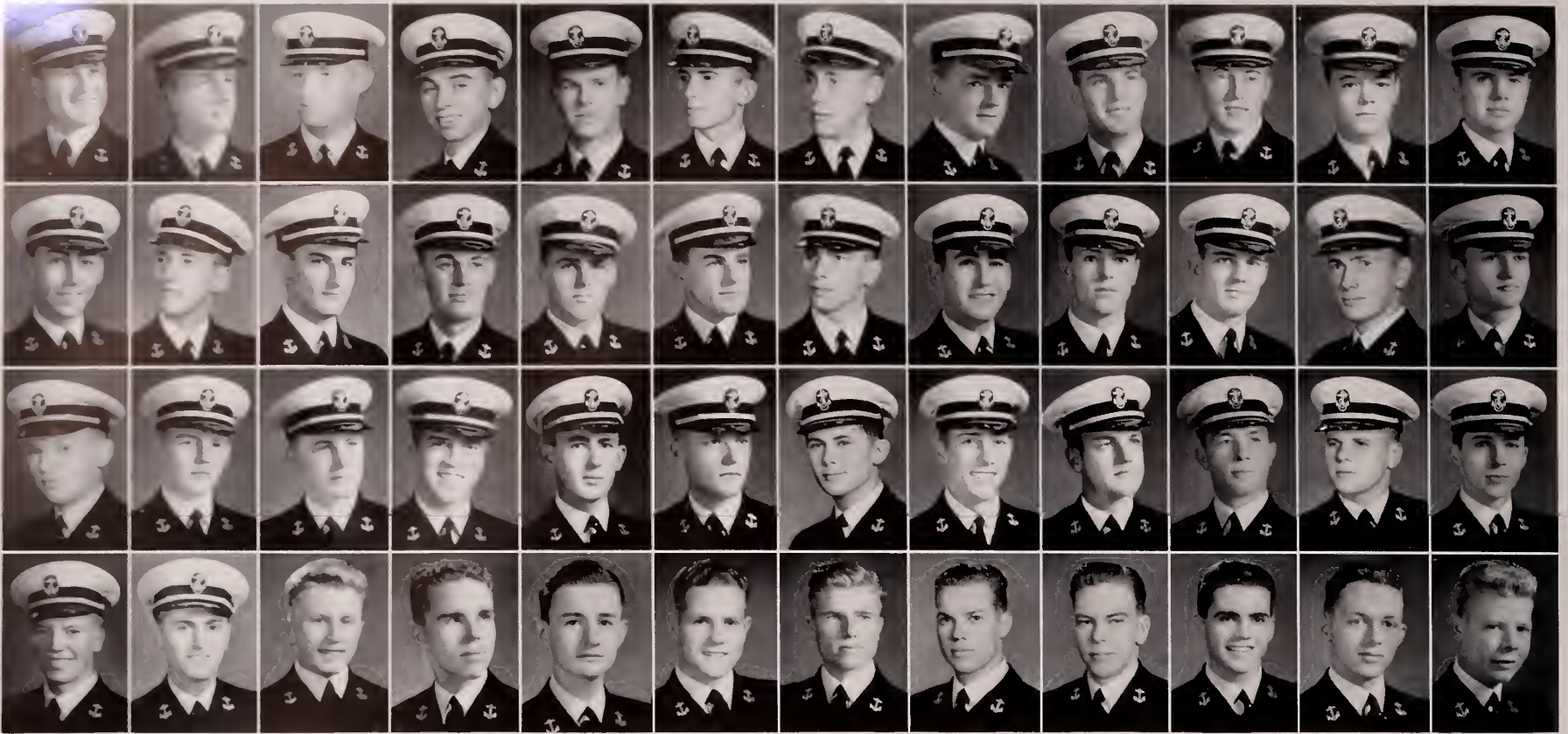
1947



Bottom row: N. J. Kapetan, G. H. Sullivan, N. L. Halladay, J. W. Fallom, W. N. Langone, H. B. Lipschutz, H. S. Holder, R. F. Jortberg, W. S. Clark, R. C. Doxey, F. G. Jansen, R. C. Connoly, F. X. Kuhn
Second row: R. Ferguson, D. S. Ross, R. T. Ambrogio, R. C. Carter, N. B. Mack, E. J. Noblet, E. Rudzis, T. B. Wilson, C. J. Shook, J. H. Bell, W. H. Walker, H. Gurman
Third row: R. F. Ennis, W. H. Jagoe, C. A. K. McDonald, S. Trusso, M. R. Grady, H. N. Kaye, N. V. Delling, B. E. Reams, G. Wilkes, D. M. Smith, R. E. Moran
Fourth row: R. M. Tatum, J. R. Hawvermale, H. P. Pendergrass, T. M. Gill, S. K. Moore, R. D. Zelov, E. M. Chapline, R. A. Carney, A. Augenblick, D. K. Bloomfield
Fifth row: D. M. Shake, D. L. Solum, W. H. Flynn, N. W. Bullington, L. D. Marsolais, C. J. Schneeman, D. W. Smith

1948





1947

Top row: G. B. Barnett, J. D. Baskin, F. R. Beane, F. B. Bromley, H. C. Burton, E. L. Cook, L. A. Davenport, W. C. Doe, H. L. Edwards, L. B. Flaherty, R. P. Fletcher, B. H. Grier
Second row: W. L. Hinkle, B. R. Hofer, J. N. Jameson, D. L. Kellog, G. A. Kern, W. S. Lagen, W. K. Lampman, O. J. Loper, J. G. McKie, P. R. McMurray, W. M. Oller, W. C. Powell
Third row: C. J. Renner, W. T. Sanders, E. A. Seoles, W. M. Simpich, L. B. Sisson, F. Sistok, B. E. Smith, R. S. Stegman, J. M. Stevens, R. S. Stone, T. E. Suttles, J. W. Walker
Fourth row: H. E. Whyte, M. J. Yamin, E. J. Ballje, P. F. Basilius, P. E. Beam, C. W. Causey, D. B. Hubbs, R. J. Laws, R. A. Marmet, R. H. McKinney, C. F. Pollock, R. W. Sitz



1948

Bottom row: P. N. Plylar, K. Hanlon, P. G. Bryant, J. S. Park, P. V. Borlaug, W. T. Chipman, G. M. Ehrman, R. G. Tobin, W. H. Clegg, R. J. Jaecodine, F. H. Bridges, D. A. Ellis, J. H. Johnson
Second row: J. R. Crumpton, D. D. Denny, R. S. Potteiger, H. C. Gaitskill, R. F. Patterson, P. Dunean, J. W. Strother, W. P. Blandy, E. W. Freeman, W. C. Graham, J. R. Moore, H. E. Belflower
Third row: L. V. diLorenzo, J. W. Bates, S. C. Gatehell, D. A. Beadling, J. A. Mickle, S. W. Gaylord, E. F. Staey, N. E. Davis, J. P. Zimmerman, D. R. Hamlin, D. D. Foulds
Fourth row: D. C. Warren, D. W. Cammaek, C. Winkler, C. R. Skord, C. W. Hines, M. L. Childress, R. D. Huntington, C. M. Lane, W. L. Alt, H. T. Green
Fifth row: J. D. Clithero, L. E. Gleason, R. G. Claitor, D. G. Buehanan, C. C. Heid





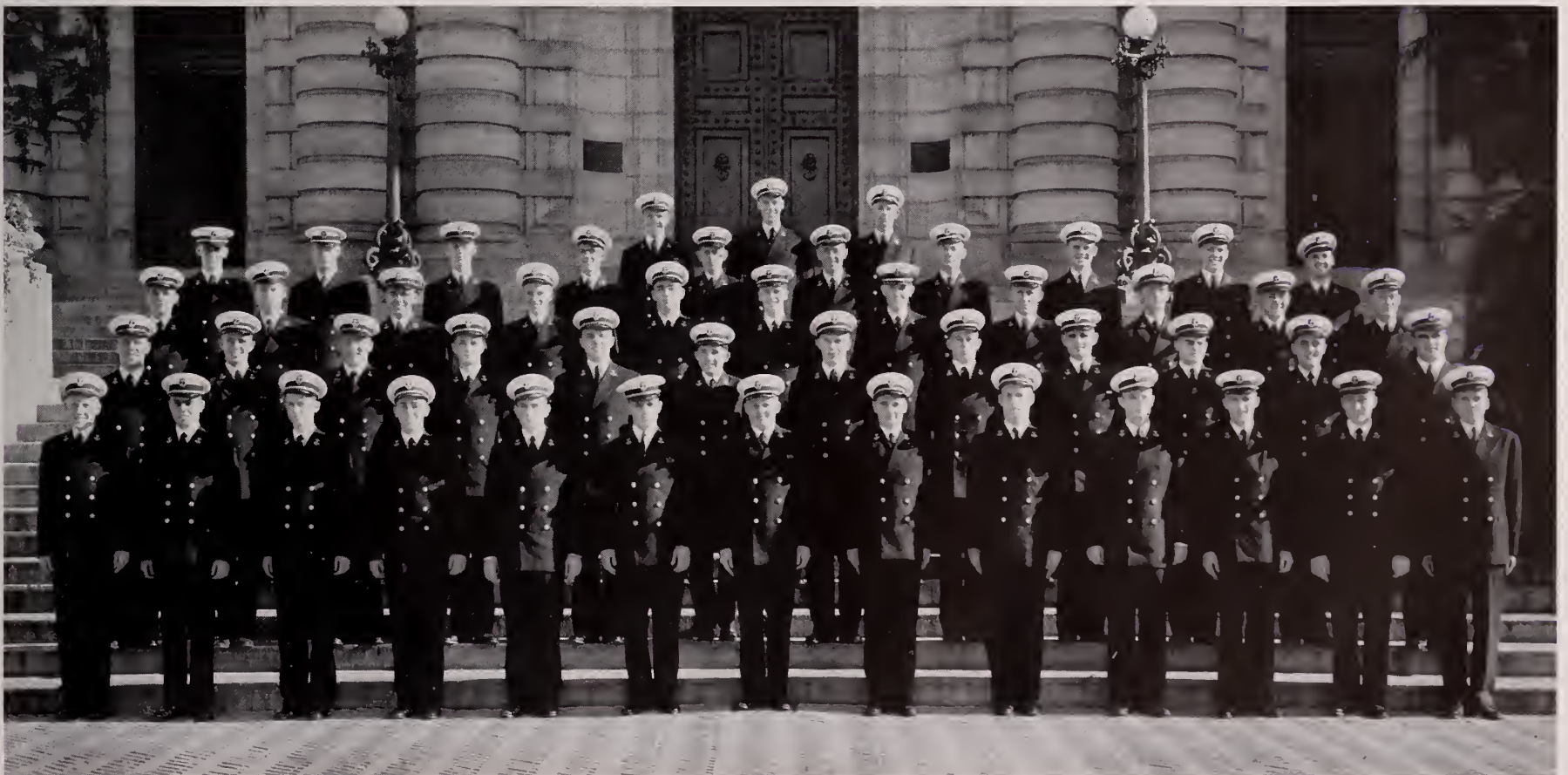
Top row: C. K. Allendorf, R. N. Baker, R. N. Barker, A. A. Bradley, J. E. Callahan, R. D. Clubb, K. J. Cole, R. G. Colquhoun, R. T. Crane, W. R. Dillen, D. L. Donohugh
Second row: G. W. Ford, M. M. Gibson, O. S. Hallett, J. W. Jahant, F. L. King, J. R. March, L. A. Marckesano, E. T. Mathis, H. W. Maw, J. S. McNulty, B. S. Merrill
Third row: S. T. Moak, A. J. Pickert, W. R. Porter, J. F. Rex, A. R. Sansom, D. L. Shield, R. W. Sloan, C. W. Smith, W. C. Smith, R. L. Stryker
Fourth row: G. S. Tate, T. C. Waller, B. D. Wiggins, L. L. Winans, E. M. Henry, C. R. Jeffs, J. B. Jones, T. LaPenna, J. H. Schofield, E. B. Tomlinson

1947



Bottom row: F. Simpson, W. N. Crofford, R. V. Bodmer, C. E. Arnols, J. L. Delargy, L. E. Butzman, K. H. Huss, W. H. Evans, F. H. Glizard, C. A. Whitmore, W. L. Rees, R. F. Goodacre
Second row: C. L. Morgan, H. H. Goodwin, E. C. Bennett, R. R. Fargo, R. B. Connelly, W. F. Easterlin, J. D. Herlihy, M. S. Tarrass, C. V. Berry, E. P. Rose, G. M. Bell, J. P. Tagliente
Third row: Z. D. Alford, R. S. Chew, T. C. Spalding, T. W. Cuddy, D. R. Thornhill, W. F. Wagner, D. P. Dick, R. W. Bass, E. Y. Holt, J. R. Cowan, F. H. Coleman
Fourth row: R. W. Robinson, B. H. Kleinman, J. W. Bruner, C. S. Davis, W. N. Small, W. F. Reed, R. S. Jones, K. K. Larson, G. L. Ingrahm, R. I. Ellsworth
Fifth row: G. H. Garmer, J. M. Davis, W. L. Felsen

1948





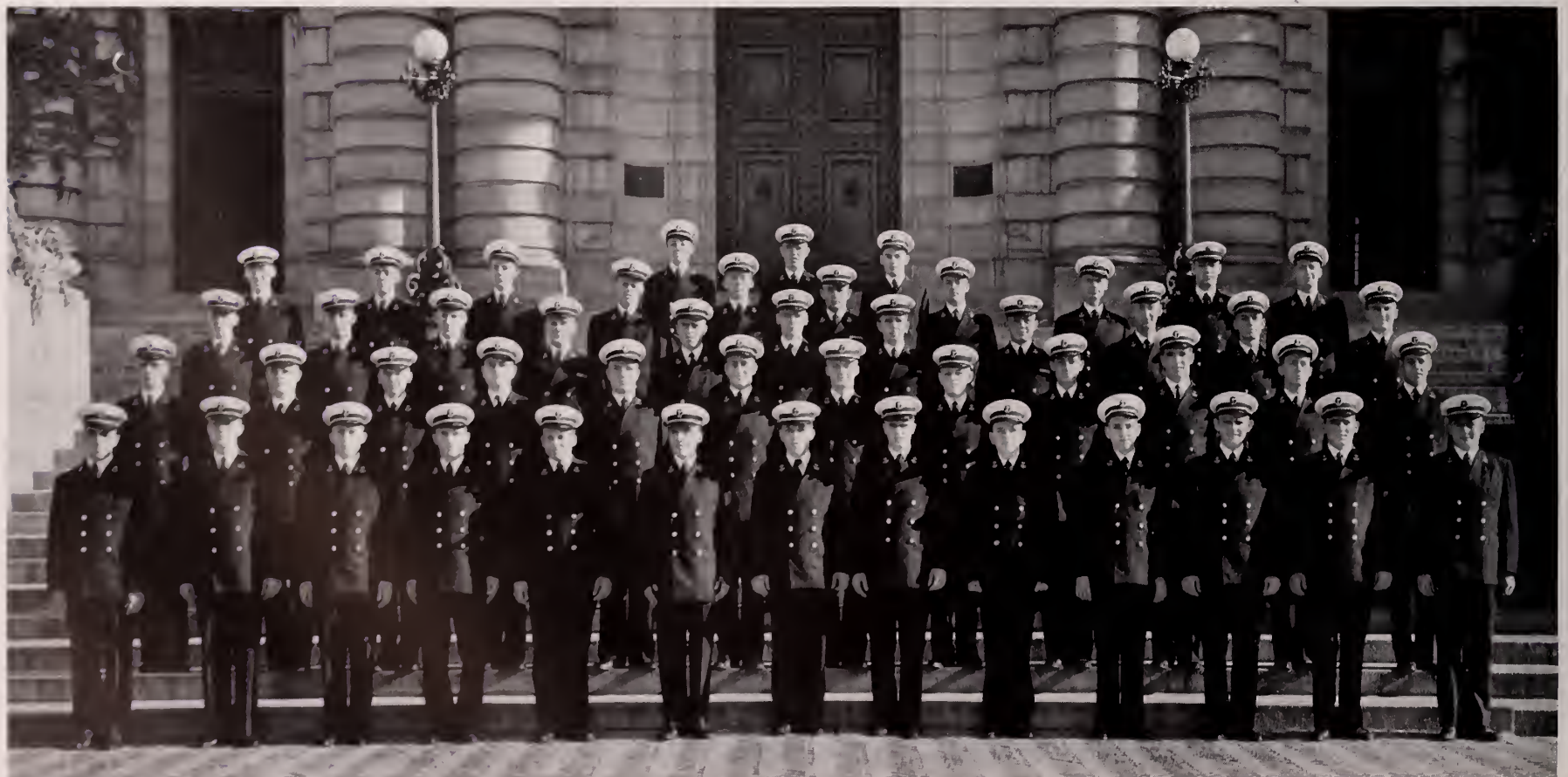
1947

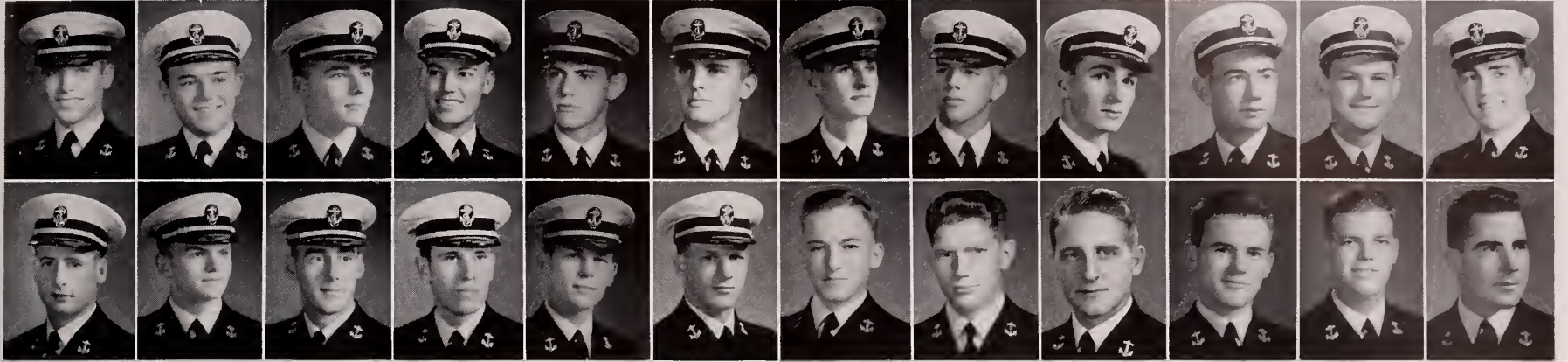
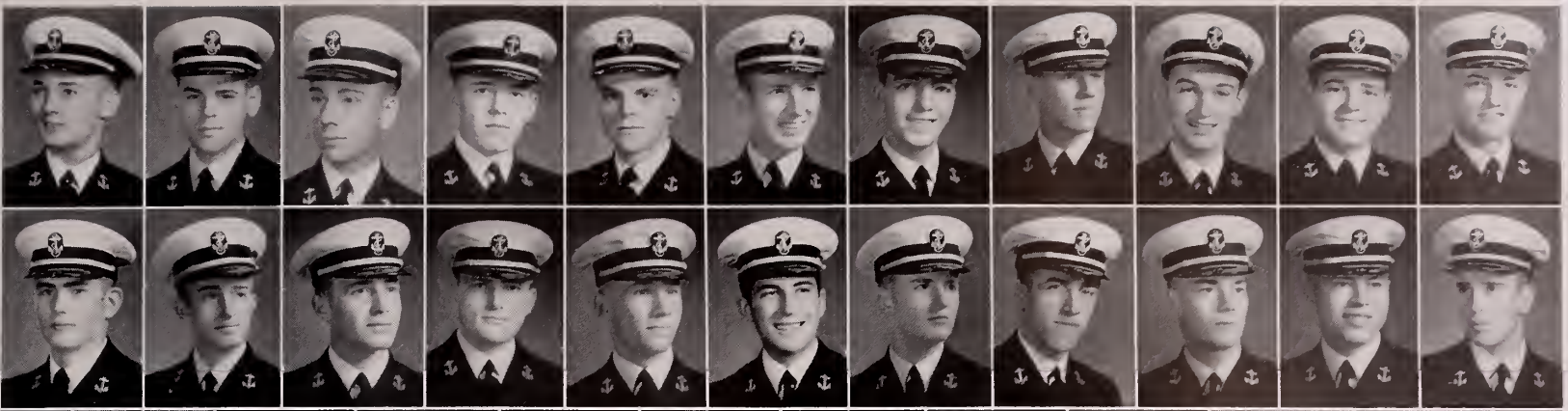


Top row: J. D. Andrews, J. R. Arguelles, C. G. Batt, T. B. Brenner, J. A. Burke, J. C. Carlson, W. C. Carpenter, J. E. Carter, D. E. Chandler, M. R. Clement, F. D. Crawford
Second row: J. J. Diffendorfer, C. E. Donaldson, G. C. Fletcher, H. J. Forbes, J. T. Geary, G. N. Hawley, F. C. Hertzog, T. R. Howard, H. N. Larcombe, C. R. Larzalere, W. R. Lippert
Third row: W. McKinley, A. B. Middleton, W. G. Moyle, A. H. Rusher, F. R. Sehuler, R. L. Scott, C. H. Shaddeau, R. J. Siddons, T. W. Smith, R. W. Strickler, J. L. Thornton, H. S. Unangst
Fourth row: D. B. Whitmire, D. J. Yuengling, B. A. Beeken, C. C. Cowley, R. M. Gladding, R. R. Huston, J. F. Jones, R. H. Kinser, A. F. Maxfield, J. A. Schomaker, R. E. Schwartz, R. B. Southwell

Bottom row: R. P. Barber, J. C. Ruchmund, B. A. Moore, W. J. Shoemaker, R. I. Henderson, J. Montalvo, E. H. Ross, F. L. Nelson, J. N. Comerford, J. A. Cox, W. R. Fisher, L. C. Hernandez, R. C. Adams
Second row: R. H. Flood, J. E. Weatherly, H. J. Johnson, W. A. Molliff, E. M. Partner, S. Abraham, R. W. Peterson, R. E. Wainwright, M. E. Flores, T. E. Dawson, W. H. Bason, G. M. Bailey
Third row: E. M. Zacharias, W. F. Clifford, K. C. McCormick, J. T. Baker, J. T. Chandler, T. F. Dedman, C. L. Wells, J. A. Holshouser, H. P. Jefferson, J. P. Law, J. H. Smedhammer
Fourth row: E. G. Buek, R. T. Dempsey, R. T. Newman, H. B. Johnson, A. L. Perkins, H. A. True, C. S. Bradley, R. F. Hale, H. M. McKinley, W. G. Sawyer
Fifth row: G. S. Wright, B. P. Williams, P. A. Riley

1948





Top row: R. L. Allspaw, G. A. Amacker, R. L. Amelang, J. A. Baxter, M. L. Black, N. S. Bowman, R. C. Collier, W. J. Crowe, R. M. Erbland, D. W. Fantozzi, C. E. Guffey
Second row: J. N. Guild, W. L. Harris, N. Heller, L. E. Hess, D. F. Houck, M. H. L. Jester, W. F. Johnson, S. D. Kearney, N. E. Leete, H. M. Lundien, F. D. Marshall
Third row: J. C. Metzger, F. R. Nesbitt, R. J. O'Shea, A. J. Peacock, G. W. Pitcher, W. C. Reeder, F. C. Sachse, R. A. Savage, G. M. Sheldon, J. T. Stephens, W. R. St. George, J. L. Switzer
Fourth row: N. W. Thomson, D. C. Wallace, A. V. Weaver, T. N. Werner, R. H. Wilson, K. Woods, R. Brandt, H. L. Laitner, A. W. Moesta, G. R. M. Pearson, F. B. Smith, L. J. Trevithick

1947



Bottom row: A. L. Silverman, R. T. Duncan, D. B. Pruner, L. A. Jay, R. I. Haines, W. S. Gabriel, L. M. Marsh, H. C. Hamilton, J. D. Kays, N. A. DaRodda, F. W. Corley, O. D. Bilderback, G. F. Ball
Second row: J. DeGoede, W. W. Childers, R. M. Evans, C. S. Alexander, B. C. Taylor, J. I. Mellencamp, R. L. Lee, H. B. Lee, W. B. McGinty, R. W. McArthur, J. W. Robbins, J. W. Dupree
Third row: R. E. Bryan, R. K. Hammann, T. H. Galbraith, T. B. Hayward, E. A. Hollister, D. C. Larish, T. E. Vernon, W. T. Blakney, F. R. Pirkey, R. L. Milholland, J. Kileen
Fourth row: I. Himmel, H. B. Stringfellow, F. W. Orr, P. D. Lawler, H. N. Key, P. W. Nelson, A. L. Markel, D. W. Tardif, H. R. Hunter, L. M. Hendrix

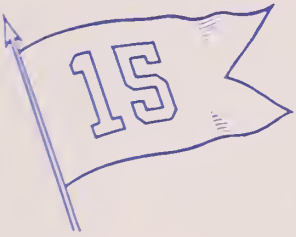
1948





1947

Top row: D. D. Ansel, I. C. Bramlett, G. K. Broussard, R. E. Buntain, C. I. Buxton, N. W. Carnes, J. P. Cofer, R. E. Creque, J. S. Elmer, M. H. German, S. T. Hays
 Second row: E. C. Hill, R. T. Jenkins, I. B. Maxon, H. E. McDonald, E. S. McGhee, W. E. McLaughlin, D. D. McVey, R. D. Mering, S. B. Ogden, J. J. O'Neill, J. Ortutay
 Third row: F. J. Readdy, J. L. Reynolds, L. V. Ritter, J. P. Robertson, D. J. Rose, C. M. Schoman, P. C. Smith, S. S. Smith, J. B. Stockdale, J. D. Swenson, L. B. Taylor
 Fourth row: C. C. Tiffany, J. G. Williams, P. C. Wilmoth, C. R. Doscher, W. L. Foster, J. M. Gibson, W. B. Johnson, H. L. Matthews, O. G. Pitz, W. M. Schaefer



Bottom row: K. W. Dunwoody, W. L. Strong, L. R. Cooke, C. G. Duffee, W. C. Pierson, S. W. Plarr, R. C. Morrow, M. H. Rose, E. S. Bowers, R. M. Sexton, C. H. Dean, R. A. Cochran, J. W. McAdams
 Second row: B. Lopez, R. C. Smith, B. D. Whittlesey, J. H. Larson, J. A. Marston, F. D. Jackson, D. A. Hurt, W. W. Lewis, W. D. Ennis, B. M. Buck, G. R. Parish
 Third row: J. D. Jones, H. B. Lohced, B. Bonfield, D. F. Shea, E. M. Axtell, P. Gengor, R. S. Chadima, J. C. Smith, R. N. Mitchell, J. L. Oberrieder, R. J. Williams
 Fourth row: J. R. Rodgers, J. K. McConeghy, C. W. French, W. H. Harris, D. R. Stephens, R. R. Neely, R. M. Lucy, J. Covington, N. T. Hornsby, J. D. Robbins
 Fifth row: P. L. Quinn, D. C. Sells, J. T. Moore, E. M. Wells, J. S. Bartos, A. C. Bigley, F. H. Waldrop

1948





Top row: J. G. Albright, R. W. Anderson, G. B. Aphthorp, A. F. Barnes, R. R. Bernier, W. D. Blevins, L. L. Brassaw, W. G. Byington, A. F. Dill, J. R. Dillman, J. V. DiSanto
Second row: J. V. Drago, R. S. Gardiner, R. E. Howe, J. T. Kiernan, J. J. McGee, R. D. McNeil, W. A. Murauskas, A. B. Nimocks, W. S. Reinschmidt, W. W. Rhoads, H. P. Rodgers
Third row: L. P. Rossi, R. E. Sadler, H. S. Sarnataro, G. P. Smith, W. A. Spencer, B. P. White, J. S. Bloomfield, W. J. Cook, P. P. Cummins, F. L. Elefante, R. E. Enright
Fourth row: J. F. Gallagher, G. S. Grove, W. T. Kelleher, J. A. Logan, H. W. O'Brien, D. Packer, W. T. Pate, E. A. Shaw, W. C. Thayer, W. F. Thompson

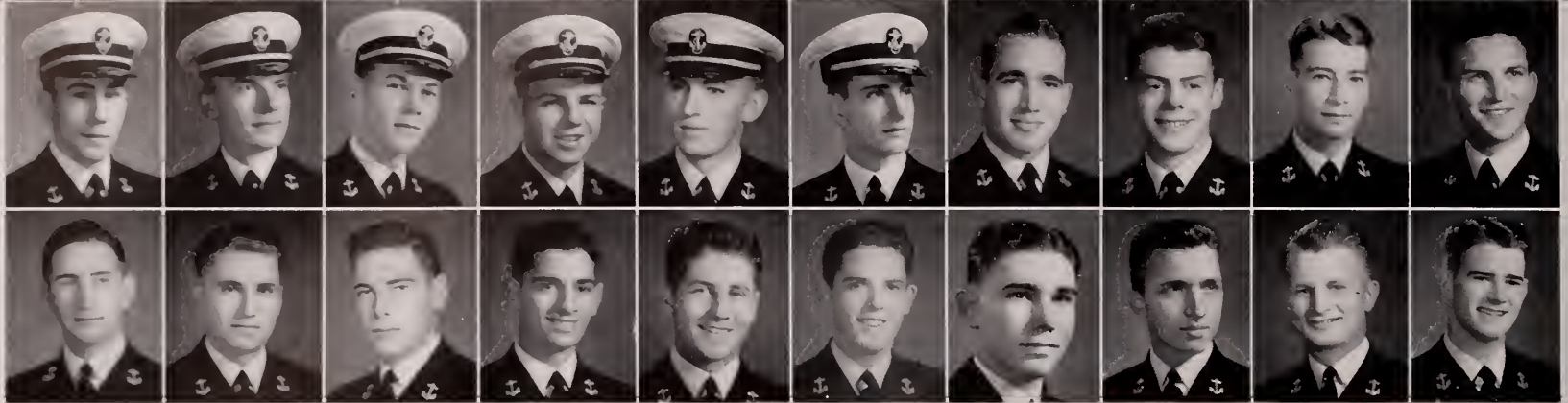
1947



Bottom row: J. H. Rees, A. B. Hallman, E. B. Rogers, D. W. Cullivan, L. Dorsey, G. W. Marshall, G. L. Hcasley, D. A. McIver, F. L. Boushee, E. B. Fleming, F. E. Lally, F. H. Williams, C. B. Breaux
Second row: E. M. Cummings, F. L. Crump, C. W. Butler, G. M. Bates, E. C. Castle, C. R. Plank, R. D. Reem, J. R. Bavle, J. Cowden, S. A. Jacobs, W. V. Morris, D. B. Hansen
Third row: R. T. Willson, E. E. Yeager, J. P. Holland, A. A. Albanese, H. D. Harris, E. F. Duncan, W. V. Moore, G. W. Allen, T. E. Alexander, R. B. McClinton, R. C. Pittman
Fourth row: J. R. Lowdenslager, F. F. Young, L. R. Thomas, D. A. Strausz, H. B. Latimer, R. M. Gregory, E. A. McManus, J. A. Chapman, K. H. Wetzel, W. S. McCord
Fifth row: H. Remsen, R. R. Dickey, T. D. Cook, A. W. Atkins, W. L. Carpenter, C. A. Sheehan, R. R. Foster

1948





1947

Top row: J. L. Adelman, L. G. Burton, A. D. Caine, H. L. Curtis, C. R. Darby, R. W. Dcpw, D. H. Erickson, J. E. Farley, J. G. Finneran, R. R. Goldsbrough, R. G. Haney
Second row: W. R. Heerwagen, R. G. Lilly, J. F. McGarry, C. J. Musholt, E. W. O'Callaghan, R. H. Pylkas, D. J. Robrcts, K. M. Robinson, R. F. Roche, N. G. Rodes, H. A. Sanders
Third row: G. C. Stevens, R. E. Turnage, J. H. Watkins, T. F. Wellings, D. M. Wells, W. N. Yates, P. E. Baylor, J. E. Cohoon, J. R. Cross, G. O. Fowler
Fourth row: A. J. Frankel, G. H. Laning, A. L. Maynard, J. F. McKenzie, R. E. Moon, J. J. Pavelle, W. H. Rogers, R. Scheidenhelm, R. M. Weidman, P. E. Woodruff



Bottom row: A. Landis, H. B. Moore, M. D. Mardcr, R. L. Rainey, E. R. Barondcs, G. Spalding, W. R. Brandt, R. J. Brennan, R. B. Pohl, H. R. Andrus, I. N. Frascr, A. F. Bonacarti, C. E. Garder
Second row: A. N. Hull, J. M. Ivey, R. K. Thompson, W. L. Rigot, R. R. Desjarlais, C. R. Adams, R. E. Wurlitzer, W. B. McClure, T. E. Matia, G. A. Bacas, W. W. Lcc, R. R. Prichard
Third row: R. W. Carroll, R. P. Metzger, D. A. Tecple, R. C. Bryan, J. D. Langston, R. B. Hodson, F. H. Graylow, R. M. Bendel, W. J. Bryde, A. G. Lang, M. A. Weir
Fourth row: E. B. Hebdcn, A. W. Weems, R. C. Eaton, G. A. Anderson, H. O. Lea, W. L. Jesse, R. W. Slater, R. E. Schoefferman, R. S. McGi-hon, H. Heymann, R. S. Marts, W. F. Doddy, M. J. Shannon, J. B. Fahey, E. H. Engdahl, R. W. Carrig, S. W. Dunn

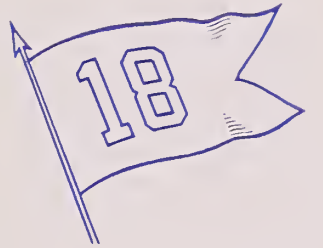
1948





Top row: R. D. Amme, B. N. Bettis, T. B. Brittain, R. D. Campbell, E. M. Cassidy, P. A. Colot, H. B. Dalton, J. B. Davidson, J. F. Doheny, T. S. Dunstan, D. W. Fischer
Second row: D. L. Hathway, H. G. Heining, C. A. Henzel, R. S. Hollyer, W. M. Johnson, A. T. Jones, W. R. Kent, J. C. Landes, R. S. Leddick, J. D. Lorenz, D. R. H. Mahoney
Third row: V. G. Matula, J. W. McGrath, L. F. Ozimek, A. W. Robertson, L. A. Romatowski, D. P. Shayer, W. F. Small, J. G. Snyder, P. L. Working, J. A. Brower
Fourth row: J. P. Fellows, H. S. Keller, P. C. Kochis, E. F. Kvietkauskas, H. M. McClellan, E. J. Myerson, W. T. Sweetman, F. R. Thienpont, J. D. Weed, H. R. Weiss

1947



Bottom row: W. R. Hintz, D. G. Foxwell, J. R. Lucas, W. R. Bartow, J. A. Sisson, W. J. Reynders, F. E. Berjeaux, H. L. Jones, J. B. Sangster, F. M. Knapp, J. C. LeDoux, E. A. Benson, T. P. Cheesman
Second row: J. E. Townsend, D. Taylor, D. P. Walchko, D. M. Kirkpatrick, F. E. Croy, R. E. Durfos, J. G. Wick, W. F. Jones, R. E. Kenyon, H. L. Staples, R. C. Olson, W. H. DeAndrade
Third row: E. J. Gray, D. L. Wright, J. J. Tracy, H. H. Falevsky, J. L. Harrison, P. M. Smithers, Q. W. Wagenfield, R. W. M. Graham, W. J. Laubendorfer, C. J. Kelly
Fourth row: W. M. Sangster, R. W. Bates, D. D. DeWitt, K. E. Phillips, J. A. McCook, F. E. Mathews, R. A. Kennedy, J. M. McHugh, R. H. Stickel, E. A. McCallum
Fifth row: B. B. Garlinghouse, F. C. Johnson, W. K. Yates, J. K. Welsh, W. H. Hanzler, R. E. Endebrock, R. W. Brown

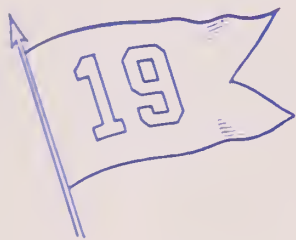
1948





1947

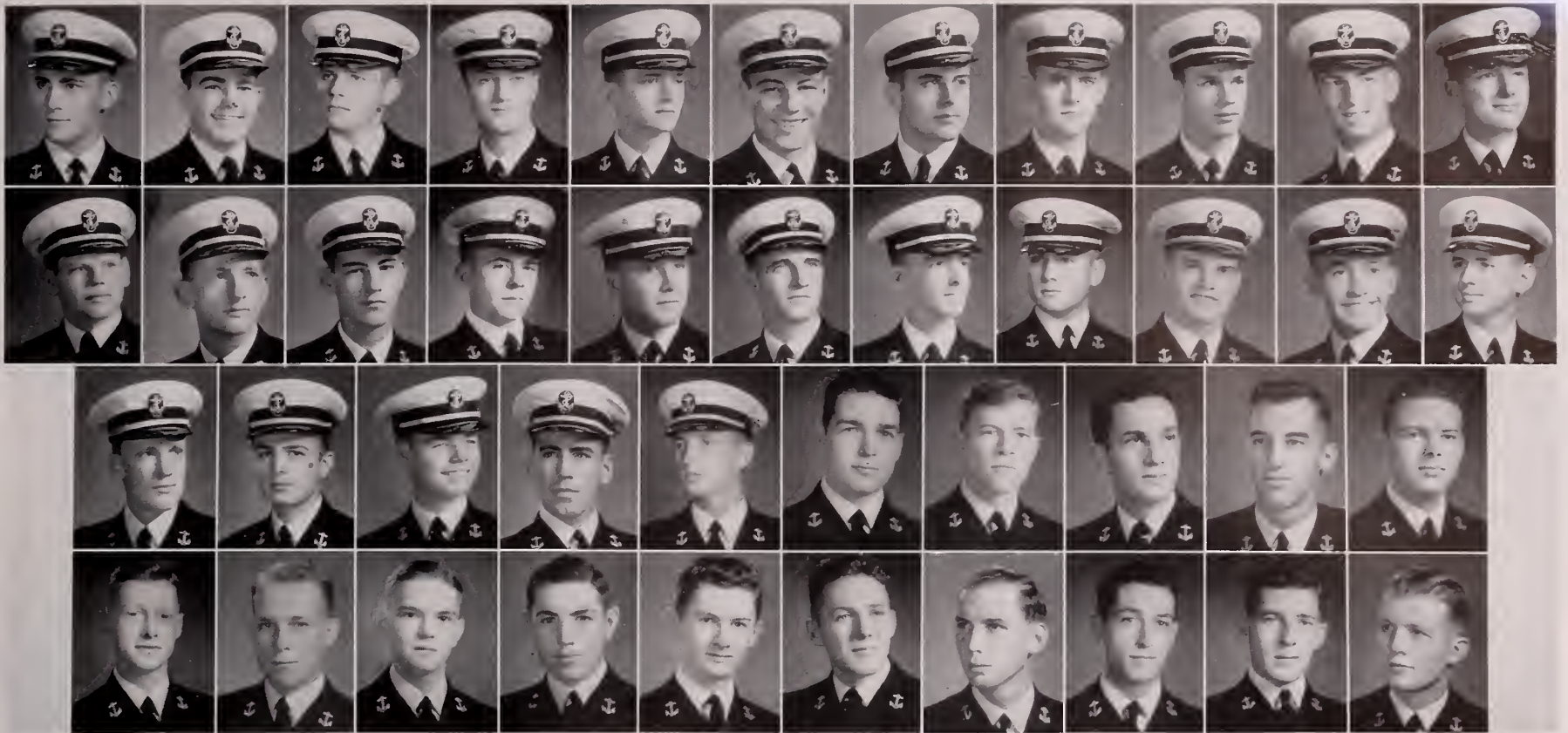
Top row: J. Baer, H. L. Carpenter, J. W. Clayton, J. R. Collier, J. D. Corse, R. E. Cowell, C. B. Crockett, J. J. Dempsey, P. C. Dicm, M. Dupkin, E. J. Eisenman
 Second row: N. L. Finch, W. R. Fitzwilson, E. D. French, J. D. Gleckler, E. G. Hanson, A. W. Holfield, F. F. Jewett, M. J. Karlowicz, B. S. Keyes, L. B. Kidder, J. Kovacs
 Third row: G. M. Larkin, E. P. Lawler, G. Maragos, G. P. March, W. M. McGinniss, R. H. Minor, R. Mitchell, H. F. Munnikhuisen, W. Nivison, C. W. Otto, T. J. Pawlowski
 Fourth row: W. R. Pitt, F. K. Stone, J. R. Van Sickle, H. D. Whittle, J. L. Carroll, E. C. Guillot, J. T. Harris, W. J. Krstich, R. H. McDougal, A. J. Richter, E. W. Thomas, H. I. Tilles



1948

Bottom row: C. B. Gamble, F. B. Carlon, T. E. Stanley, R. C. Rodgers, A. L. Anderson, H. H. McIntier, G. E. DeLong, B. I. Edelson, W. E. Henson, A. F. Marchini, E. J. Ortlieb, D. T. Deibler, J. R. Peterson
 Second row: C. A. Olds, W. Wegner, M. C. McFarland, F. F. Manganaro, R. B. Mercer, R. K. Geiger, R. O. Buck, M. M. Forman, J. R. Warren, H. S. Clay, H. U. Martin, G. L. Hoffman
 Third row: W. H. Brooks, R. L. Beatty, P. T. Bishop, W. E. Conway, W. D. Dittmar, R. W. VanKirk, R. B. Lyle, W. W. Cort, J. T. Welsh, K. J. Christoph, W. K. Carlile
 Fourth row: R. E. Berggren, E. N. Smith, I. W. Fish, W. P. White, S. B. Garner, W. M. Luckie, R. H. Searle, H. S. Crosby, R. M. Netherland, A. G. Henry
 Fifth row: R. A. Scarson, R. A. Litke, R. G. Roth, P. K. Allen, R. P. Nottingham, W. E. Simon, P. F. Minster





Top row: V. K. Aubrey, W. E. Benckart, R. D. Bergman, L. M. Brizzolara, F. R. Carr, J. A. de Ganahl, J. A. Denton, W. K. Doran, V. J. Feeney, S. E. Frock, P. O. Gaddis
Second row: W. B. Harbarger, J. B. Harsha, J. Kirkpatrick, J. C. Lewis, S. D. Marvin, W. O. Rainnie, J. D. Reilly, G. F. Richards, W. G. Ridgway, J. C. Smith, A. S. Steloff
Third row: K. S. Tupper, R. L. von Gerichten, D. B. Wenger, J. C. Williams, R. P. Yeatman, J. C. Burkhardt, S. M. Cecil, H. M. Dryer, P. F. FitzGerald, R. P. Gatewood
Fourth row: W. W. Gay, R. O. Groover, J. W. Johnston, R. A. Lusk, J. T. Lyons, A. F. McGrail, R. H. Smith, G. S. Swift, I. J. Viney, J. B. Wilson

1947



Bottom row: W. H. Layman, R. C. Vance, W. E. Nylan, W. W. Harlan, G. Crekstein, R. D. Duncan, J. A. Wilson, J. W. Sharp, J. H. Conable, L. E. Ames, P. R. Moureau, C. J. Salek, J. M. Bolton
Second row: C. P. Coulter, N. A. Castruccio, C. R. Johnson, J. C. Oliver, S. S. Pennock, C. E. Hathaway, J. R. Ahern, R. Struyk, I. L. Gasser, M. J. Ourisman, R. O. Bonnell, W. L. Jones
Third row: C. E. Dorris, R. L. Miller, G. R. Lemmon, C. L. Suit, W. D. Wilson, J. Baruch, D. N. Shockley, N. K. Green, A. B. Wood, W. H. Barnes, R. K. Schenkle
Fourth row: J. C. Mahan, J. D. Caylor, W. H. Barton, R. A. Maguire, F. M. McCurdy, J. K. Ryder, D. R. Nolen, R. H. Meenan, J. C. Day, M. D. Marsh
Fifth row: P. T. Corrigan, G. L. Palmer, W. A. Rogers, R. C. Maurer, M. C. Scogins, T. J. Allshouse, J. M. Woolsey, B. J. Conroy, J. J. Jeffries

1948





*On the strength of one link in the cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!*

*It is ill for the winners to worry,
Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
And when thou art safe in the harbour
They will envy, but may not revile.*



A T H L E T I C S



PHYSICAL TRAINING DEPARTMENT. *Front row:* D. W. Purdy, G. R. Deiningger, O. E. Hagberg, M. D. Gilmore, Capt. C. O. Humphreys, P. L. Woerner, E. E. Miller, J. F. Gemme. *Second row:* J. R. Williams, W. P. Bilderback, F. J. Szama, H. Ortland, T. G. Taylor, J. N. Wilson, R. Swartz, A. J. Richards, A. H. Chapin, H. A. Muller. *Third row:* H. M. Webb, W. Amold, K. F. Molesworth, A. K. Snyder, C. W. Phillips, A. Lamond, G. Deladrier, M. F. Bishop. *Back row:* E. J. Thomson, J. Fiems, J. N. Rammacher, J. J. Manning, F. H. Warner, W. H. Moore



Larry Stahl's reception executives

Reception Committee

WHETHER IT WAS A group of swimmers from Muhlenberg, or a bevy of beauties from the Fred Waring show, the Reception Committee was always on hand. It was their duty to acquaint the visitors in a few hours with the main points of interest here, as well as to provide for their comfort and well being. Often called upon to serve as many as twelve teams per weekend, the Committee forsook many a good dragging date in order to see that the guests were given the best hospitality. The liaison men for the public gave many good impressions of the Regiment's abilities as a host.

Entertaining chats





Soccer came through



Navy in front

Fall Sports

WITH MINDS FILLED to overflowing with academics, it is only natural that we should turn to the field of sports for the relaxation and health so necessary to men of the

Navy. Just as America at war always found time for its traditional sports games, so has the Academy kept the athletic fields full despite the war-accelerated schedule.

The Regiment of Midshipmen





The celluloid rolls



Buchanan spotted for Bill Slater and Bailey Goss



Kern and Morse put out the game dope



Al Kulik kept the statistics of the games



DOPE SESSION: Clancy, Kern, Richardson, Tinch, Ratte, Walker, Comdr. Smith, Buchanan, Lowell, Kulik, Morse

Public Relations

WHEN THE FIRST NAVY cleat rips the turf to inaugurate another football season, the Public Relations Detail takes pencil and microphone into hand, focuses its eight-power field glasses, and settles back to a year of the closest cooperation with the nation's press and radio systems. This close contact between the Regiment and the scribes received a heavy shot in the arm this past year when the Detail, headed by Director Clark Tinch and Secretary Adam Kulik, extended its multitudinous services to include complete coverage of any and all sports events occurring within the Yard. Departing from its traditional function of serving as liaison between Navy football and the press and radio, the Public Relations Detail this year embraced several additional services designed to coordinate and extend the coverage of sports and the reception of famous guests within the Yard by the Regiment, such as President Ramon Grau of Cuba. Members kept busy furnishing special write-ups, publishing the Press Dope Book on football, and in general making the newshawks happy.



Writing for AP every Saturday

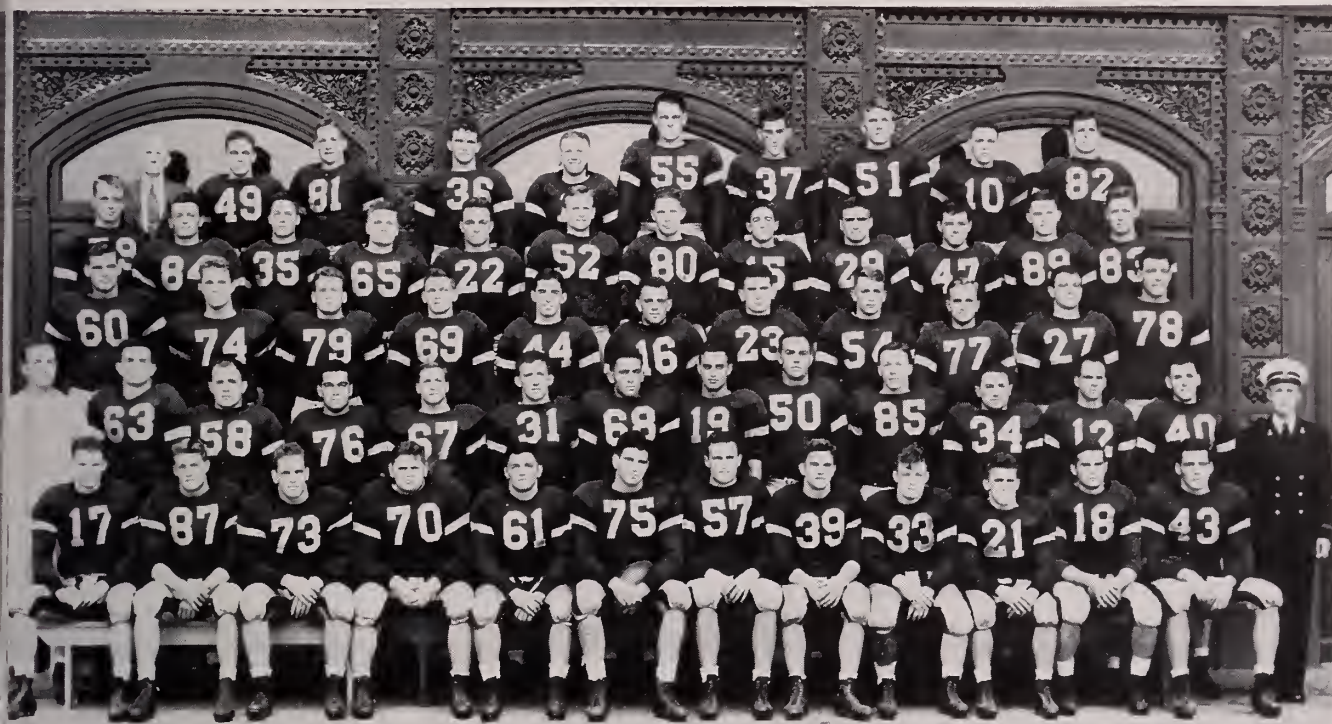
The Navy FOOTBALL Story

"NAVY IS THE TEAM to beat . . ." Sportscasters and coaches the nation over heralded us as the football team of the year, weeks before the season started. All Head Coach Oscar Hagberg, fresh from Pacific submarine duty, had to do was mold his plentiful material into about three teams. Since we already had been handed all the honors, we trotted onto the field for our first game completely confident of the outcome. However, the pink clouds on our football horizon quickly turned into stormy thunderheads and poured rain on our hopes as well as our field as North Carolina Pre-Flight out-muddled us. We met our Waterloo in the first encounter.



THE COACHES: First row: Thompson, Woerner, Foster, Siegel. Back row: Swartz, Powell, Head Coach Hagberg, Miller, Molesworth

Coach Hagberg
Comdr. Baumberger



1944 FOOTBALL SQUAD. First row: Walton, Bramlett, Gilliam, Whitmire, Deramee, Chase, Baker, Hansen, Sullivan, Barron, Jenkins, Duden. Second row: Comdr. Hagberg, Head Coach, Shofner, Radick, Larkin, Lord, Dwyer, Bandish, B. Martin, J. Martin, Guy, Finos, Pettit, Ellsworth, Boyd. Third row: Coppedge, Steves, Mac Phillips, Dale, Smith, Ambrogio, Kelley, Whittle, Fitzwilson, Smith, deGanahl. Fourth row: Waugh, LaLande, Lawrence, Kiser, Turner, Griffiths, Carnahan, Owen, Barksdale, Scott, Hill, Markel. Fifth row: Snyder, Hamberg, Moore, Schenk, Earley, McKnight, Bartos, Sorenson, Ambromitis, Siddons



Manager Paul Boyd

The best team in the nation, the papers said

In our next encounter we actually looked like the champions we were supposed to be. The third try found us squeezing past Duke by a narrow margin. The fourth battle was a heart-breaker; outplayed, outgained, but not outscored, Georgia Tech pulled the rabbit from the hat to outsmart a powerful Navy eleven.

But Rip Miller's great Navy line found itself in the Tech game, and its brutal work put the next four games in the win column. Then it was Army versus Navy for the National Championship. We entered the fray grimly determined to prove conclusively that we were the team of the year. We fought, and we lost. But we showed that we had the stuff of which champions are made.





Jenkins rips off 16 yards

Navy 14; North Carolina Pre-Flight 21

Vic Finos, '46
back

FOURTEEN THOUSAND rain soaked and shivering spectators showed up in Thompson stadium to watch the debut of the much-vaunted Navy team. However, the bad weather failed to stop the spectacular passing of North Carolina's Otto Graham, and the Pre-Flighters hit pay dirt once in each of the three final periods. Bobby Jenkins restored the faith in our team when he regained control of a once-fumbled ball in the third period and literally fought his way down to the 9, after which plunging Joe Sullivan carried it over. Otto Graham was Navy's nemesis on this day, and he provided the final blow with a field-run lateral combination that brought his team their final score.

Capt. Ben Chase, '46
guard



Bill Barron, '47
back



Johnny Baker, '46
center



Joe Sullivan, '46
back



Jack Martin, '46
center

Navy 55; Penn State 14

THOMPSON STADIUM had its last game of the season, and a capacity crowd saw the vengeful Navy team trounce the Nittany Lions. We were out for a self-vindicating score that would be plenty lop-sided, and in no quarter did the Blue and Gold fail to chalk up more points. Exciting moments were plentiful—Jim Pettit's 73 yard run for one of our early scores. Vic Finos came through with a fine job on the conversions, making a total of seven out of the eight possible. Avers of Penn gave the crowd a thrill when he sprinted for 73 yards after gathering in a Navy fumble. In this game, the Navy team began to look more like the outfit that the sports-writers had played up in pre-season dope as the most promising in the nation.



Bobby Jenkins, '47
All-American back



All-American Don Whitmire '47
Outstanding lineman of the year
tackle



Charlie Guy snags a pass for 20 yards



Hal Hamberg, '46
back

Navy 7; Duke 0

THE NAVY OFFENSE still lacked the punch of the pre-season 'spectations as it eked out a 7-0 win over the powerful Blue Devil eleven before a colorful crowd of 25,000 in Baltimore Stadium. A record of six fumbles and only three recoveries made us glad that the game was played under the National Collegiate rules. Hal Hamberg and Clyde Scott provided the impetus for our only scoring drive that came in the second quarter. It was an inexorable 57 yard march from the place where Hal first took Carver's punt, and Charley Guy rang up the points with an 18 yard sprint after gathering in Hamberg's pass. Vic Finos came through in great style with a 25 yard-line conversion, after the Navy team had been set back by a fumble. Five times the Devils threatened inside our 25, but the constant pressure of the Tar line spelled finis to every scoring attempt.



John Dale, '46
guard



Eddie Lord, '46
guard



Gail Gilliam, '46
tackle

Hamberg shoots a quick one to Guy





Ellsworth breaks loose for six points



"Smackover" Scott picks up 3 yards through center

Navy 15; Georgia Tech 17

OCTOBER 21ST SAW THE Midshipmen gathered around their radios to listen to one of the most exciting struggles of the season. For 60 minutes of fast ball where anything could and did happen, they listened to a game that saw the lead change hands five times. Bob Jenkins grabbed the opening kick-off and galloped 83 yards for the first score. In the second quarter, the versatile Jackets came back to a 7-6 lead. After half time, a determined Navy team came on the field to build up a 13-7 margin of safety. However, an unfortunate pass interference gave Tech the ball on the 12 and again they took the lead. Leon Bramlett's behind-the-goal-line tackle then gave us two points and a slight margin, but this was not the end. Tech's Allen Bowen made good a field goal, and the game ended in a heart-breaking defeat for Navy, despite a Jenkins-and-Scott inspired drive for 71 yards that was ended two yards short of the goal.

Dick Duden, '47
back



Russ Owen, '46
back



Charlie Griffiths, '46
center



Jim de Ganahl, '47
tackle



Charlie Guy, '46
end



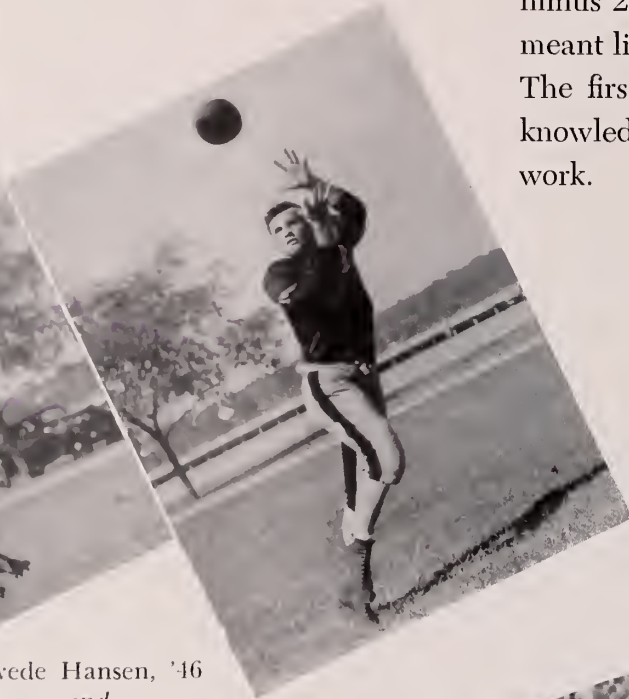
The first class took over Philly

Navy 26; Penn 0

SPORTS WRITERS accorded the twice-defeated Navy team little chance against the powerful Penn eleven in pre-game write-ups. However, 73,000 spectators thought it would be a good battle, and the first class went along to lend support. A fast driving backfield and a not-to-be dented line got together to knock the Penn squad from the undefeated ranks. Clyde Scott started the ball rolling with a surprise quick kick on first down that put Penn back on their 10. A bad punt gave Navy the ball on the 21, and Scott bulled his way through to the inevitable score. Again in the third quarter and twice in the final period, Navy added points and built up its down-trodden reputation. With our stalwart line holding Penn to a minus 29 yards rushing, their 109 yards through the air meant little when stacked up against a Navy total of 348. The first class returned to the Academy happy in the knowledge that they had seen the real Navy team at work.



*Lee Bramlett, '17
end*



*Swede Hansen, '16
end*



*Clyde Scott, '17
back*



Barron drives on





Al Walton, '46
back



Barron meets Notre Dame's Kelley

Jim Pettit, '47
back



Bruce Smith, '47
back

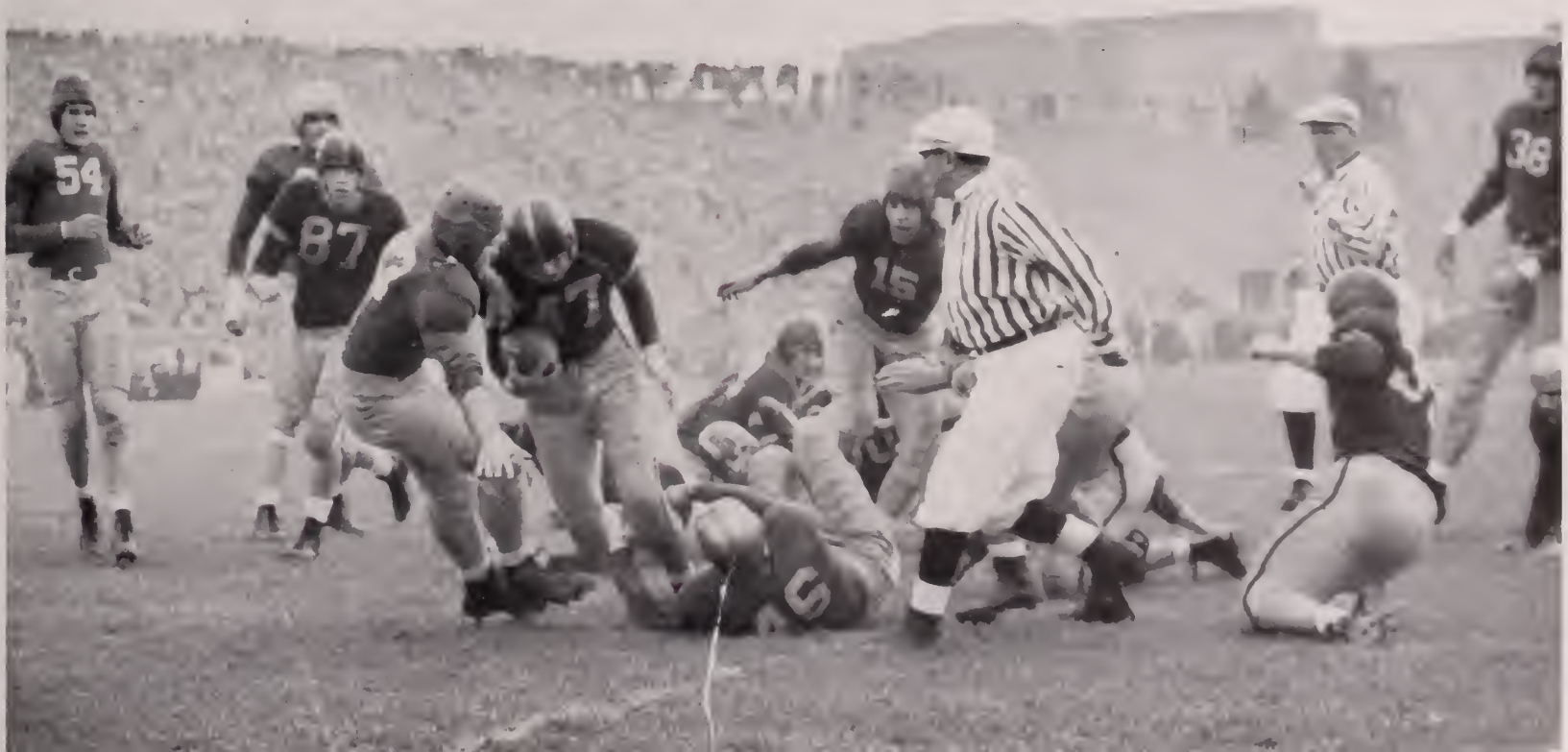


Navy 32; Notre Dame 13

THE ODDS WERE still against the "unpredictable" Navy team when we met the "Fightin' Irish" before sixty-five thousand eager fans in Baltimore. "The end of a Navy day" saw a score that indicated the worse beating Notre Dame had ever received from a Navy team. For the first time since 1936 and the fourth time in the 18 year old series, Navy rolled to victory over the Irish, and it was a happy bunch of Navy supporters that watched that game. Power drives by Bobby Jenkins and Clyde Scott through the center of the line, combined with Bill Barron's off-tackle reverses and fake reverses paved the way for most of our scores. Notre Dame's Dancewicz gave us plenty of bad moments with his precision passing, as he managed to complete 15 out of 31 tries. Bob Kelley made both scores for the Irish but these two together could not make sufficient headway through a determined Navy line. Our backfield rolled up a startling total of 382 yards to prove by statistics that the overwhelming victory indicated by the score was absolutely correct.



Scott scores—Kelley bounces





The floating night club



Jenkins over tackle for a score

Navy 48; Cornell 0

AFTER NOTRE DAME, all thoughts were turned toward the forthcoming battle with Army. However, before then the Navy team still had to cope with two formidable opponents. In the Cornell game, Navy unleashed its aerial attack for the first time and managed to salt up a total of 48 points. The hard fighting Cornell eleven was just not able to stand the onslaught of the 59 players that took the field for Navy. An otherwise dull first half was sparked by Bobby Jenkins' pass to Ben Martin, and a short line plunge by Bobby that took the ball over for our first score. After mid-game time, Navy really came to life with a sixty-five yard march for the third tally. Bruce Smith made a neat lateral to Dick Duden that provided more points for the already lopsided score. The driving power of the subs kept the total going up until the final whistle blew.

Dave Barksdale, '46
back



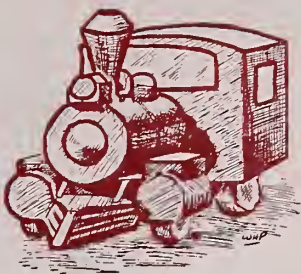
Bo Coppedge, '47
tackle



Ralph Ellsworth, '48
back

Finos splits the uprights





Chuck Kiser, '47
guard

*Fearless Fosdick
was our guide*

Navy 32; Purdue 0

THE BOILERMAKERS were all set to provide plenty of hard opposition for the Navy team, but they were not able to stop the hard driving backs led by Hal Hamberg. Hal had been on the bench for a good part of the season due to a leg injury received in practice, but he was the leading ground gainer of the day as he picked up 97 yards through the Purdue line. They outweighed us nine pounds to the man, but weight was not enough. Again the Navy attack was supported by aerial maneuvers as Ben Martin caught passes from Hamberg and Bruce Smith and trotted over the line for points. Charlie Riehl and Markel came in near the end of the game to form a passing combination that gave us the final score. The stalwart Navy line held Purdue down to 166 yards gained, while the Navy backs garnered a total of 434 yards.

Hamberg breaks away for 20 yards





Navy stands



Bill arrived with Army guest



Spirits ran high

Navy 7

SPORTS WRITERS AND THE Treasury Department worked together to whip up interest for the most highly vaunted football clash of many a season. Two weeks before the game a White House order shifted the game from restricted Annapolis to Baltimore in the interest of the Sixth War Loan Drive. Seventy thousand fans paid fifty-eight million dollars to witness this spectacle which was to bring together for the first time since Pearl Harbor the Corps of Cadets and the Regiment of Midshipmen. Doug Rodgers' Pep Committee brought the feeling to a climax on the eve of the big game with a colorful rally in Tecumseh court, complete with flares, Bill IX, and all the trimmings. When the whistle blew to start the game,

Smith follows Scott through Army



Halftime conference



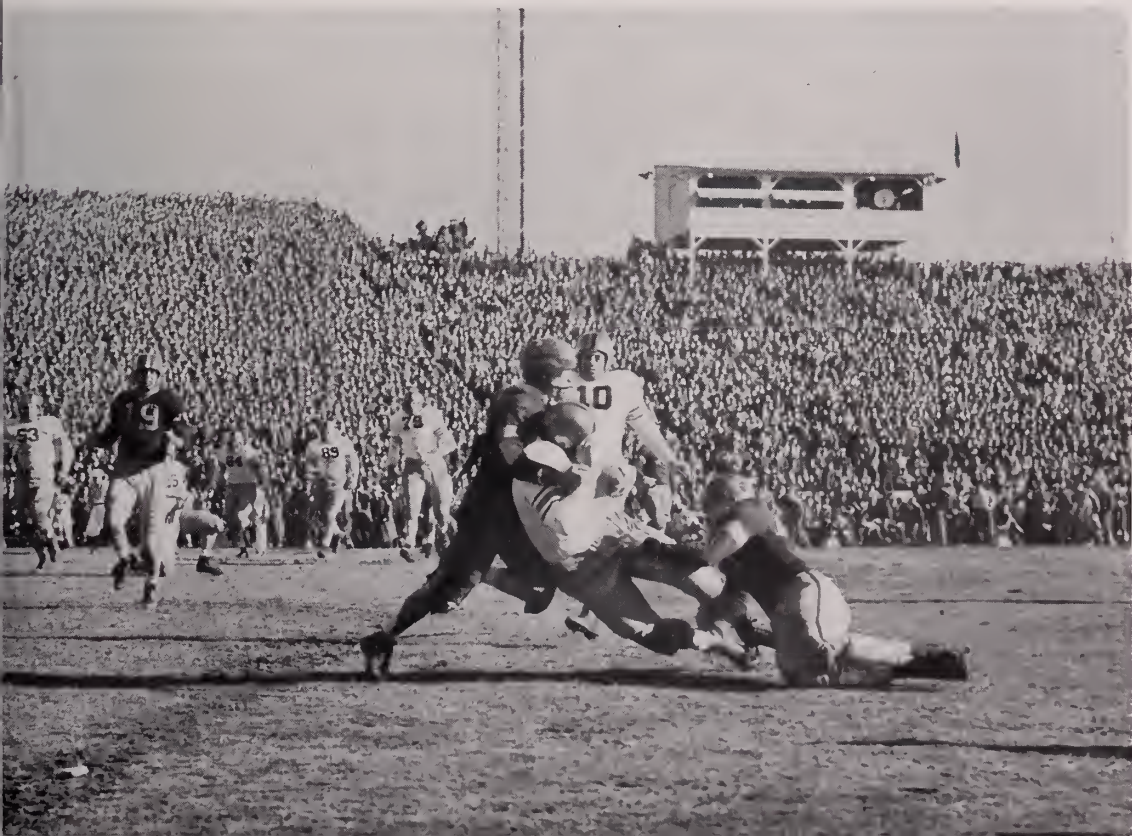


Admiral Beardall with General Wilby

Army 23

there were plenty of loyal rooters for both Academies. Navy supporters were badly disappointed when Bobby Jenkins hurt his leg in the first few minutes and was carried from the field. Another set-back followed when Don Whitmire wrenched his knee and was forced from the fray. Army showed their power in the first quarter by driving for the initial score. After half-time, the navy back-field came forth with a 75-yard juggernaut push that culminated in 7 points. Hamberg and Scott continually sparked a team that kept driving into Army territory. However, the never-say-die spirit of the Tars was not quite enough to stem the Kaydet tide. The final whistle officially gave Army its first victory over Navy in six years.

Army was hard to stop



Sons of slum and gravy



The Corps of Cadets



*Army Mule
"Lend-lease"*



SOCCKER TEAM. *First row:* Vanderwolk, Reaves, Rogers, Allen, Marousek, Leuschner, Taylor, DeMayo, Nicklas, Wiedemann, Martell. *Second row:* Murdock, Castano, Calisto, Kern, Rae, Graham, Albright, Killefer, McClelland.

Third row: Kappock, Smith, Smith, Anderson, Meisel, Maginnis, Zeni, Frankel, Kirk, Avey

An All-American **SOCCKER** Season

IT'S A LONG WAY FROM afternoon practice on Lawrence Field to an Eastern Intercollegiate championship, but Tommy Taylor and his "men with educated toes" went right to the top, leaving in their wake a defeated Army team. Tommy had plenty of good material with which to work—Captain Bob Leuschner, George Reaves, and Art Calisto—the South American wonder—were All-Americans. Combined with these were lettermen DeMayo and Nicklas to form the nucleus of a smooth-functioning machine-like team. More soccer-wise men with previous experience were Rogers, Kappock, Albright, Marousek, Wiedemann, Vanderwolk, and Castano. Put them all together, and you had the '45 squad—a combination of a fast-passing, vicious-shooting line backed up by hard-working and good-kicking defensive backs. These were the men that spent most of the games playing their hardest against the best the East had to offer. Behind them were many more. Martel, Pffferkorn, Killefer, Meisel, Rae, Zeni, Anderson, Avey, Smith, and Graham were outstanding members of that hustling "blue" team that gave the first string many bad moments in practice.

Kappock passes through Bucknell



Tommy Taylor
Coach of the year



Capt. Leuschner



Captain Logan
Officer Representative



Manager Murdock





Art Calisto
All-American



Buck Rogers



Ely Kirk
All-American



DeMayo



Bill Nicklas



George Reaves
All-American



Fritz Wiedemann

Kirk blocks the ball

Seasons Summary

Navy	5	Baltimore Soccer Club	3
Navy	2	Penn State	1
Navy	8	Pennsylvania	1
Navy	7	Muhlenberg	0
Navy	6	Bucknell	0
Navy	5	Swarthmore	0
Navy	1	Bainbridge	3
Navy	1	Army	0





The beginning of another Navy victory

CROSS COUNTRY *fared well*

THE NAVY HARRIERS got off to a fast start this year, and didn't slow down until they had garnered as many championships in the cross country field as were available. A victory over North Carolina Pre-Flight provided the beginning, and from there on it was one success after another. In four dual meets, Navy had five fast men across the line before the first adversary got into the home stretch. The big test showed up in the form of the I.C. 4-A, but nothing anyone—including Army—had to offer could stop Walter Barry and Dick Hall from leading the team right into a first place. Captain Curran Dempsey, not to be outdone, paced the field when Navy successfully defended its National Senior A.A.U. Championship a little later. The steady running of men like Parker Smith, Nick Smusyn, and Jimmy Brummer sparked the team throughout the season. Together, they made a record of which Coach Earle Thomson could well be proud.

Comdr. Marable



Coach Tommy Thomson



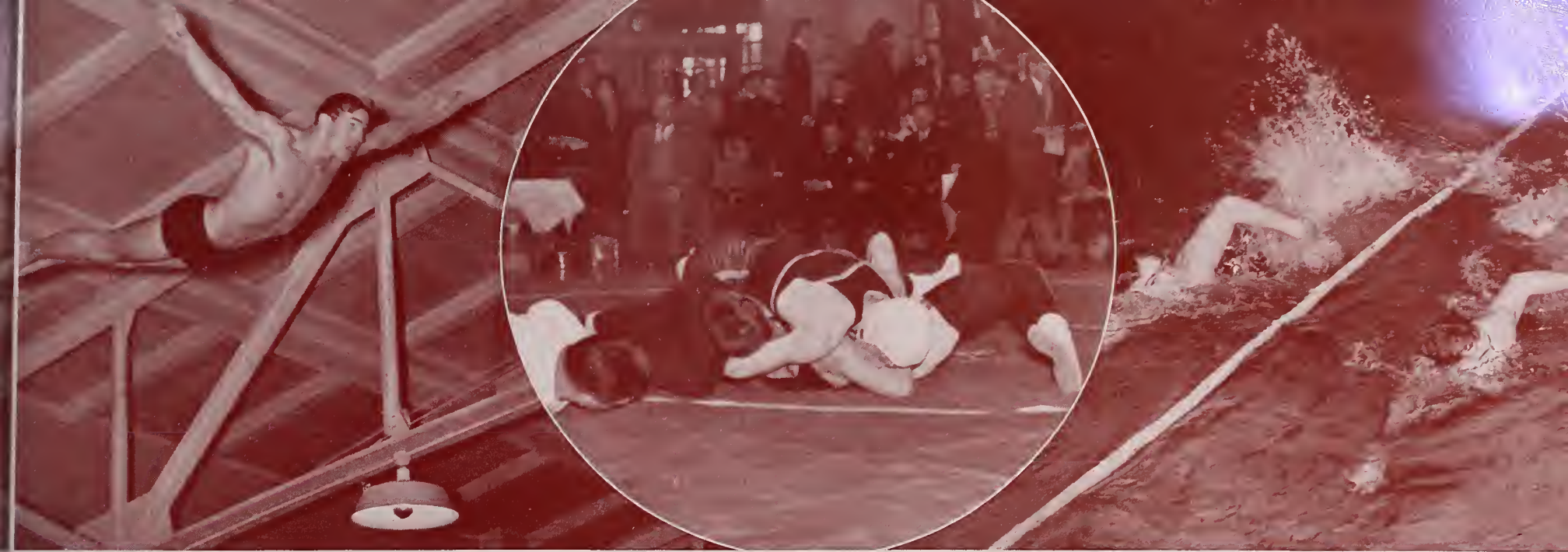
Capt. Dempsey and Mgr. Wesson



Up the hill



CROSS COUNTRY. *Front row:* Anderson, Brummer, Smith, Dempsey, Barry, Hunter, Wesson. *Rear row:* Comdr. Marable, Smusyn, Hall, Grimsley, Cuff, Coach Thomson.



Winter Sports



A full BASKETBALL schedule



Manager
Richardson

AS EARLY AS THEIR FIRST GAME against Maryland University, Navy showed promise of plenty of victories to come. Already the team was rounding into shape with a coordinated offensive. Although Captain Flynn of Maryland made 17 points, his cohorts couldn't break past the close playing of Dick Duden and Ernie Litty. Meanwhile, Navy was using four teams to bring the score to a 70-33 count.



Capt. Ernie Litty
and Coach Wilson

Coming all the way from Mexico City, the players of Penthalon Military Academy entered into a free-scoring contest with Navy's Howe and Carroll and their expert but confusing ball handling lending excitement to the game while the crowd cheered on "Hosea" Hernandez to score 27 points. However, this was hardly enough to stave off Navy's 76-50 victory march. Hapless Villanova was next to yield beneath the barrage of Navy's baskets by a score of 71-28.

The following Wednesday Navy met with stiffer opposition from the University of Pennsylvania. Captain Dallmar of the visitors kept our defense hopping with bullet-like passes to his team-mates, but Navy's veteran guards were more than equal to the task. At the same time Duden was collecting 7 field goals to pace the Navy scorers.

When Navy clashed with Duke it was the Blue Devils that made the frequent substitutions. Coach Wilson depended on the team standbys to clinch the 54-43 victory. By now the team seemed well launched on a near perfect



Comdr. Bedell
Officer Representative

1945 BASKETBALL SQUAD. *First row: Duden, Carroll, Back, Litty, McKay, Howe. Second row: Muelder, Nelson, McMurray, Middleton, Valdrop. Third row: Shugart, Young, Ingram, Dick. Fourth row: Doc Snyder, Robbins, Mgr. Richardson. Fifth row: Coach Wilson and Comdr. Bedell.*





Carroll came up with this rebound



Back juggles the ball, but he got it

record. Penn State tried hard to mar the season but went down fighting, 60-27. McKay shared the scoring honors with a combined total of 24 points.

On the first and only game away from the hardwood court of Dahlgren, Captain Litty's men didn't seem the least bothered by the strange atmosphere. Columbia was the seventh straight victim of Navy. Score, 50-44. The next week, Temple threatened to terminate Navy's winning streak. Throughout the game the lead changed hands rapidly. A much needed 24 points was contributed by forward Perry Nelson. Paced by his accurate left-handed push shots, the Tars forged ahead in the last ten minutes of play for a 55-47 victory.

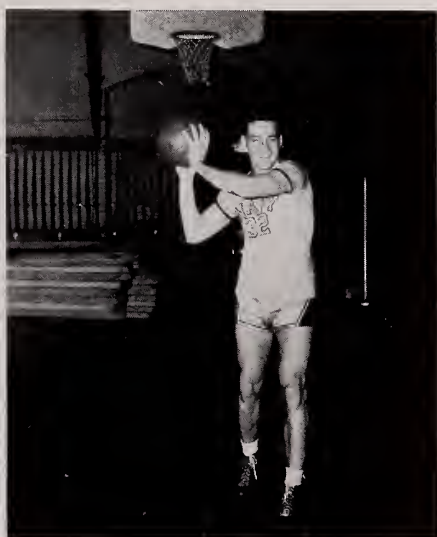
A mid-season slack seemed to catch up with the team after the 60-40 victory over the mountaineers from West Virginia. However, the Muhlenberg "Mules" provided a rude awakening. For the first time a zone defense had effectively bottled up Navy's scoring machine. Despite this fact, a thrilling comeback slowly cut down a ten



Jack Carroll



Perry Nelson



Dick Duden



Ingram dribbles by

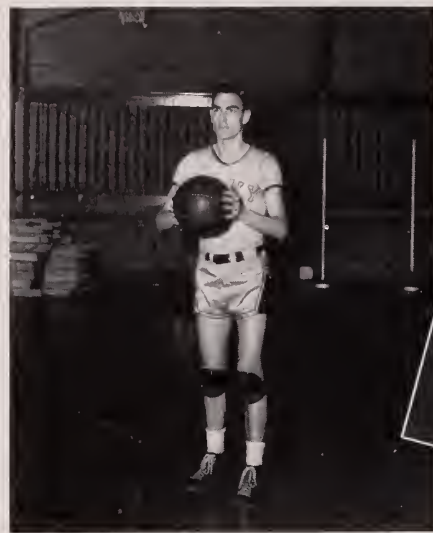


Two points for Navy

point lead. All the fancy passing and trick shots were necessary to pull a 40-33 win over the "Mules" in that last half.

The North Carolina Pre-Flight team with their strong defensive playing caused the Navy forwards a lot of trouble. Although Navy led the entire game by a small margin, a bare 42-38 victory was sweated out. Fordham proved an easier foe, succumbing to a 73 point barrage while being held to 28 points themselves. The unlucky thirteenth game with Bainbridge Naval Training Station was Navy's Waterloo. Holcomb got loose under the Navy basket too many times and set the stage for Bainbridge's victory.

Bob Howe



Paul McMurray

Jack McKay



Gordy Ingram

Penn State couldn't quite keep up



Capt. Ernie Litty



It seemed misfortune was still dogging the Navy five as they entered the fateful game with Army. The stakes were high. Besides the traditional rivalry, there was an added incentive: each team had only one mar on its record and the Eastern Intercollegiate Championship had yet to be won. Dahlgren was filled to overflowing, and the game was broadcast more extensively than any previous game in basketball history.

Perry Nelson, who scored 17 points before he was taken out on personal fouls, started off the scoring. Eleven times the lead changed hands. At the half Navy led 25-24. With three minutes of playing time remaining Doug Kenna and Bob Dobbs had stretched an Army scoring spree to a 49-41 tally. Dick Duden sank three free throws to one by Dobbs. Both Litty and Howe then sank long shots to cut Army's margin to a 50-48 count. The entire Navy team strove desperately in those last few seconds to tie up the score. But the gun sounded the end of the game as Adgie Back tried a long shot from the center of the court which missed the hoop by three inches.



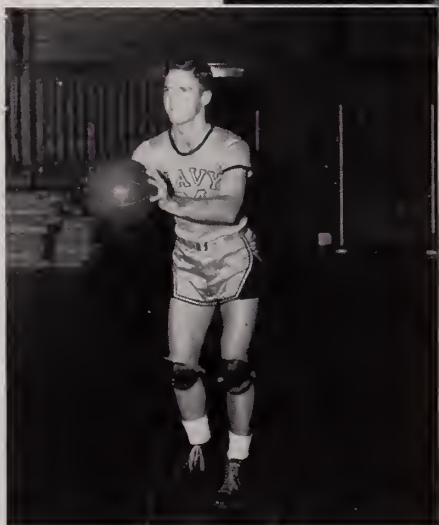
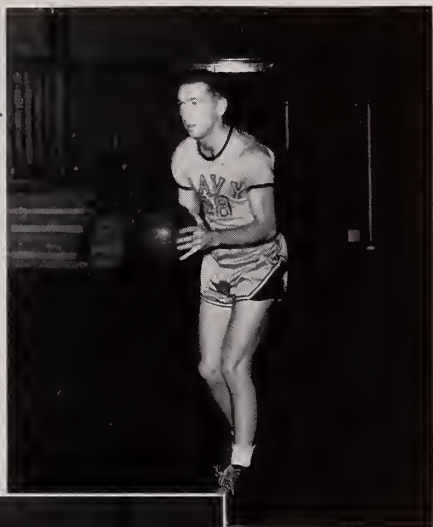
Carroll hits again

Navy closes in

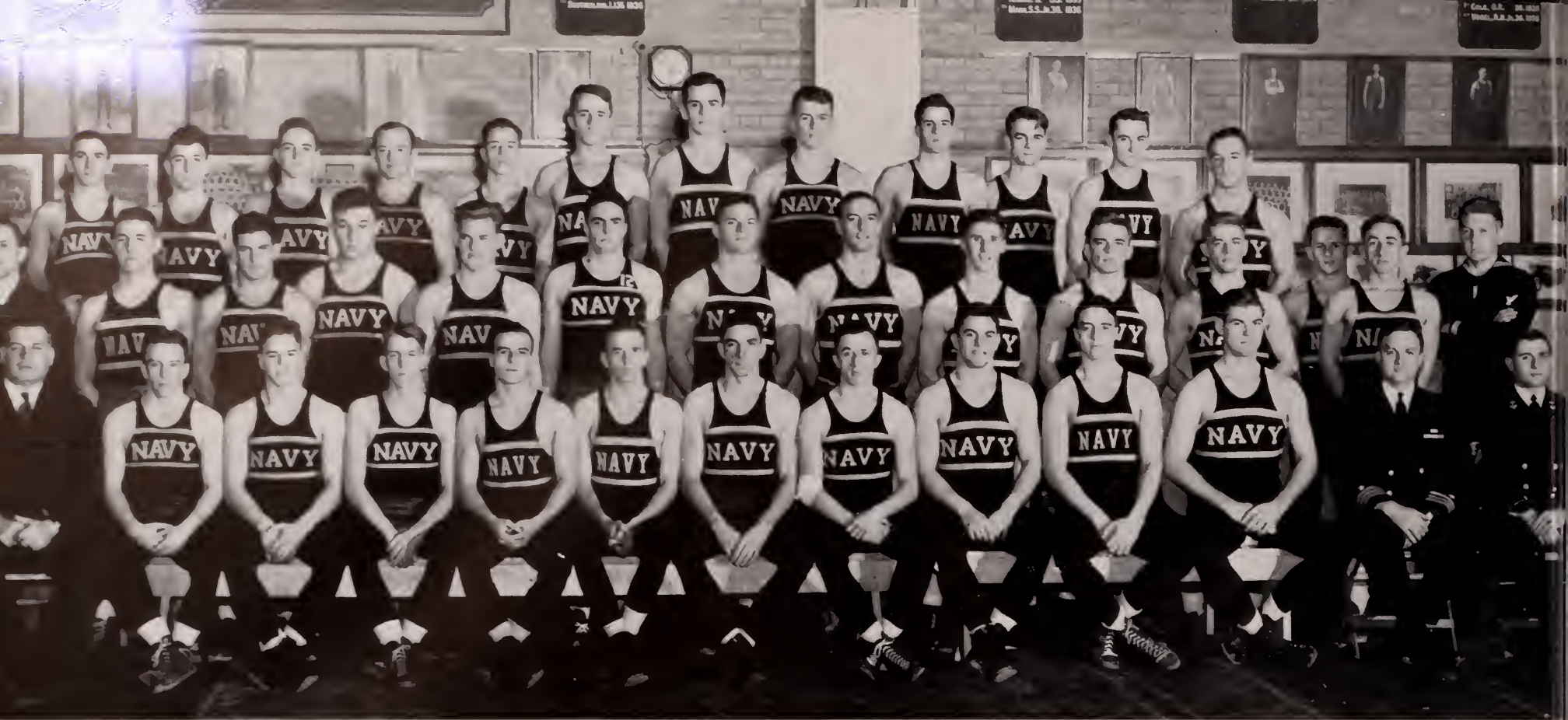


K. L. Shugart

Dick Middleton



Adgie Back



WRESTLING SQUAD. *First row:* Swartz, MacDonald, Fletcher, Pennock, Erickson, Greene, Hale, Foust, Hansen, Brimm, Coppedge, Comdr. McIntire, Morrow. *Second row:* Richards, Hathaway, Scofield, Skord, McIntyre, Settle,

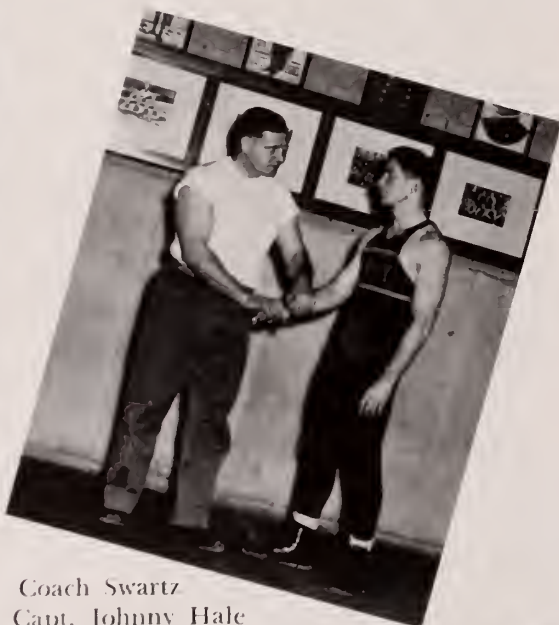
Hartley, Flanagan, Wilson, Cobean, Bonnell, Gibson, Foglesong, Spalding. Third row: McIver, Dupkin, Boushee, Butzman, DeLong, Tardif, Graham, Whittle, French, LeFever, Chandler, Henry

An outstanding **WRESTLING** *team*

CONTINUING NAVY'S UNDEFEATED record of 1944, this year's powerful Eastern Intercollegiate Championship team completely outclassed all opposition in the East. Captain Johnny Hale's deadly head scissors made him high scorer for the season and Eastern Intercollegiate Champion. Mickey MacDonald, three time EI Champ, boasts a record of eighty-nine wins to one loss. Another champ was Oscar Greene who amazed wrestling fans by trimming the vaunted Fred Barkovitch twice. In the heavyweight class, Bo Coppedge won all his matches with falls, while Swede Hansen alternated with him in that weight. Jim Foust and George Foglesong swept the opposition with their aggressive styles.



Comdr. McIntire
Art. Morrow



Coach Swartz
Capt. Johnny Hale



Foggy Foglesong

Mickey MacDonald
America's Outstanding Wrestler



The Champs' Scoreboard

Navy	30	Pennsylvania	0
Navy	38	Columbia	0
Navy	34	Muhlenberg	0
Navy	36	Penn State	0
Navy		Eastern Intercollegiate Champions	
Navy	38	North Carolina	0
Navy	26	N. C. Pre-Flight	6



Danny Brimm

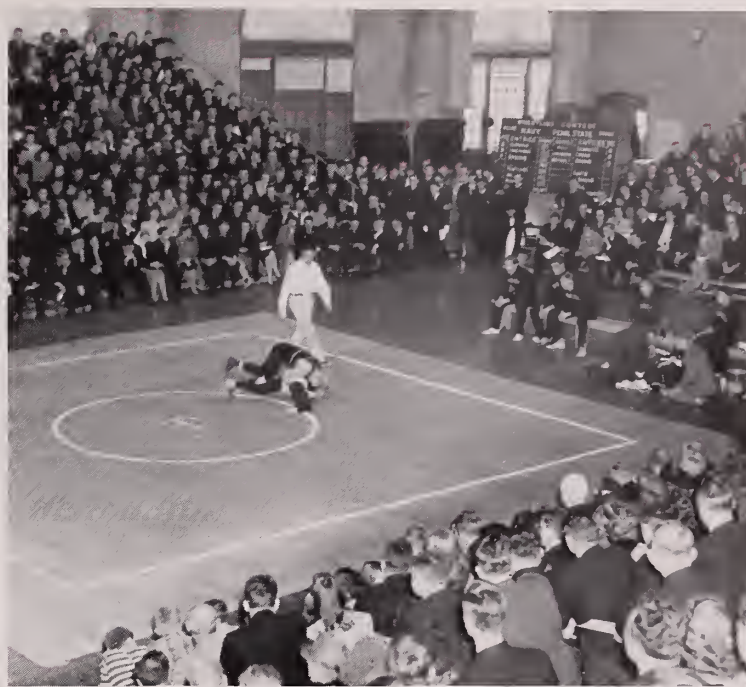


Jim Foust

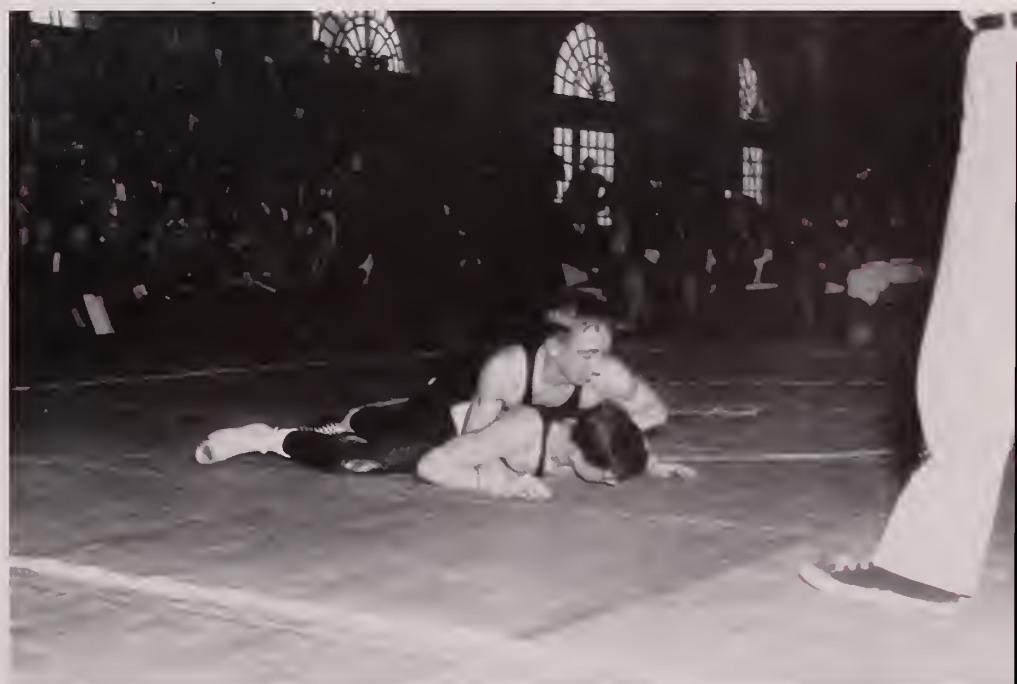
Coppedge lifted them high



Hale didn't let 'em crawl



Drags filled the stands



Foglesong on top



Parry right



Jim Loucks



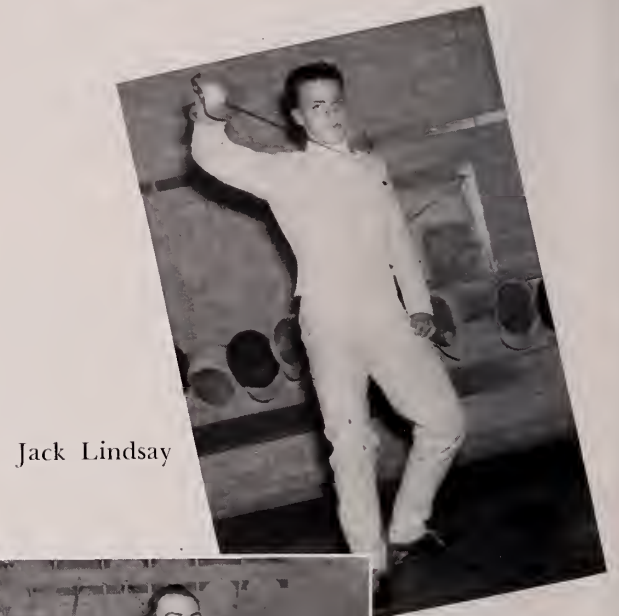
Comdr. Osborne
Mgr. Jacobelli



Coaches Deladrier
and Fiems



Capt. Jack Enyart



Jack Lindsay



Rodney Stickles

Sabers clash

FENCING *featured victories*

"KEEP THAT ARM STRAIGHT when you lunge this time!" This might have been Coach Deladrier or his assistant, Coach Fiems, instructing just about any member of the foil fencing squad. To the epee men, this advice was quite the opposite of what they needed, and the only advice that could be given to the sabremen was simply "hack as hack can."

Fencing was really three distinct sports with but a single objective—get the other man before he gets you. The split second attacks and parries defied the eyesight of the most keen spectators, and was frequently too quick for the eagle-eyed judges. This year's team, captained by Jack Enyart, was not brilliant merely because of a few outstanding individuals, but brilliant because the entire team was outstanding. Robinson, Van Sickle, and Stockwell did top-flight work in the foil class; Enyart, Stickles, and Cummings were always on top in epee; while Lind-



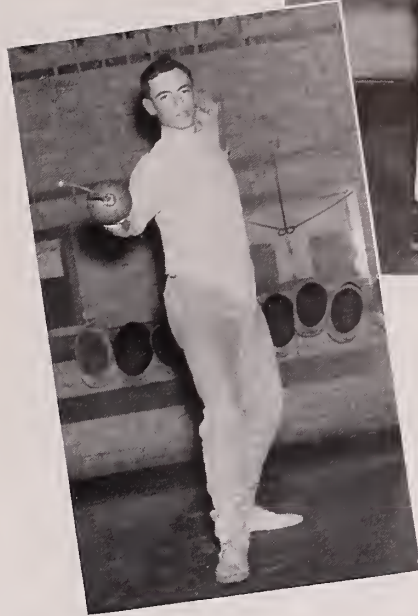
The Score

Navy	17	Columbia University	10
Navy	18	Philadelphia Fencing Club	9
Navy	15½	Columbia University	11½
Navy	15	Bainbridge Naval Training Station	12
Navy	22	New York University	5
Navy	18	Baltimore Fencing Club	9
Navy	23	Brooklyn College	4
Navy	14	Army	13

Lunge, lunge, lunge



Red Robinson



Jim Cummings



John Van Sickle

FENCING — *Continued*

say, Gallup and La Haye led the sabre competitors. Highlight of the fencing season was a close victory over Army, when a gallery filled with interested spectators watched a victory-minded Navy squad come out on top over the Kaydets in the most spectacular meet of many seasons.

FENCING TEAM. *First row:* Thompson, Westfall, Gallup, Sartain, Enyart, Clark, Casson, Bowdey, White. *Second row:* Comdr. Osborne, Deladriet, Matusiewicz, Francis, Cummings, Stickle, Oller, Fiems, Jacobelli. *Third row:*

Becken, Fredericks, Robinson, Reilly. Marvin, Cole, Lindsay, Loucks. *Fourth row:* Van Sickle, Reingartz, Wertheim, Stockwell, Hafer, Frankel, Glisson.





Comdr. Laizure
Coach Ortland

SWIMMING TEAM. *Front row:* Coach Ortland, Doran, Kelley, Ortland, Mize, Cowell, Mott, Tiemann, Hallett, Carrington, Butner, Miller, Callahan, Comdr. Laizure. *Second row:* Gardner, Thompson, Taylor, Barnard, McCallum, Kakanui, Chadwick, Crosby, Grechanik, Ortland, Joy, Kenyon, Eyer, Fallon. *Third row:* Vandermade, Corse, Tiffany, Hall, Lyons, Barlow, Lademan, Pavelle, Lilly, Reynolds, Mayer, Gatewood, Barker, Connellan.

SWIMMING *Stalwarts*

THE ACADEMY'S MERMEN were out to make a good season out of it this year, and there was plenty of good material available. Coach Henry Ortland, who has coached many a top-flight swimming team, was ready to train his men into a fast-moving, water-churning outfit that would



Ready for the take-off

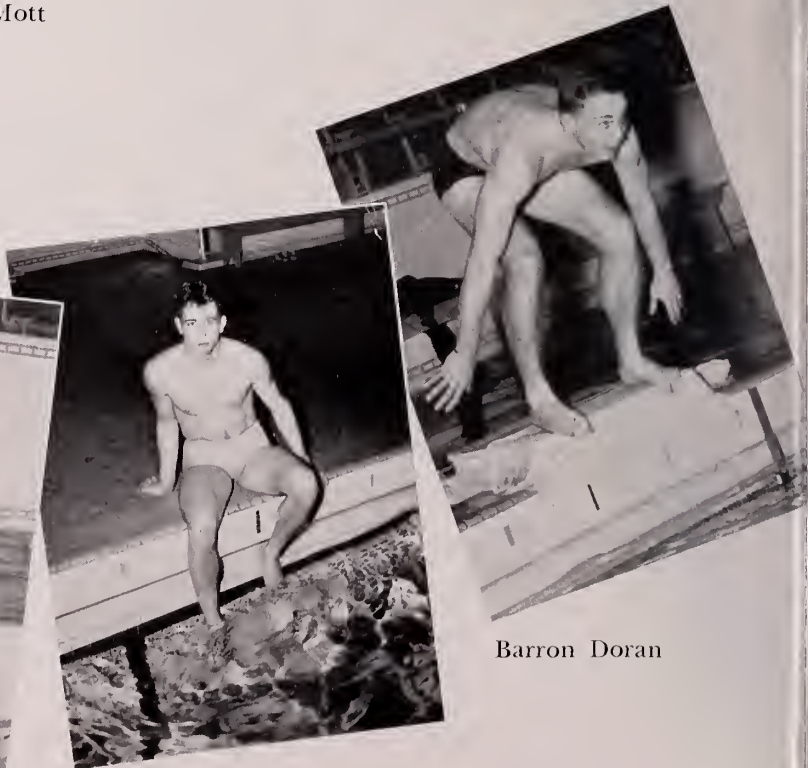
Ace Butner spread out



Captain Brock Mott



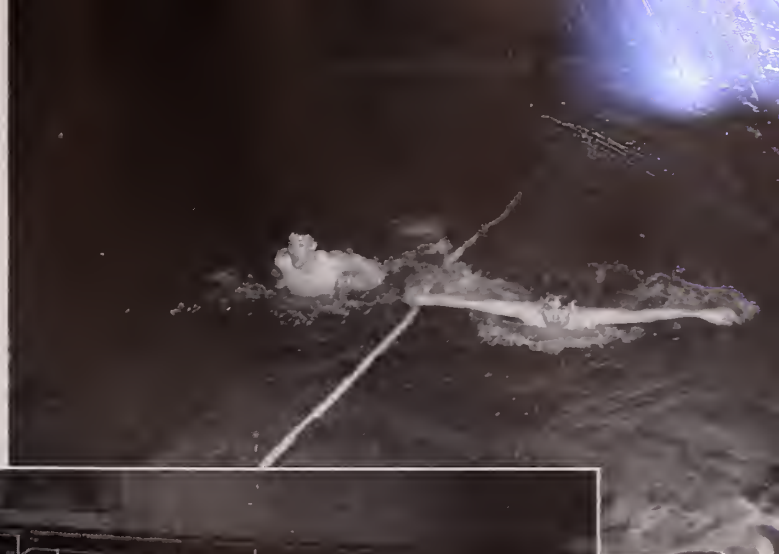
Manager Tom Connellan



Barron Doran

Gene Kenyon

be able to go to the top in the Eastern intercollegiate matches. Captain Brock Mott and Bob Cowell started off the list of the varsity pool men, and these two were consistently on top in backstroke competition for a valuable one-two. Capsize the backstroke, and you have the breast stroke men, better known as those adept at the butterfly. Jack Pavelle, Emil Eyer and Mac McCallum snared the major honors in this field, and could always be counted on to garner their share of the points. The medley relay teams brought together some of the best talent in all the different types of swimming. Bob Cowell, Warren Ortland, and Jim Carrington used their strokes to best advantage in this event. The short distance men start off with the 50-yard sprinters, where Jack Butner, Ollie Hallett and Bill Kanakanui really threw the spray during their high-speed runs. In the correlated and graceful diving events, Bob Baker and Frank Kelley continually grabbed the first two places. Then there were the distance events, where Ross Miller and Neal Thompson did the 440 with a powerful backstroke. In the free style, Carrington, Mize, Hallett, and Hull were always on hand with a high-powered performance.



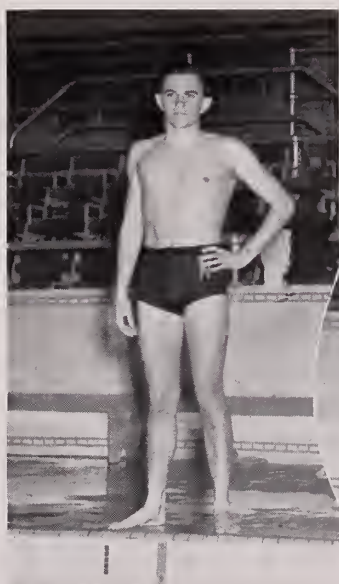
Ready for the home stretch



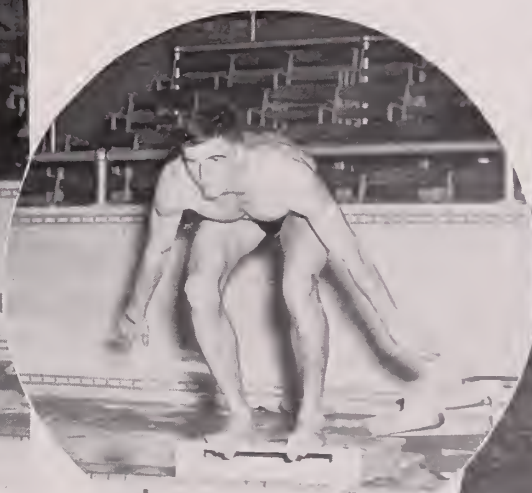
Bob Cowell



Fred Tiemann



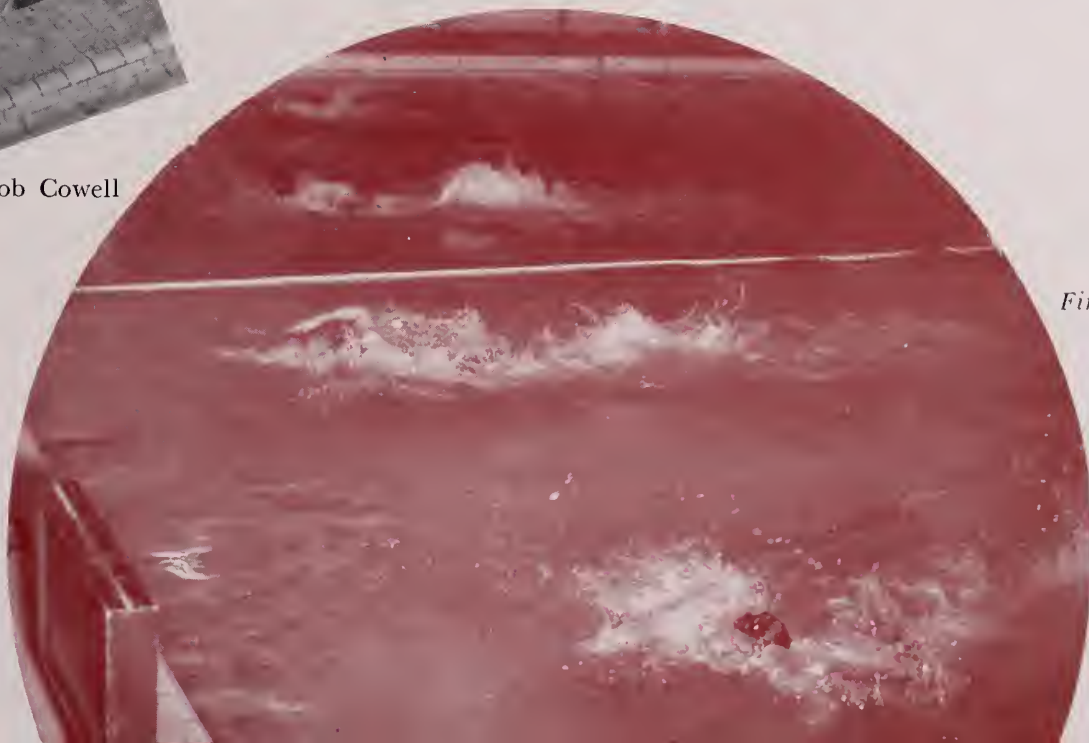
Hank Ortland



Harlie Mize



Frank Kelley



Finish line ahead



Coaches Phillips,
Rammacher, Maroney



Lt. Condit
Officer Representative

GYM *Commandos*

OUR GYM TEAM HAD QUITE a record to uphold when the official season began. The preceding team had walked away with the Eastern collegiate championship and in the same meet had defeated the Army in Macdonough Hall. This was a high mark to sight on, but this year's squad was determined to do as well. When the season began, there were six returning lettermen, led by Captain Fran Dougherty. With these top-flight gymsters, last year's plebe squad, and the new material in '48, coaches



Manager Joe Smith



Capt. Fran Dougherty



Tom Fortson



Tom Peace

"Chet" Phillips and John Rammacher were able to build up an outstanding team.

There was keen competition within the team for the number one spot on all the various pieces of apparatus. Bill Fryer led the field on the side horse, while Dick Dunning and youngster Tom Fortson shared honors on the horizontal bars. The quick and agile rope climbers were paced by Tom Peace and Snipe Hoffman. Captain Fran Dougherty and Fortson were two other varsity men that turned in consistently good performances in their event. The swingsters, better known as the "daring young men on the flying rings," were topped by Ed Mouton and Bill Pitt. Both of these men put on many thrilling exhibitions for the spectators during their popular meets. "Soupy" Campbell, known to all as the head cheerleader, Dick Dana, and plebe Ed Freeman led the best group of tumblers that a Navy team has had for many seasons.

These men combined their respective abilities to produce a team that would delight any lover of the precision



Saturday spectators



The backflip trio . . . Dana, Campbell, Freeman

and coordination that goes with this sport. Captain Dougherty's men went through a hard schedule with relatively few setbacks, giving every opponent a hard fight in all events. The last meet, held against Army at West Point, was the hardest of all to take. After many weeks of preparation, the gymsters lost a hard-fought battle to the Kaydets.



Fran Dougherty



Dick Dunning



Ed Mouton

GYM TEAM. *Front row:* Simpson, Dana, Dunning, Mouton, Kingsbury, Capt. Dougherty, Foster, Fryer, Upthegrove, Campbell, Peace, Coach Phillips. *Second row:* Lt. Condit, Cook, Finch, Hoffman, Feeney, Smith, Pitt, Menk,

Scoles, Day, Laws, Coach Rammacher. *Third row:* Coach Maroney, Demming, Hall, Freeman, Jones, Carlisle, McKinley, Fortson, Sweetman, Brandt, Mgr. Smith





RIFLE TEAM. *First row:* Ferguson, Lane, Toutant, Monthan, Dietrichson, Held. *Second row:* Coach Branzell, Sanchez, Haring, Osterweil, Kern, Granville, Taylor, Lt. Comdr. Quense. *Third row:* Ritchie, Craig, Hancock, Peterson, Hollis, Becker

Captains Monthan and Carey



Comdr. Straub Lt. Comdr. Quense
Lt. Pennington, Coach Branzell

Home on the Range

NAVY'S SMALL BORE RIFLE AND PISTOL squads ended the season with enviable records and constant practice brought the squads' scores to higher levels with each match. Led by Captain Carey, the pistol team was victorious in its three telegraphic matches and dropped only one of its shoulder-to-shoulder matches, that being to Army. McElroy, Schmidt, and Schifanelli maintained convincing scores of Naval marksmanship throughout the season.

The small bore season was even more successful. A long string of victories with the final 1398-1381 win over Army gave Navy a perfect season and its members the coveted N-star. The individual honors went to Captain Monthan, Granville, and Held, all first classmen, whose steady shooting placed the Tars as the nation's top team.



The firing line

PISTOL TEAM. *First row:* Buck, Smith, Ennis, Hatmaker, Rhuermund, Parrish, Early. *Second row:* Montgomery, Weir, Lampton, Larson, Pennington, Straub, Hydeman, Carey, McElroy, Baskin, Smith. *Third row:* Porter, Schmidt, Groover, MacDonald, Kelley, Clement, Hemmer, Glasgens, Schifanelli, Powell



Managers Ritchie and Larson



Spring Sports



BASEBALL TEAM. *First row:* Comdr. Miller, Coach Bishop, Duncan, Coulter, Metzger, Jacobus, Phillips, Taylor, Winner, Dowling, Lt. Comdr. Keene. *Second row:* Ellsworth, Armstrong, Curry, Mueller, Middleton, Finos, Matula,

Burton. Third row: Spahr, McKie, Wencke, St. George, Thayer, Frahler, Hill, Searle

BASEBALL *flyhawks*

THERE WAS PLENTY OF MATERIAL for the baseball season, and Coach Max Bishop's only problem was to whip it into shape with the right combinations. At the advent of the summer season many new plebes were on hand to exercise their skill with the Tar nine, and these newcomers took over the first varsity games while the upperclassmen were shaking the salt out of their hair and sharpening up the lax muscles from cruise. The final team was a promising looking outfit, but it was not until they had the first game under their belts that they began to get the necessary coordination and drive for a tough nine game schedule.

Lanny Zech, last year's captain, Herb Mills, Don Hineman, and Paul Burdette had left their baseball uniforms behind for a bigger job at sea. Also footballers Vic Finos, Dick Duden, Jay McKie, and Bruce Smith had abandoned the diamond for the summer to take their positions on the gridiron. But, in spite of a few player losses, a mighty team was moulded into winning style by former major leaguer Max Bishop. Coach Bishop was almost three-deep in every position and his greatest perplexity was in separating the best from the good. The competition among the players was kept keen in the hope of gaining the experience necessary for a starting position on an even stronger spring team.

The summer schedule at Annapolis is primarily to seek out new material and give the promising plebes a



Team Capt. Jacobus



Comdr. Miller, Mgr. Dowling

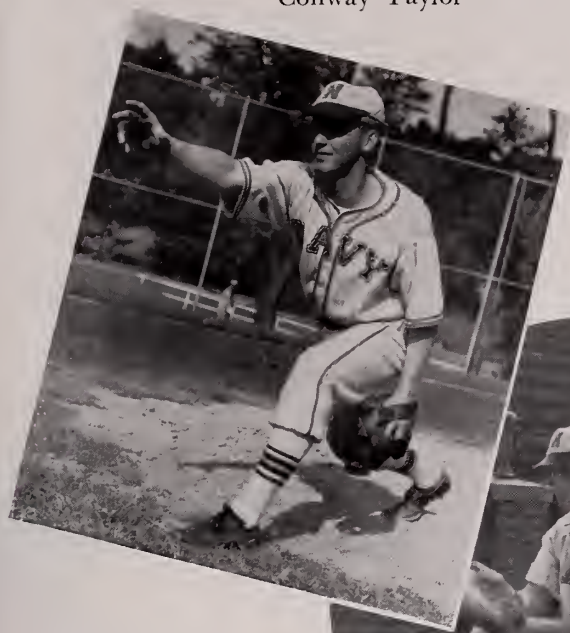


Coaches Bishop and Keene



Slide, Kelly

Conway Taylor



Cliff Duncan



Bruce Winner



Burton burns one down



Over the plate

little experience with the varsity in preparation for the spring schedule. No urging is necessary to get enough men on the field because a true baseball player loves the game more than he loves to eat. The war has exercised limitations on games and players, but its popularity has not witnessed any slump.

Looking back a few years we find baseball's debut to the Naval Academy as an inter-class sport in 1871. Not until 1901 did it become a varsity athletic event and that same year marks the first Army-Navy ball game. Since then thirty-seven of these inter-service classics have been played, Army having won twenty-two to Navy's fifteen. The game has improved through the years to keep pace with the other major sports of the Academy and Navy has established an honorable position in the Eastern Intercollegiate competition.

Remember the spring of '44 when the greylegs came to Crabtown to revenge the loss of the season before by exactly the same score? But let's take a look at the men who are remembered best. Dale Mueller, the mighty hurler who just had an off day against Army, was warming up at the first call to this spring's baseball in an effort to improve on that five won and three lost record. He took it easy at first to prevent any bad effects from an

injury incurred last fall in battalion football. Connie Taylor, who relieved Mueller in that game, was also back for another season on the mound. His record last spring was four wins and no losses. "Rabbit" Curry, Wirt Thayer and Jack Coulter round out the players who "remembered Army" and were using the summer to prime themselves for revenge.

The active pitching staff for the summer games was increased by Frahler, Metzger and Phillips. Navy's six won, three lost record is proof enough of their ability. Plebe Andy Frahler gained mound fame in the 17-4

A long high one





Fangs Phillips



Ace McKie

Princeton game while the Bobs, Phillips and Metzger, took two each of the last four games. These last four victories were won over Baltimore American Legion, Spring Grove, Johns Hopkins and Govans of Baltimore.

But Frahler contributed more than pitching ability to the midshipmen's record. Batting .324 he stood at the top of the "runs batted in" column with a total of eight. Jack Coulter, batting .368, stood second with seven for the season. But Bruce Winner's average of .538 in four games played gave him undisputed batting honors; plebe slugger Bob Bryan was runner-up in that department with a .428 average. Searle, Spahr, Alberts, Middleton, and Curry were constant worries to opposing pitchers and strong factors on Navy's scoring end.

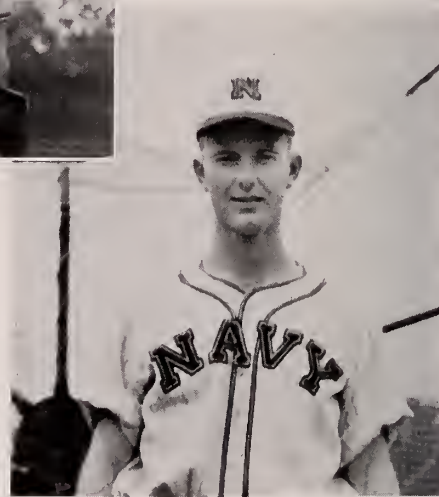
The receiving end of the Tar batteries was shared

by Coulter and Spahr, the number one backstop, Vic Finos, having signed up to toe the pigskin. Both at the call for spring warm-ups, Vic was on hand with Coulter, Spahr, Winner, and Woods to train the pitching arms.

The summer season found the initial sack covered with much quality as well as quantity. Plebe Bob Bryan, ex-University of Virginia player, was exceptionally well qualified. Cee Dee Alberts and Cliff Duncan were strong backer-uppers. Plebe Hill withdrew from summer training early for football but he was on hand in the spring to give plenty of competition to those who had established a claim on first. Second base was dominated by Ed "Army" Armstrong. It was no small assignment to fill former Captain Zech's boots, but Armstrong's fielding and batting eye secured the spot for him. Behind

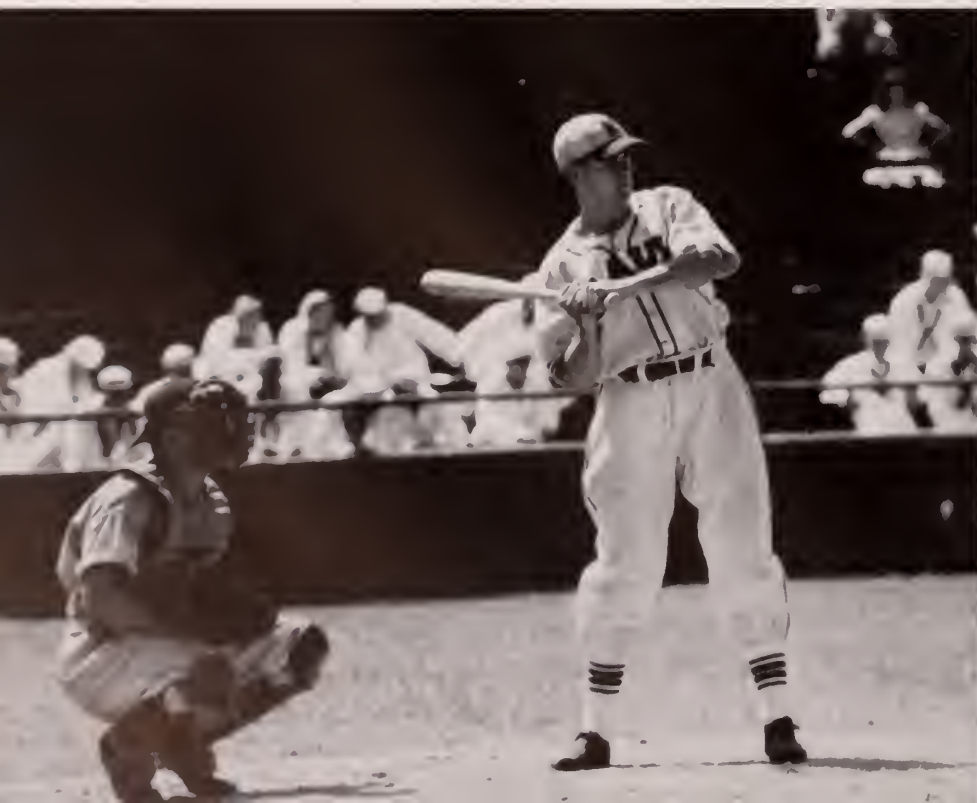


Bill St. George

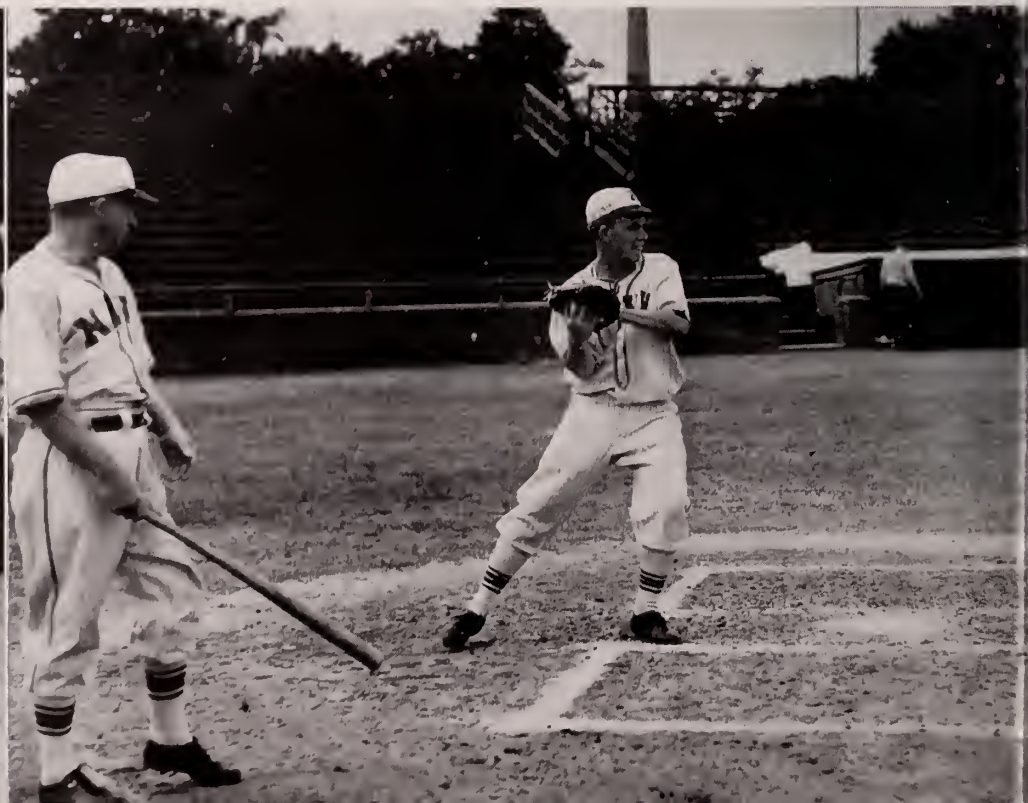


Andy Frahler

Ellsworth waits for one down the middle



Watch that runner at first





Reach for it!



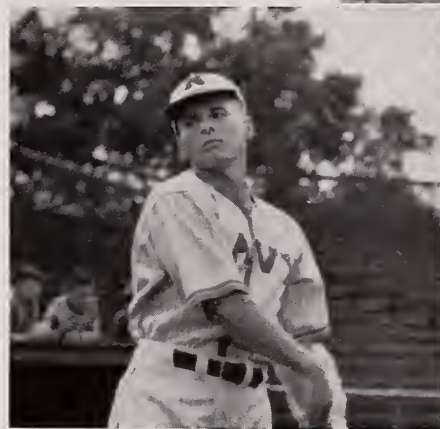
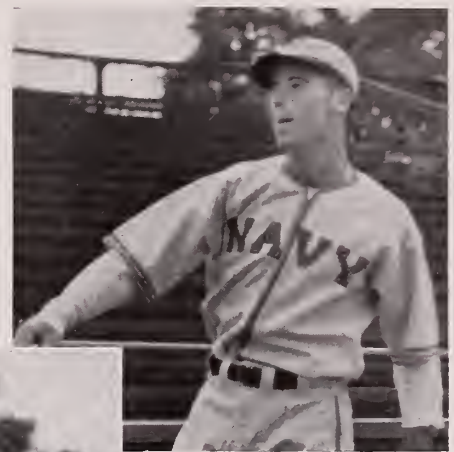
Over to second

him were Bill St. George and Hap Wenke. Hal "Rabbit" Curry made the hot corner his roaming ground and his rifle arm proved the wisdom of his choice.

Jay McKie or Dick Middleton? The shortstop assignment was a continuous contest between the two capable men. It was McKie by a nose as one of the hottest infield prospects in recent years got the starting call. Middleton did a bang-up job during the summer while McKie was on the gridiron.

There was no problem in centerfield. Wirt Thayer had it under full control. Wirt was a savoir at covering ground and one of the most consistent hitters in the lineup. The flanking positions took their shape around him. Captain Jake Jacobus and the three-letter-man Dick "Monster" Duden usually galloped around the other two pastures, being spelled off occasionally by Frahler and Ralph Ellsworth. Versatile Jake Jacobus had taken over

Army Armstrong



Rabbit Curry



Vic Finos



Dale Mueller

the hot corner during his plebe year and was capable of moving into the infield had necessity warranted.

Such was the material with which Coach Bishop opened up the spring season of '45. A nineteen-game schedule lay ahead with Navy's biggest target at the end. With sights adjusted on the Point, the Tars passed each obstacle, either professional team or college team, in hopes of gaining new tactics to tumble the greylegs. The two and three game per week schedule was a strong conditioner which gave little time off to get stale. As the season got underway it looked as if it were a banner year in Navy baseball.

Coach Buck Walsh

Capt. Kennedy

CREW *racers were impressive*

MANY LONG HOURS OF PRACTICE lay between the first rowing machine workouts in Hubbard Hall and the Spring day when the flashing oars propelled the sleek shells up the Severn in the big crew regattas. The after effects of Christmas leave were still apparent when the six-footers gathered in the crew house for their preliminary training. Most of the practicing had to be done during the winter months when the crews had to face



Must be the coxswain



Comdr. Babb
Officer Representative



Manager Lynch

the cold winds and the choppy waves of the Severn in their exposed shells.

Buck Walsh, who has been coaching here since 1926, started out this year's squad with plenty of good material from the boats of last season. Buck prophesied plenty of competition for the berths in the number one shell that would compete in the intercollegiate regattas. Kennedy and Vanderwolk were both varsity men last year, and the coxswain, Stevenson, had plenty of experience in piloting the slim craft around the rivers. Ferch, Jackson, and Quigley rowed JV last season, and were all ready

Now for an eight mile workout

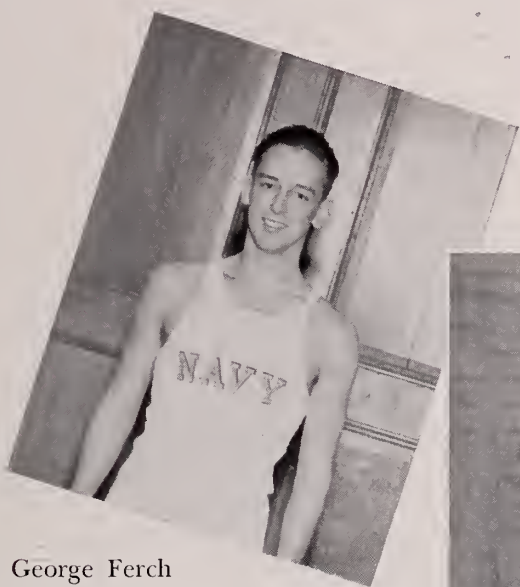


for a try at varsity berths. Besides these, there were plenty more who spent every afternoon behind the oars in their attempt to win one of the varsity seats.

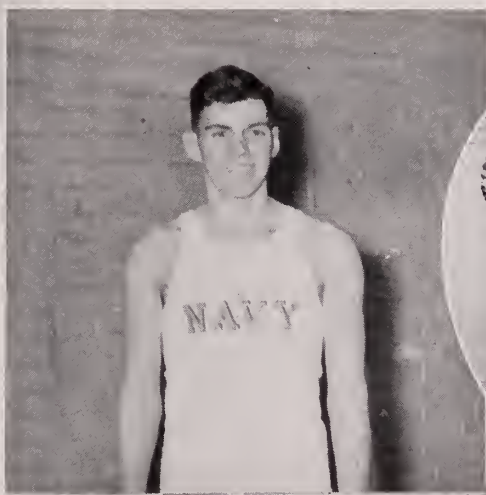
Races against Columbia and Massachusetts Institute of Technology were scheduled, as well as the regatta at Ithaca that involved MIT, Columbia, and Cornell. Provisions were also made to enter a JV crew in each of these races. Before the races, Jim Manning, plebe coach, and Bill Wiedefeld were kept busy repairing the often-damaged craft. Crewmen remember well the time they rebuilt almost entirely the "Shamrock" and "Little Mac-Innis" after they broke in two during a squall. Helping them was Jack Lynch, varsity manager, who also had a full-time job keeping track of the over-sized squad.



Down the ramp



George Ferch



Walt Vanderwolk



George Stevenson

Time out to pose for a picture





TENNIS TEAM. *Front row:* Comdr. Chew, Doyle, Rogers, Capt. Edwards, Crawford, Norris, Davis, Lt. James. *Second row:* MacDonald, Carpenter, Sadler, Daly, DeTemple, Chief Chapin, Hooks, Haddin, Barlow, Tilles.



Manager Hooks



Coach James



Comdr. Chew

Capt. Edwards

TENNIS *serves*

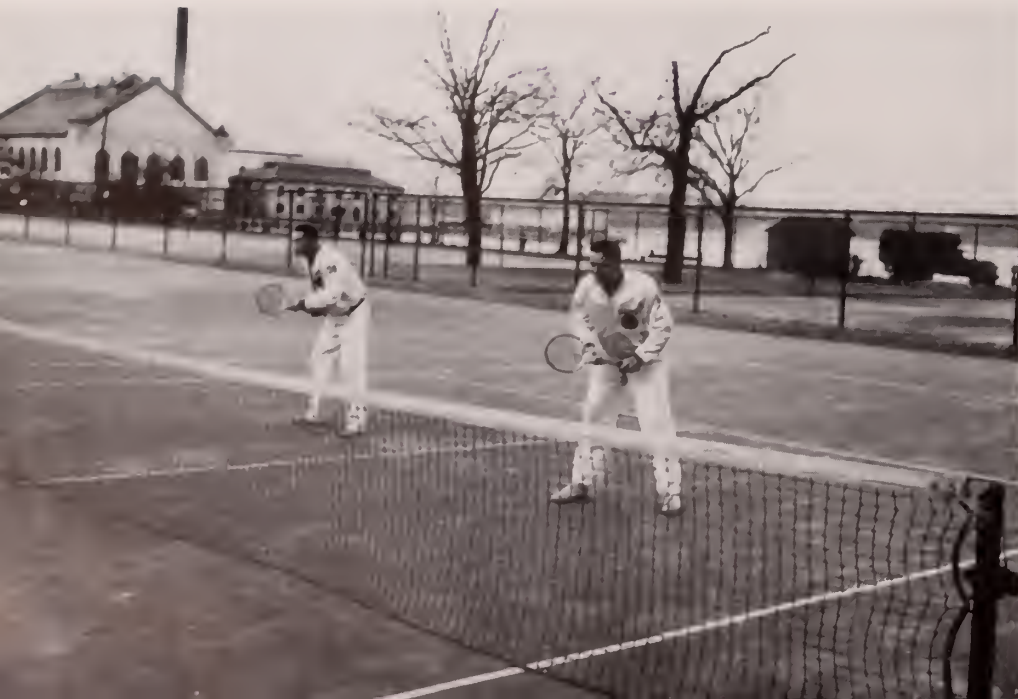
IT WAS JUST BEFORE THE Eastern Intercollegiate matches of the '44 season that Coach James left his job with the plebes to take over the varsity squad from Hendrix. From there, James took his team right to the Championship, making it their third consecutive year as the title-holders. This year, aided by Chief Chapin, he was all ready with the East's most powerful team to make it four times in a row. Standout men like Captain Bud Edwards and Bob Crawford together with lettermen Rogers, Norris, Davis, and Doyle, formed the nucleus of a squad that was all ready for the big contests with Navy's toughest opponents—North Carolina, Princeton, and Army. The last game on the schedule with the Kaydets promised to be a plenty close fight, and the team was all set to make it a repetition of last year's performance. Backed up with plenty of secondary material, the varsity players formed a hard-driving squad that could give any opponent plenty of hard hours on the court.

Ace Crawford

Nick Norris



Double barreled rackets





Comdr. McCombs Coach Williams



Capt. Rankin



Steve Rowen



Observe and learn

GOLF drives and putts

A NEW 18-HOLE GOLF COURSE completed, a flock of returning lettermen, an excellent coach, and souls eager for the feel of a long drive produced the polished and skilled golf team that made its bid for intercollegiate dominance. Under Captain Dave Rankin's leadership, the 'squad removed the struggling opposition with ease. Oscar Carr, Dave Walker, and M. T. Johnson turned in low score cards consistently. Every afternoon intersquad competition was keen, but it was in the matches that the golfers excelled. Commander McCombs' avid interest in the squad as officer representative gave the fellows that additional spark of improvement and Coach Bob Williams straightened out the players' irons for those smooth and lusty drives from the tee and the calculated putts on the green. Player-manager Rowen ably disproved the ancient theory that you can't do two things well at one time.



Monty Johnson



Dave Walker

Oscar Carr

GOLF TEAM. *First row:* Rowen, Johnson, Jeffs, Bagley, Reynolds, Carr, von Schrader. *Second row:* Rankin, Walker, Wellings, Thompson, Hartmann, Smith, Fjelsta, Coerper, McGrath





LACROSSE TEAM. First row: Comdr. Billing, Coach Lamond, Hubbard, Koch, Capt. Guy, Stiles, Ward, Brown, Coach Moore, Mgr. Young. Second row: Marmet, Bovar, Rogers, Hansen, Dodd, Culp, Spicer, Cullman, Kulik,

Mathers. Third row: Evans, Durning, Goldsborough, Seccombe, McLean, Love, Teasley, Stevens, Kane, Anderson

Comdr. Billing
Manager Young



Capt. Charlie Guy



Coaches
Moore and
Lamond



LACROSSE *stick men*

WE ALWAYS SHOOT FOR A STAR, and the ambitions of our 1944 Lacrosse squad were that high. A fine string of victories fell to the Navy team; in fact the slate was clean until Johns Hopkins visited Annapolis. That loss we were able to avenge some weeks later in a return engagement in Baltimore. At this point a close race developed with Army for the National Championship, the situation lending fire to an already warm rivalry. The climax was a red-hot game at West Point. Though the Blue and Gold fought like demons from Dante's Inferno, they couldn't cool the luck of the Kaydets. The results left Navy swearing revenge in '45.

In 1945 the squad was out long before the snow had melted, to work out combinations for the attack, mid-field play, and defense. Angie Lamond, coaching the defense men, organized a brilliant defense corps built around All-American Charlie Guy, Dave Barksdale, and Bill Culp. Dinty's attackers were likewise experienced



"Killer" Albright



Billy Culp



Ray Spicer



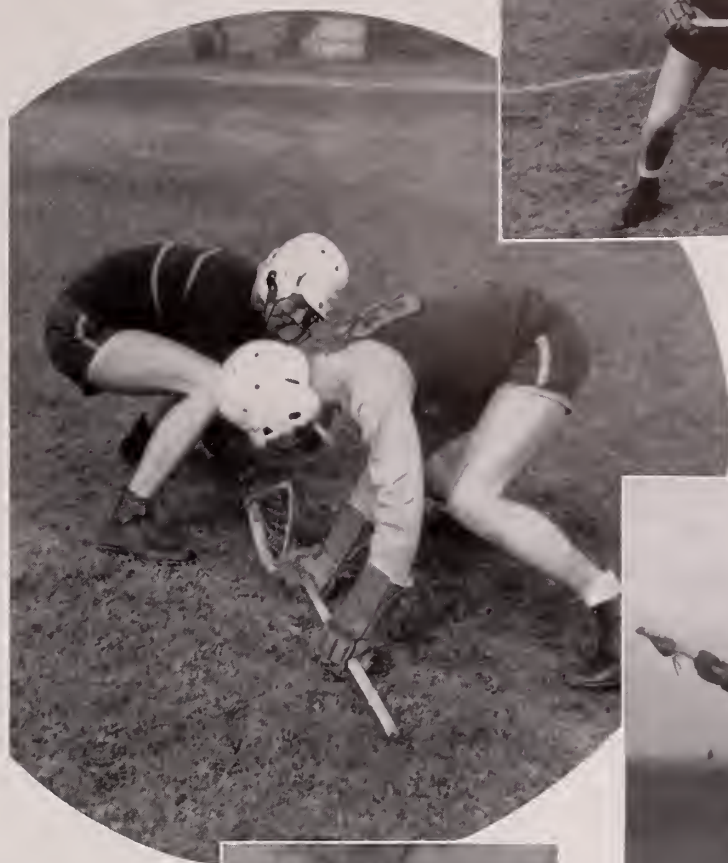
Hugh Cullman

men—Bill Graham, Adrian Back, Eli Kirk, Fred Koch, Mal Brown, Bruce Althoff, and John Houpt. It took no lacrosse expert to recognize another great team in the making.

The midfield had yet to be developed. There the potential strength seemed to be centered in some combination of the understudies of the graduates. Herb Stiles, George Mayo, Bob Welander, Bob Horner, and Hugh Cullman headed the available talent. "X" Ward and Walt Schirra, possessed with the stamina so essential to the game, were recognized contenders for first line positions in this division of the squad.

Our goalie was one of the best in the nation, "Killer" Albright, a returning first string letterman. Few goals got by him last year, but he vowed that even less would pass him this season. A number of plebe and JV players rounded out the varsity squad. Jim Carrington, All-American from Cornell, joined the Navy ranks. Remaining JV first stringers included Ray Spicer, Bob Webster, Al Kulik, and Brian Kane.

Cosmo Hubbard



Adgie Back



Cracker Graham



Freddy Koch



Herb Stiles

Get the goalie

Loose ball





Lacrosse Netman



Inner defenses



"X" Ward



Al Kulik



Gordy Secombe



Mike Boyar



Ace Stevens

Ready . . .



. . . Got it

The 1945 season presented a rising crescendo of hard fighting opponents to the Ham 'n Egggers. Maryland, Johns Hopkins, and the inevitable Army presented teams of skill and experience. Navy faced them with its one forté—true power and spirit to match any advantage. The Army game, played on home grounds, brought the Regiment out in full force in an attempt to avenge the loss of the game and Championship last year.

The mad rush





Navy leads Army all around

TRACK *feats*

SPRING OF '44 FOUND THE NAVY with the greatest track team in history. Having won meet after meet, our thinly clad runners reached an all time high, when on May 26 they not only became the first service school team to win the IC4A outdoor championship, but did so in such a decisive manner that their final score, 81 points, was the greatest total ever amassed in the history of the IC4A meets. The favored Army team, which took second in the intercollegiate, went down again under the Navy's attack a week later at Annapolis, scoring 52 to our winning 74 in the annual dual meet.

In those meets, the power that was to make itself irresistible in the spring was displayed. "Moose" Caskey, running one of the finest races of his career, came from behind to win the 600-yard event, leaving the Mars and Thunder boys' Berger well behind. Bert Atkinson copped the high jump crown with a 6' 1" leap and Fred Bouw-



Coach Thomson

Barry cuts the tape



Comdr. Jackson
Mgr. Stahl



Capt. Hal Hamberg

TRACK TEAM. *First row:* Comdr. Jackson, Stoutenburgh, Atkinson, Patton, Banks, Capt. Hamberg, Brady, Curren, Barry, Caskey, Hall, B. Martin, McClellan, Johnson, Shane, Coach Thomson. *Second row:* Mgr. Stahl, Stickler, Blaha, Berggren, Simons, Bouwman, Maxson, VanVelzer, Campbell, Bigley,

Ahearn, Grimsley, Jones, McGuire, Schneeman, Colot, Carr. *Third row:* Anderson, Pettit, Ellsworth, Humphries, Ambrogi, Lemmon, Carlon, Geiger, Kelley, Smith, Hedrick, R. Hall, Cuff, Smusyn, Brummer, Sorenson, Jester, Reinschmidt





Hurdlers Banks, Hedrick, Johnson

Jim Pettit



Fred Bouwman

Joe Stoutenburgh hands baton to Van Velzer



Bill Patton



Dan Maxson

man's 22' 11½" won the broad jump hands down. The Navy track squad's unmarred spring included victories over Villanova and Penn State in April, followed by a winning score in a triangular meet with Duke and North Carolina Pre-Flight. A week after that the Pre-Flight men combined with the Tarheels against the Navy, but to no avail. It was in this meet that cross country captain Walt Barry came within a half second of tying the Academy's record for the mile, running it in 4:17.1.

Next came the IC4A's at Philadelphia, where a favored Army team and all other contestants succumbed to the drive of Navy's track men. George Brown upset the dopesters by winning the discus, and broad jumper Bouwman planted his heels 23' 2½" ahead of the take-off point to cinch that event. The anti-climactic Army meet of the next week had at least thrill, however, when Navy's Sessions pole vaulted himself to a place in the sun with a jump of 14', the highest pole vault ever made by a midshipman, breaking the Army-Navy dual meet record.

In '45, there were many notables returning. Walt Barry was the first man to captain the cross country team during youngster year since World War I, and N-star winner, IC4A cross country and mile champ rounded out his achievements. Back for his last year, also, Bob "The Gazelle" Banks, high hurdler deluxe was another stalwart who won the outdoor hurdle IC4A championship youngster year. Cross country captain Curran Dempsey, though suffering from shin splints, made his presence felt as a one and two miler. Among other threats to our opponents was Ben Martin, famed for other activities, but none the less dependable as a consistent high and broad jump artist. He won the inter-collegiate outdoor high jump crown youngster year and covered over 23 feet often in the broad event.

Husky Bill Patton, who took third in the IC4A's in '44 and held the plebe record, was given number one spot among the Navy javelin throwers, hurling over 200 feet as an average. High jumper Bert Atkinson also returned

Pettit wins





Hamberg takes off

to the team as a champ, first of the indoor up-and-over men, and second in the outdoor event.

Versatile Hal Hamberg captained the track squad led by '46, his claims to fame being in the javelin, broad jump, and mile relay departments. Replacing high-flying Sessions, pole vaulters Bob Brady, Charlie Riehl, and Frank Curren, who had a three way tie for third in the previous year's IC4A meet, did good work. Riehl tied for first in the indoor event in the winter season.

Parker Smith, star cross country man, ran number two in the two mile while quarter-miler Joe Stoutenburgh also added strength. Rid of youngster year's bad luck, Joe Hall took third place in the indoor IC4A broad jump, spanning over 23 feet and regaining his fourth class year standing when he broke the plebe record. Also Danny Maxson, though retarded by knee trouble, turned in a neat job in the low hurdles.

Coach Earl J. "Tommy" Thomson's track men started their '45 season with the Millrose Games entry of eleven men. Bad luck, however, plagued them all the way. The next meet was the National AAU, in which distance man Barry took second in the thousand yard run, and Bouwman lost the broad jump by less than half an inch. Hindered by lack of practice facilities, they dropped the indoor IC4A to Army.

The spring schedule included contests with Duke, North Carolina, North Carolina Pre-Flight, and Army, plus the Penn Relays, the IC4A's at West Point and the Heptagonal held at the Academy June second.

Though the team missed some of the power it had the year before, there were many swift and expert newcomers to fill the ranks, and the season's prospects seemed equally as bright. '45 was certain to be as great a year as '44 in the annals of Navy Track.

Walt Barry



Ben Martin



Bert Atkinson



Moose Caskey



Bob Banks

The Admiral's congratulations



Sails on



DINGHY SQUAD. *First row:* Saunders, Strang, Beard, Ennis, Greenwood, Casson, Valentine, Everist, Fiske, Bavlis. *Second row:* Lt. Comdr. Rigglin, Comdr. Withers, Rusling, Fleming, Smith, Thrasher, Whittle, Tisdale, Miller, Baird, Andrews, Loheed, Lt. Comdr. Williams, Lt. Oberist

Dinghy Capt. Greenwood, Commander Withers and Manager Tisdale



Coaches Rigglin and Oberist

"ONE MINUTE, STAND BY; THIRTY SECONDS, STAND BY," announced manager Bob Tisdale. The dinghys hovered near the entrance of Dewey Basin, jockeying for favorable positions along the starting line. On America Dock stood coaches Lt. Comdr. Rigglin and Lt. Oberist watching for the tell-tale signs of bad seamanship. This was the start of one of the sailing team's regular afternoon races, a familiar sight throughout the fall and spring seasons. Again and again they tacked around the three quarter mile course, in fair weather with the fourteen foot international dinghys and in stronger gales with the knockabouts.

At the various meets, Navy's representation comprised those crews outstanding in daily afternoon races—a constantly changing ladder system. In the fall Captain Earl Greenwood and his team entered two meets. On October 14, in a triangular meet against the University of Pennsylvania and Haverford, the midshipmen sailors accounted for 49 winning points. Next week, though, the Coast Guard Academy delegation crashed through with a 23 to 15 win, out-sailing the best that Skipper Greenwood and his crew of Al Whittle, Bill Thrasher, and Ted Saunders could offer. This spring, the sailing team con-

Before the race



The dinghy fleet



The graceful Vamarie

the Severn

tinued its good record participating in a full schedule. At New London, Connecticut, Navy competed with eight to ten other colleges in the Owen Cup Regatta for The America trophy. Then, in early May, Navy played host to the Middle Atlantic Championship races, which they won last year.

With the arrival of warm weather came the Academy yacht and yawl races. The overnight races up and down the Chesapeake provided the real test of skill with the sheets and halyards. Although the Academy occasionally participated in races with neighboring clubs, the keenest sport came in out-stripping fellow sailing masters. The large, sea-going Freedom far out-did all competitors. Generally, however, the Vamarie and Highland Light were the boats to watch in Class A competition. The Alert, Dandy, Fearless, and Restless compiled the best averages among the yawls.



Watch that heel



Sails on the horizon





Intramurals take over the practice field

Battalion Sports

FOOTBALL. Sunday afternoon contests gave these teams the opportunity to show the rugged power and tricky plays they worked many hours to develop, and to back them up there were plenty of rooters. The fourth battalion, with its many tricky plays, provided the most supporters and the highest score of wins during the competition that lasted throughout the term.

SWIMMING. These battalion tank men put on a show in near-varsity style, as divers, expert in gainers and flips, combined with fast swimmers to make every meet close. Despite the tough competition among the four squads, the second battalion mermen came out on top.

BOXING. Increased emphasis had been placed on intramural pugilistic bouts since the Academy ceased participation in intercollegiate boxing. This year, it was the second company fighters that carried off top honors in the field after a hard-fought series of bouts.



When leather met face



The All-American pass

LACROSSE. The battalion squads took this originally Indian game and came up with plenty of thrill-packed contests during the Spring term, and the many bruises they acquired in this rough and fast game never seemed to deter them from the hard-played matches.

FENCING. Long after the regular season the upper fencing loft was filled with novices attacking and retreating with saber, foil, or epee. However, it was the pin pushers of the third batt that developed the most skill and agility with their weapons and proved to the other squads that they had what it took to win a majority of the matches.

TABLE TENNIS. The strong armed athletes sometimes snicker at table tennis, but that's before a paddle is placed in their hands and a fast wicked service is aimed



Sink or swim . . . we usually sank

their way. There were plenty of applications for this popular indoor sport, and when the final tallies were made during the winter season, the fourth batt showed itself supreme.

CREW. Showing the most form as well as the most speed, the fourth batt crewmen raced their shell over the Severn at a fast clip to cop the championship last fall. Twice a week these trim craft could be seen skimming the waters of the Severn as the battalion squads vied in their hard-fought races.

TRACK. Like most other battalion sports, track was the varsity sport played on a smaller scale. But even though the discuss wasn't thrown so far or the 100-yard dash run quite so swiftly, more men were able to participate, and generally the contests were plenty close.

Strike or spare?



WATER POLO. Midst the splatter and splash in the pool, a white ball appeared occasionally and there was a glimpse of outstretched arms. Just staying afloat was ordinarily a hard enough task for most of us, but the water polo players both swam and played a fast game. The second batt captured first place in this event.

SQUASH AND HANDBALL. A six-sided, boxed-in room furnished the court, a hard rubber ball the objective, and the players with equipment provided a fast and furious game of handball or squash as occasion demanded. Honors in this went to the second batt.



Handball in the sweat courts

TENNIS. The courts were always filled as the racket men gathered to practice this always-popular sport. Making best use of every court and minute of time available, the second batt squad swept doubles and singles competition to emerge victors.

BOWLING. That rumble and crash emanating from the fourth wing basement originated in the Academy bowling alleys. Perhaps the last clatter was a first battalion squad member piling up sufficient strikes and spares to defeat the other battalions. Or maybe it was just another bowling fanatic who made this sport one of the most popular in comparison to the limited facilities available.

GOLF. There weren't any galleries and few outside the golfers themselves realized that matches were going on across the river. Even though the fourth battalion monopolized the winning, the trips back and forth from the links by motor launch were worth it for those who liked the feel of a 200-yard drive or the holing out of a 10-foot putt. Not even the lure of liberty could detain the enthusiasts from their golf.



Irresistible force meets immovable object

Company Sports

PUSHBALL. Rough and tough are masterpieces of understatement where this recent addition to the Academy sports program was concerned. A mob of men heaving and tugging over a huge ball and there's bound to be a few on the bottom mauled and trampled upon. The hardy souls who entered the contests as human battering rams finished up limp as rags and covered with mud. In these battles where almost anything was legal and no holds barred, the seventh and eighteenth companies showed they possessed the most drive and endurance and succeeded in rolling the oversized ball over all opposition.

GYM. Stunts that were not included in the varsity events made good material for the bar-hoppers that chose gym as their contribution to the company sports program. Bar vaults, dives over stretched lines, and high kicks combined with the conventional skill-testing feats

Company commandos



to provide well-rounded meets for the gymsters. The eighth company outfit came up with a squad that walked off with the fall competition.

VOLLEYBALL. The eighth company easily battered down all opposition with their well-placed serves and excellent teamwork during the fight for the top spot in the volleyball competition. Ten courts were in constant use as the coordinated teams worked hard to set the ball up for the six-footers to "spike."

CROSS COUNTRY. In this sport where the lowest total points was the best score, the nineteenth company runners puffed their way across the finish line first. It was a long walk for anyone else, but these cross-country runners took the two-mile course at a fast clip.

MILITARY TRACK. What to most of us is extra duty provided sport for the members of the military track squads. As in all the armed services toughening up pro-



Spike it!

grams, the Academy commando course included everything from rope climbs and scaling walls to vaults and ladders. Mounting all the obstacles in the quickest time, the eighth and eighteenth companies swept around Farragut Field to cop first places this winter.

BASKETBALL. In this popular American sport, the Academy cagers kept the courts in the gym as well as the armory well occupied with their fast-moving games. For many plebes this mixing ground of Western fast breaks and Eastern two-handed shots was but a preliminary before the Coaches spotted them for the plebe squads. In the company competition the accurate shooting of the third company made them champs.

SOFTBALL. Spring afternoons and the company sport of softball transformed Worden Field from an open field

of greensward into a medley of cracking bats, cries of "play ball," and the inevitable banter that always goes with contests of this type. There was plenty of eager material for this popular sport, and the spirit of competition ran high throughout the short season.

STEEPLECHASE. Combining agility with speed and endurance, the third and twelfth companies ran away with the steeplechase first place honors. Up hill and down dale these fleet-footed long distance men ran, and it was a grueling sport for even the best of the long-

The perfect end sweep



Everybody tried to kick the ball

winded runners. Natural and artificial hurdles consisting of puddles and trees made the course a tough one to cover with the speed necessary to take down any of the top honors.

WRESTLING. Plenty of the company wrestlers had to sweat off those last few pounds before weighing in, but they always provided the wrestling loft with numerous strangle-hold and grunt-filled matches. Topping all other contenders, the seventeenth company won the



Applied basic mechanisms

championships. With the varsity wrestlers as referees and coaches, the company aspirants got excellent instruction. Fundamentals that could be used equally to advantage in hand-to-hand combat were learned and applied with good sportsmanship.

TOUCH FOOTBALL. Touch football provided a good chance for the grandstand quarterbacks at the varsity games to display their wisdom. Competition ran high, with controversies of the "T" against the single wing being experimented with on the playing fields. The third and tenth companies had the best tricks and their scores brought them to the fore of the Regiment of football analysts.

Hospital corner





Captain Humphreys
Director of Athletics



We practice breaks and carries

Physical Training

"ALL HANDS CARRY AN EXTRA SUIT of white works to physical training drill today." And so the pleasant reveries of another happy hour were shattered by a reminder of our rigorous swimming tests. It was a long way from the 30-foot tower outside Hubbard Hall to the flight deck of a sinking aircraft carrier, but the varied instruction given by our coaches was designed to prepare us for any emergency.

With the advent of war, the Physical Training Department revised its whole training schedule, in order to send out to the fleet tough and well prepared junior officers. Beginning at the time of Pearl Harbor, they accumulated reports from battle veterans in order to determine just what should be included in our training courses. And the results were very noticeable. We were the guinea pigs for that combination marathon, mountain climb, and torture chamber, which the coaches called the commando course. Then "Spike" Webb came along with quite a few new in-fighting punches that were

Limbering up



Abandon ship

How to break an arm





The principles of boxing

never included in the Queensbury rules, but were, nevertheless, very effective. And that was only the beginning—from then on we had plenty of instruction in rough and tumble hand-to-hand combat designed to put a few kinks in the Jap judo experts. Nor was swimming overlooked as the varsity members of the sub squad will testify. Coach Ortlund had some of the best dope available on such vital techniques as swimming fully clothed, life saving, and the safest and least tiring strokes to be used for extended stays in the water. After his instruction, we were all ready for a real abandon ship if it ever came our way. The Department constantly received reports and suggestions for improving their program to make sure that every graduate left the Academy with knowledge and skill in the most recent developments as well as the tenacity to meet the hardships of life at sea. Whether it was instruction in how to gouge a Jap's eye out, or how to make a touché in fencing, we were well prepared.



Self defense with a stick



Doc Snyder was always on duty

Mass body building



One, two, and kick



Winners of the N

FOOTBALL

MARTIN, J. T.
CHASE, B. S.
GILLIAM, G. H.
MARTIN, B. S.
SULLIVAN, J. J.
GUY, C. H., JR.
BAKER, J. H.
HANSEN, J. E.
BARKSDALE, D. A.
HAMBERG, H. A.
SHOFNER, H. B., JR.
BOYD, P. C.

SOCCER

MURDOCK, J. E., JR.
KILLEFER, W., JR.
AVEY, F. G., JR.
DEMAYO, J. J., JR.
VANDERWOLK, W. W., JR.
REAVES, G. A., III
NICKLAS, W. C., JR.
LEUSCHNER, R. J.
ALBRIGHT, J. J., JR.
PFEFFERKORN, W. R.
ALLEN, H. N.
KAPPOCK, J. S.
ROGERS, J. B.
WIEDEMANN, F. F.
GRAHAM, W. S.
RAE, S. G.
MARTELL, H. J.

CROSS COUNTRY

BARRY, V. W.
SMITH, H. P.
WESSON, R. W.
HUNTER, D. T., JR.
DEMPSEY, C. D.

BOXING

BOWLING, R. A.
HEESACKER, B. A.
KAUFMAN, R. Y.
BARKSDALE, D. A.

RIFLE

GRANVILLE, E. B.
MONTHAN, G. R.



HELD, H. H.
TOUTANT, W. T.
OSTERWEIL, B.
TAYLOR, C. A.
LANE, D. A., JR.
RITCHIE, F. P., JR.

GYM

DANA, R. B.
DOUGHERTY, F. S.
DUNNING, R. A.
FRYER, W. S.
KINGSBURY, E. J., JR.
MOUTON, E. E.
PEACE, T. L.
SIMPSON, J. J.
SMITH, J. A., JR.
CAMPBELL, W. E.

WRESTLING

MACDONALD, M. W.
HALE, J. H.
BRIMM, D. J.
HANSEN, J. E.
FOGLESONG, G. M.
MORROW, A. J.
FOUST, J. W.

PISTOL

CAREY, O. L.
McELROY, R. L., JR.
SCHIFANELLI, T. M.

SCHMIDT, W. H.
LARSON, L. O., JR.

FENCING

STOCKWELL, R. E.
ROBINSON, J. R.
ENYART, J. W.
IACOBELLI, R. F.
CUMMINGS, A. H., JR.
STICKELS, J. R.
LINDSAY, J. R.
GALLUP, A. C.
CLARK, E. T.

SWIMMING

MIZE, H. L.
MOTT, B.
ORTLAND, H., III
TIEMANN, W. F., JR.
BUTNER, J. C.
KELLEY, F. J., III
CONNELLAN, T. J., JR.

LACROSSE

ALBRIGHT, J. J., JR.
BACK, A. G., JR.
BARKSDALE, D. A.
GRAHAM, W. S.
GUY, C. H., JR.
HOUP, J. W.
KOCH, F. B.
LITTY, E. J., JR.
STILES, H. M.

BASEBALL

COULTER, J. B.
JACOBUS, A. F.
MUELLER, D. F.
FINOS, V. P.
TAYLOR, C. A.

BASKETBALL

LITTY, E. J., JR.
BACK, A. G., JR.
McKAY, J. K.
RICHARDSON, R. P., JR.

TRACK

BARRY, V. W.
HUNTER, D. T., JR.
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ATKINSON, B. M., JR.
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BRADY, R. L., JR.
CURREN, F. H., JR.
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RIEHL, C. A.

TENNIS

EDWARDS, H., JR.
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ROGERS, J. B.

CREW

KENNEDY, R. S.
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VANDERWOLK, W. W., JR.

GOLF

RANKIN, D. H.
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GREENWOOD, E. S.
WHITTLE, A. J., JR.

Our Sincere Thanks go to many persons, both within the Academy

and outside, whose loyal support, untiring effort, and hard work make this 1946 LUCKY BAG possible.

We are especially grateful to *Rear Admiral John R. Beardall*, Superintendent, for allowing us to produce our book our way . . . to *Captain Stuart S. Murray*, Commandant of Midshipmen, for his encouraging support and cooperation . . . to *Commander Charles E. McCombs*, our Officer Representative, for his active help and willing advice through the major portion of our work . . . to *Harry P. Lavelle*, of The Thomsen-Ellis-Hutton Company, whose endless hours of counsel and friendly aid assured a well-printed book . . . to *Peter S. Gurwit*, of The Jahn and Ollier Company, who assembled our ideas and produced a working design for this LUCKY BAG . . . to *Josef Schiff*, our photographer, who allowed us to overwork him without one complaint . . . to *Commander H. M. Heming*, for lending us his time as Officer Representative when our book neared completion . . . to *Michael C. Krasner*, who guaranteed financial support for our efforts by contracting advertisements . . . to The Leo Hart Company, The Davis Delaney Company, and The Charles Francis Press, for supplementary printing . . . to *Francis J. Muller*, who rendered invaluable assistance in enabling us to produce the book on time . . . to *Horace Lane*, of Blakeslee Lane Studios, for his superb color photography . . . to the Navy Department, Office of Public Relations, for the official Navy photographs appearing in our book . . . to the Harris and Ewing Studios and the Hordyczak Studios for pictures on the presidential spread . . . to the *Officers of the Naval Academy*, for their helpful cooperation throughout the year . . . and to the *Regiment of Midshipmen*, without whose support no LUCKY BAG can be a success.

To the Advertisers

WHOSE FINE SPIRIT OF COOPERATION

MADE POSSIBLE THE PRODUCTION OF

THE 1946 LUCKY BAG

THE STAFF WISHES TO EXPRESS ITS

SINCEREST GRATITUDE

Doth the funnels make war with paintwork?
Do the decks to the cannon complain?
Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper
Unites them as brothers again.

So look through your LUCKY BAG pages
To recall the days long ago
When echoed the banks of the Severn
To the life Midshipmen used to know.

Congratulations to
Editor Iselin, Business Manager Braseth and the Staff
for a well-planned, well-written
LUCKY BAG



THOMSEN-ELLIS-HUTTON COMPANY

Pridemark Organization

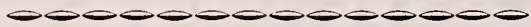
PRINTERS OF THE 1946 LUCKY BAG

418 Water Street, at Gay
Baltimore-2, Md.

Woolworth Building
New York-7, N.Y.

JOSEF

SCHIFF



PHOTOG-

RAPHY



OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER 1946 LUCKY BAG

STUDIOS 154 EAST AVENUE, ROCHESTER 4, N.Y.

*On the strength of one link in the cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain;
And the proof of the might of a cable,
Is its Service—again and **AGAIN***



*This is the 12th Lucky Bag we have been
privileged to serve*

JAHN & OLLIER ENGRAVING CO.
817 W. WASHINGTON BLVD. • CHICAGO 7, ILL.



No. 1 PIN-UP GIRL

Columbia Pictures Corp. • Metro Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures • Paramount Pictures, Inc. • RKO-Radio Pictures, Inc.
Twentieth Century-Fox Film Corp. • United Artists Corp. • Universal Pictures Co. Inc. • Warner Bros. Pictures, Inc.



I guess you rate looking smug, Tecumseh!

You had that same expression on your face when you pulled me through that Youngster Mechanics exam with a two-five zip. An' dad—he's an admiral now—says that you had the same glint in your eye when you saved him from the Bull department his plebe year. You are standing a long watch, old boy. We often wonder when we're out at sea or on the China Station what you are seeing back here; wonder which classmates of ours are D.O.'s and what nick-names the Mids have given them. We wonder how the football team feels about the Army game, and who are the prettiest femmes on the Regiment's locker doors. That's why we get such a kick out of getting the LOG wherever any of us go. You know one's love for this ol' hole varies directly as the years that he has been an alumnus. The LOG serves as the link that we want between our Midshipman days and the fleet.

Every September I send off \$2.50 to: Business Manager, *The LOG*, Bancroft Hall, U.S.N.A., Annapolis, Maryland.

The LOG'S a real magazine since '46 took it over.

THEODORE R. HARTLEY,
Editor-in-Chief

J. POPA,
Business Manager

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Professional Editor

FIGUREHEAD
OF THE
U.S.S.
DELAWARE
1817

BRONZE REPLICA
GIFT OF THE
CLASS OF 1891



ONE-TWO PUNCH

THERE'S always satisfaction in doing a job your fellow men find good.

There's something more than that when not one but *two* of your major efforts turn out to have rung the bell with those in position to know.

Buick powers the Liberator — builds the big, valve-in-head Pratt & Whitney engines that give the B-24 its range and speed.

Buick also builds the Hellcat — that hard-hitting, swift-paced M-18 tank destroyer which has done so much to teach the Blitzkriegers about lightning war, American style.

But what pleases us are the words of gratified comment that drift back to us from users of *both* of these war items.

On land and in the air they are helping deliver a "one-two" punch that hits the enemy where it hurts — and our boys like that.

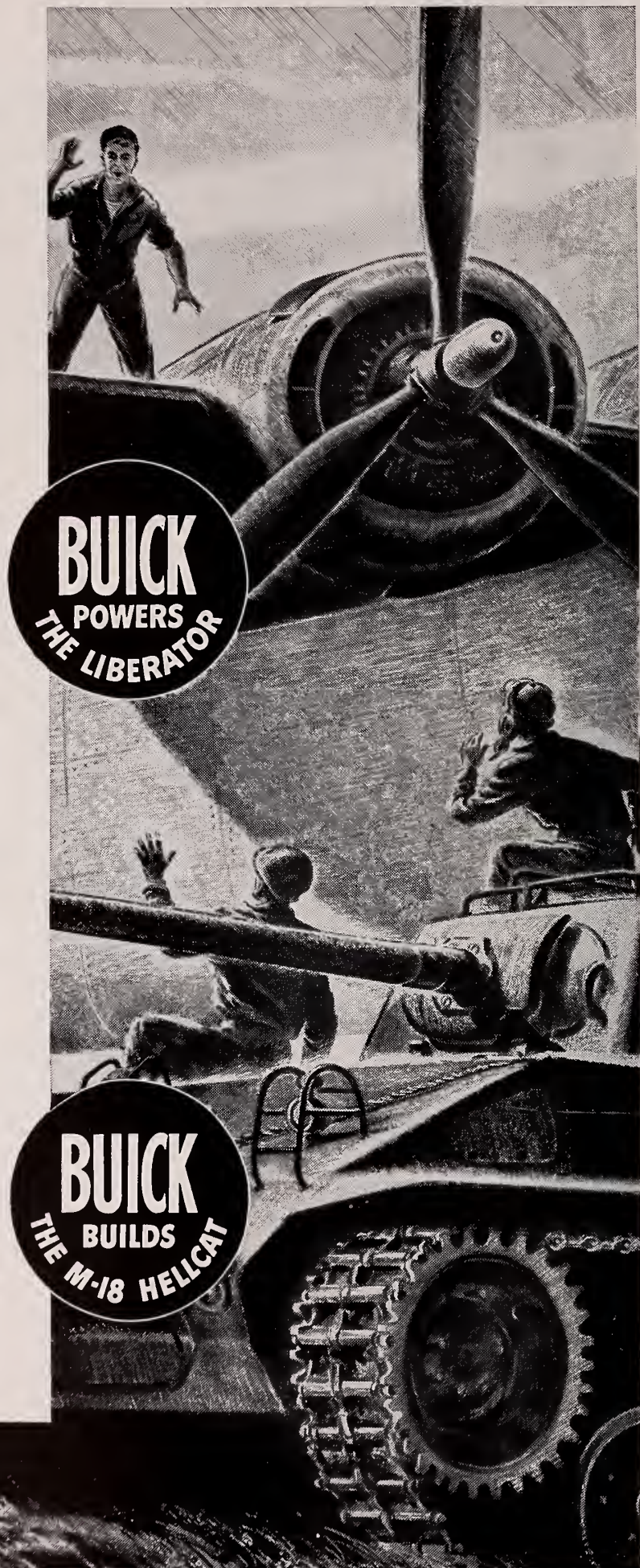
Hundreds of their letters have come to us. And if we may sum up what they say, the comment seems to be that Buick's on the ball in turning out the sort of stuff our fellows want.

To us, that's plenty high praise from a plenty high source.

For in view of their deeds, we'd rather "rate" with that bunch than almost anything else in the world!

war goods
**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
 BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

The Army-Navy "E"  proudly flies over all Buick plants.



BUICK DIVISION OF **GENERAL MOTORS**

Every Sunday Afternoon — GENERAL MOTORS SYMPHONY OF THE AIR — NBC Network

YOU LEND A HAND WHEN YOU LEND YOUR DOLLARS ★ INVEST IN MORE WAR BONDS



Official U. S. Navy Photograph

When sea-air power prepares to strike . . .

America's giant fleets roam the Pacific at will, hunting down the enemy and smashing him when found . . . subjecting land bases to shattering bombardments from an unprecedentedly powerful combination of naval guns and carrier-based aircraft.

When sea-air power prepares to strike, dependable communications between task force

units play an important role in successful outcome of the operation. And on the nation's warships and Navy planes, Sylvania radio tubes and electronic devices are doing their share to keep these vital communication lines open.

To assist in this job is a privilege of which Sylvania is proud.

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC

SYLVANIA ELECTRIC PRODUCTS INC.

Radio Division • Emporium, Pa.

MAKERS OF RADIO TUBES, CATHODE RAY TUBES, ELECTRONIC DEVICES, INCANDESCENT LAMPS, FLUORESCENT LAMPS, FIXTURES AND ACCESSORIES

**THE MISSOURI VALLEY
BRIDGE & IRON CO.**



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**A-P
DISTRESS SMOKE
HAND SIGNAL**

PATENT APPLIED FOR

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*Available Only Through
Government Agencies*

AERIAL PRODUCTS Inc.

**A-P PISTOL ROCKETS
MERRICK, L. I. NEW YORK**



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOGRAPH

On Battle Station . . .



Illustrated here is an RCA Handset-Model, Sound-Powered Telephone. The "talker on the gun," shown in the Navy photo, is employing a Headset Type of RCA Sound-Powered Telephone.

BUY WAR BONDS



To the "talker on the gun" comes the signal for battle action over the sound-powered telephone. The gun crew mans its gun. The engagement with the enemy is on! As the action becomes intense, and shipboard communications are damaged, the crew relies more heavily on its sound-powered telephones for messages and orders. For this precision instrument is ruggedly built to withstand hard battle usage and still maintain its operating efficiency.

To the armed forces have gone many thousand RCA Sound-Powered Telephones—in fact, RCA has for some time been the largest American manufacturer of these vital communications units. Here is a typical example of rugged, efficient RCA equipment going to help our Army and Navy win the war.

RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

RCA VICTOR DIVISION • CAMDEN, N. J.
In Canada, RCA VICTOR COMPANY LIMITED, Montreal

We are a **NAVY CONCERN**



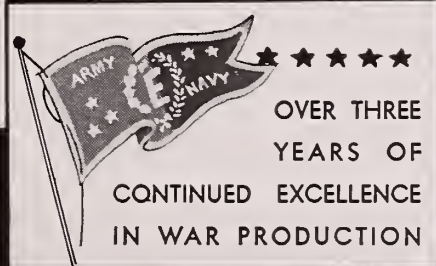
. . . and proud of it!

We have designed and manufactured Marine Electrical and Mechanical apparatus exclusively for the U. S. Navy for the past twenty-five years.

What the future holds for us and for you depends on how well we as Americans do the job we now have in hand.

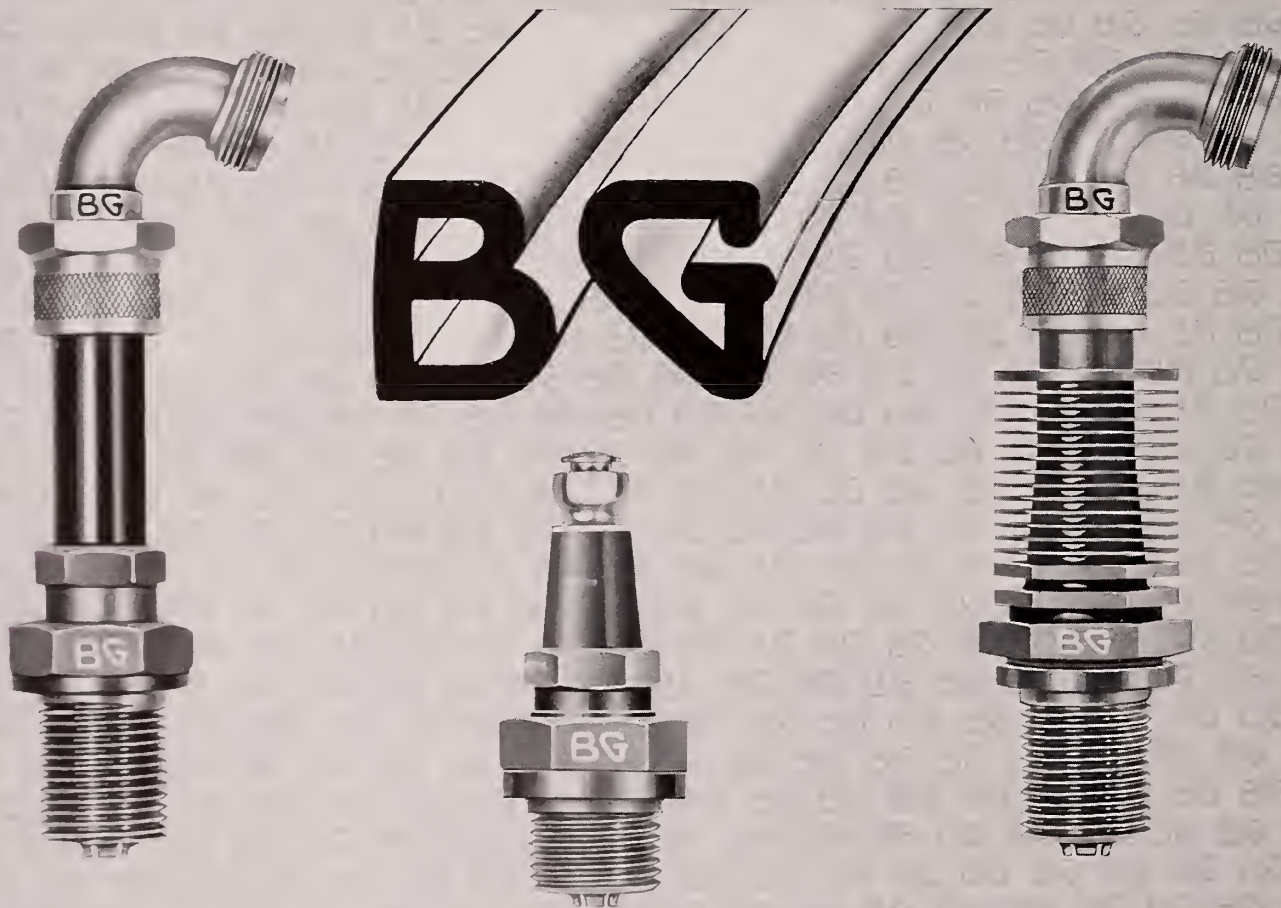
ARMA CORPORATION

254 36TH STREET, BROOKLYN 32, N. Y.



OVER THREE
YEARS OF
CONTINUED EXCELLENCE
IN WAR PRODUCTION

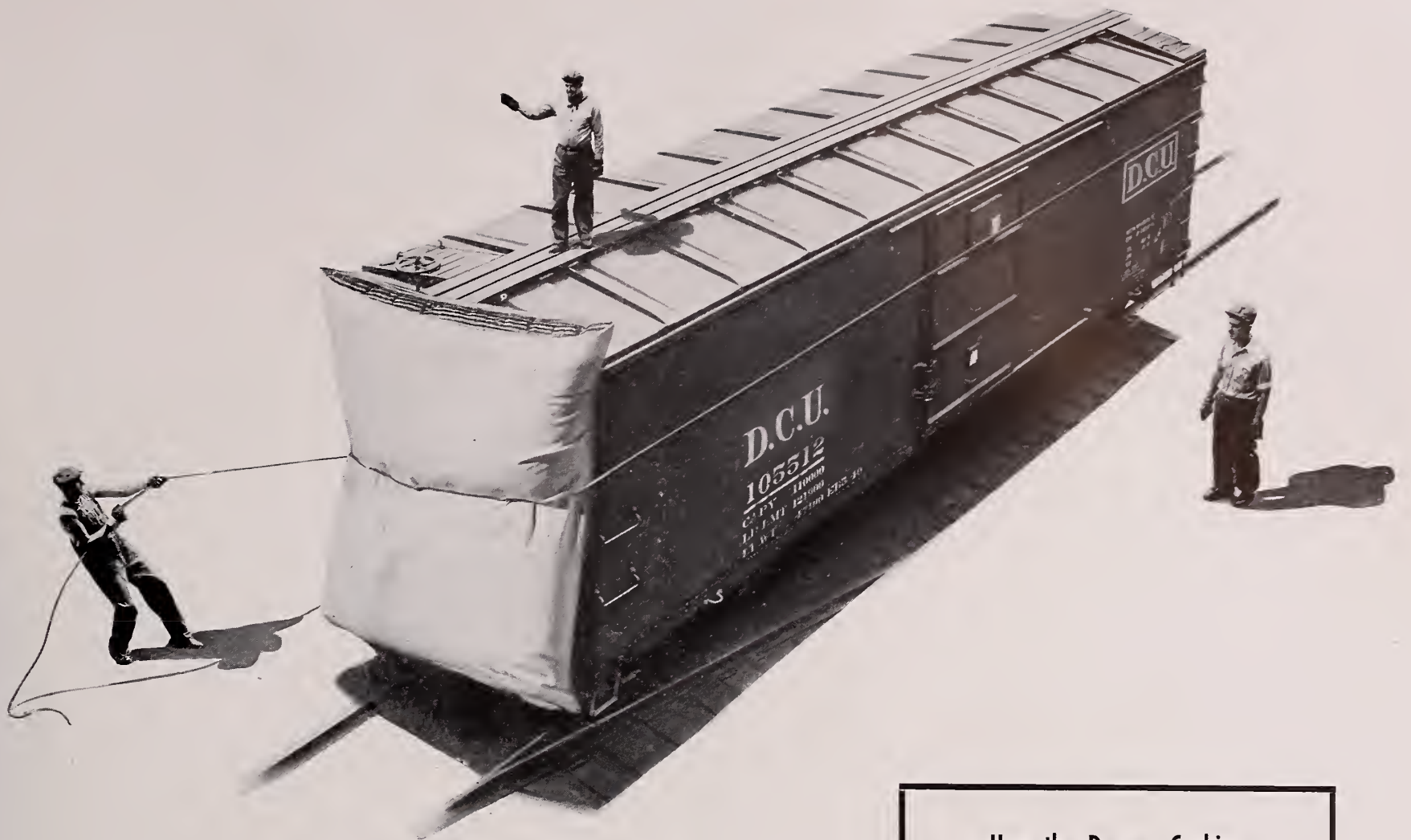
*Every Good Wish
to the
Class of Nineteen Forty-Six
United States Naval Academy*



THE BG CORPORATION

Contractors to the United States Army, Navy and Coast Guard and Aircraft Engine Builders

136 WEST 52nd STREET, NEW YORK, NEW YORK



THIS WON'T HURT A BIT . . .

The freight car protected by a Duryea Cushion Underframe meets every jolt as if a huge feather pillow had softened the shock. A floating center sill *travels* the force of the blow the entire length of the car, absorbing much of the impact in the unique Duryea arrangement of big cushion springs. Car and lading ride over the blow, comparatively undisturbed.

O. C. DURYEA CORPORATION
 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y. - 135 So. LaSalle St., Chicago 3, Ill.
 725 Fifteenth Street, N. W., Washington 5, D. C.

How the Duryea Cushion Underframe Contributes to Victory

PROTECTS car and lading, prolongs car life, cuts damage claims.

PERMITS higher handling speeds.

ELIMINATES gear replacements maintaining efficiency for life of car.

SAVES TIME loading and unloading. Needs less packing and bracing.

SAVES MONEY usually spent for maintenance on every part of car.

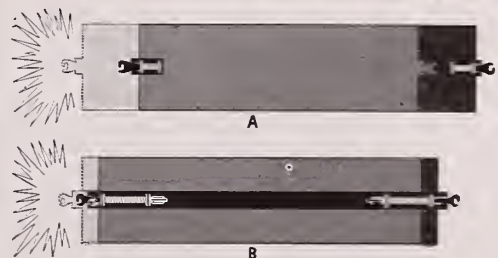
COMPLEMENTS air brake; Duryea cars withstand abrupt stops.

CUTS SLACK to pre-determined ideal.

COSTS NO MORE than conventional type, for average Duryea gear.

Here's what actually happens

. . . when two stationary freight cars receive the same impact, equivalent to a 50-ton car, loaded to capacity, coupling at a speed of 4 m.p.h.: **CONVENTIONAL**



CAR (A): Draft gear "goes solid," car receives almost entire impact.

DURYEA CAR (B): Shock absorbed by cushion gears, car and lading are comparatively undisturbed.

DURYEA *Cushion* **UNDERFRAME** FOR FREIGHT CARS

THE MODERN SAFEGUARD FOR SHOCKPROOF SHIPPING

VITAL TO VICTORY

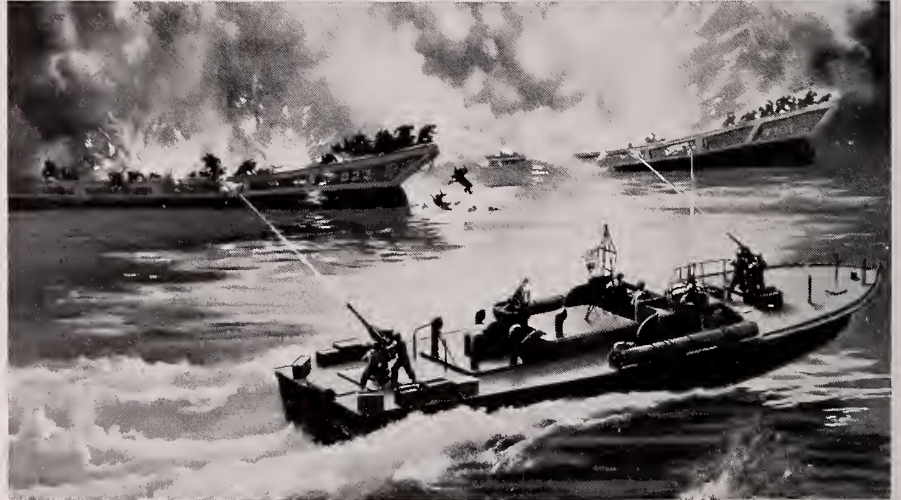
EBCo Submarines

Oldest and largest builder of submarines in America, Electric Boat Company built the first submarine ever commissioned by the U.S. Navy (the "Holland" in 1900). Since that time EBCo has been a prime source of Navy submarines. Japan's loss to our subs so far—over 900 ships sunk.



ELCO PT Boats

Tales of the PTs in World War II read like wildly imaginative fiction. Fabulously fast and maneuverable, they have sunk everything from battleships to barges. Elco PTs are lineal descendants of famous Elco pleasure craft, super-powered and geared to battle. After the war, Elco Cruisers will be our PTs "out of uniform."



Electro Dynamic Motors

Aboard many U.S. fighting ships, vital electric installations are powered by motors and generators built by Electro Dynamic Works, a division of the Electric Boat Company.



ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY

33 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Electric Motors
ELECTRO DYNAMIC WORKS
Bayonne, N. J.

Submarines
NEW LONDON SHIP AND ENGINE WORKS
Groton, Conn.

Motor Torpedo Boats
ELCO NAVAL DIVISION
Bayonne, N. J.

★ Rugged work horses, 24-ton PBM Mariners are bombing enemy ships and installations, sinking submarines, transporting men and supplies to overseas bases, flying behind carrier planes to rescue downed airmen, training Marine paratroopers, evacuating wounded and flying reconnaissance missions.



Builders of Naval Aircraft Since 1920

WORKING closely with the Navy for 25 years, Martin gave naval aviation the first all-metal seaplane in 1923, the first successful large plane for aircraft carriers in 1928, the famous BM-1 divebomber, first to carry a 1,000 lb. bomb in terminal velocity dives and pull-outs, America's first power-operated aerial gun-turret on the PBM-1 of 1936 and the world's largest flying boat, the Mars. Today, in the hands of naval airmen, Martin planes are flying and fighting with the fleet on every front . . . while at the Martin plants every effort is being exerted to set new standards in the performance and production of naval aircraft.

THE GLENN L. MARTIN CO., BALTIMORE 3, MD.



Martin
AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

★ With NATS the Navy's mighty Mars has flown 4,227 miles non-stop carrying 13,000 lbs. of cargo . . . has carried useful loads of over 35,000 lbs. . . . is currently being utilized 9.7 hrs. per day. Giant 82-ton Mars flying boats are now in quantity production at the Martin plants.



THE CORBIN SCREW CORPORATION

The American Hardware Corporation, Successor
NEW BRITAIN, CONNECTICUT
 Warehouses: New York, Chicago

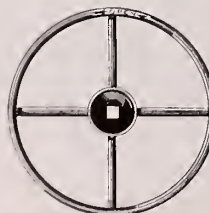
SCREWS • NUTS • CHAIN

SHELLER MANUFACTURING CORPORATION

MOLDED PLASTIC & RUBBER PRODUCTS

STEERING & ALL TYPES OF HAND WHEELS

SHELLERITE MOLDING POWDER



VALVE HAND WHEELS
 5" TO 10" DIAMETERS

**S
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HARDY MFG. CORP.
Metal Stampings
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**PORTLAND,
INDIANA**



FUELING AT SEA (PHOTO BY U. S. NAVY)

To supply the ships and fighting men of the United Nations with the quantity and kind of oil products they need, where and when needed, has been the common task of all of us in the petroleum industry. That no naval or military operation shall be more costly or less effective for lack of oil is our continuing objective.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY (NEW JERSEY)
AND AFFILIATED COMPANIES



Lines for a Gallant Lady

We publish here a letter, written to us as builders of the vessel, from a seaman who had served on the 1620-ton Destroyer Laffey, lost on the night of November 13, 1942, off Guadalcanal. Due to Navy regulations, the writer of the letter must remain anonymous.



Dear Sirs:

I want to make a request that may seem a little unusual to you. I had the privilege of serving aboard the U.S.S. *Laffey*, No. 459, from the time she went into commission until she was sunk by a Japanese battleship in the night battle of November 13, 1942, off Guadalcanal.

The request I want to make is, I would like to have a picture of the *Laffey*. If you can't grant this request, I want to thank your company for providing us with

such a wonderful piece of equipment as was the *Laffey*. It may interest you to know the record of the ship in her short existence. She sank four enemy destroyers, a cruiser, helped to sink one battleship and heavily damaged another battleship and shot down two torpedo planes. However, the really amazing part is the punishment she took before she went down. We were hit with four fourteen-inch shells, ten five-inch shells, and a torpedo which blew our stern off. Still we floated perfectly level. The

reason we sank was the fire raging in No. 4 living compartment that set off the after magazine. When that went, it blew the ship apart.

I was fortunate enough to survive with a slight head wound. Now I am enjoying a thirty-day leave before returning to duty.

Respectfully yours,

██████████ SM3/c

NOTE: He got the picture.




FOR VICTORY..
BUY and KEEP
U. S.
WAR BONDS

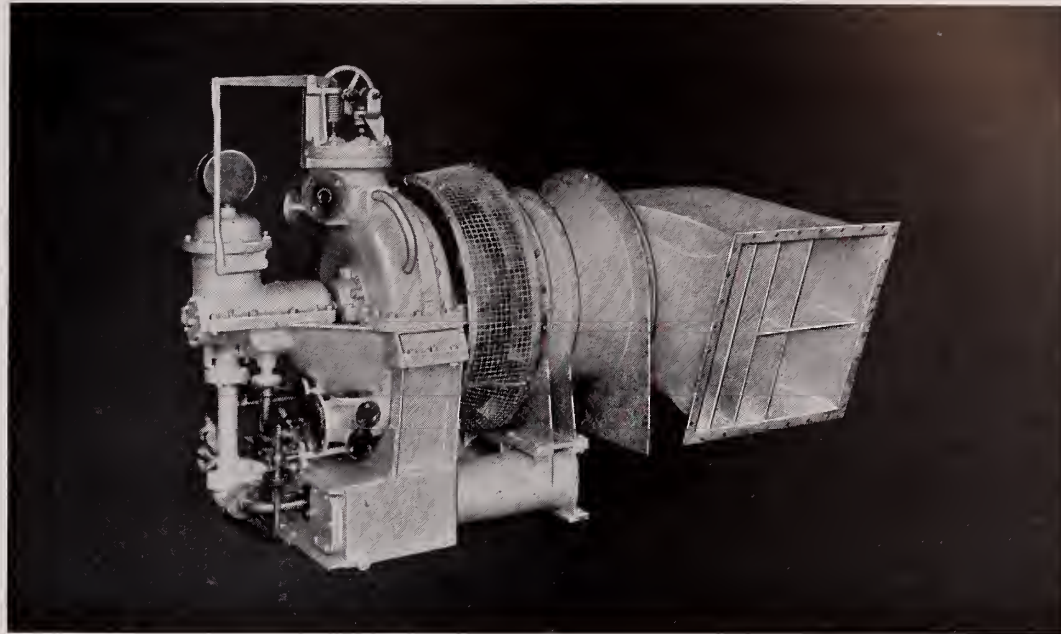
LION MANUFACTURING CORPORATION
2640 Belmont Avenue • Chicago 18, Illinois

Ben C. Gerwick, Inc.

SAN FRANCISCO



NEW WESTINGHOUSE DEVELOPMENTS HELP KEEP OUR NAVY FIRST ON THE SEAS...



New Propeller Blower Assures
SILENCE AT SEA

Our experimental applications in co-operation with the Navy in 1928 proved the desirability of the propeller type blower. But later advanced boiler design increased static pressure and when propeller tip speed was stepped up to offset pressure increases, noise became objectionable.

By changing the design of blower details, noise has been reduced to a degree that the propeller blower is now the accepted type used by the Navy on all fighting craft.

In every field of steam and electric marine application, Westinghouse is constantly developing and producing new and better equipment to meet Navy needs. Already greatly enlarged plant facilities have swung into action, adding every hour to the millions of horsepower of steam and electric equipment now in service. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, East Pittsburgh, Pa.

Westinghouse

INDUSTRIAL PARTNER IN NAVAL PREPAREDNESS

OUTSTANDING NEW

*Westinghouse
Developments*

FOR THE NAVY

Latest Westinghouse developments in marine equipment for the Navy include: Propeller Blowers; Blower Motors; Geared Turbine Propulsion Equipment for new tankers; Small Auxiliary Turbine Generator Sets; Reduction Gears; Synchro-Tie Steering; Dead Front Switchboards and Mine Sweeping Equipment. Each of these developments which represents co-operation with the Navy will be described in future advertisements.



J-94497



I should'a used
"NOSKID"
deck paint

Why tolerate slippery decks? They are entirely unnecessary. International NOSKID Deck Paint, used in place of conventional deck paint, assures a secure footing at all times, even with wet sneakers or bare feet. NOSKID is in no way abrasive. You can lounge on it in bathing trunks with perfect comfort. NOSKID affords the same protection to canvas, wood and metal decks as the finest conventional paints. It is just as easy to apply over new work or old decks. Available in all usual deck colors used by U. S. Army, Navy and Coast Guard.

Write for circular.

International Paint Company, Inc.

21 West Street 901 Minnesota St. 6700 Park Ave. 101 Powell St.
 NEW YORK 6, N.Y. SAN FRANCISCO 7, CAL. MONTREAL, QUE. VANCOUVER, B.C.



AGENTS IN EVERY IMPORTANT PORT

EDWIN H. WHITE CLASS OF '27
 U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
White Engineering Co.
 BALTIMORE, MARYLAND

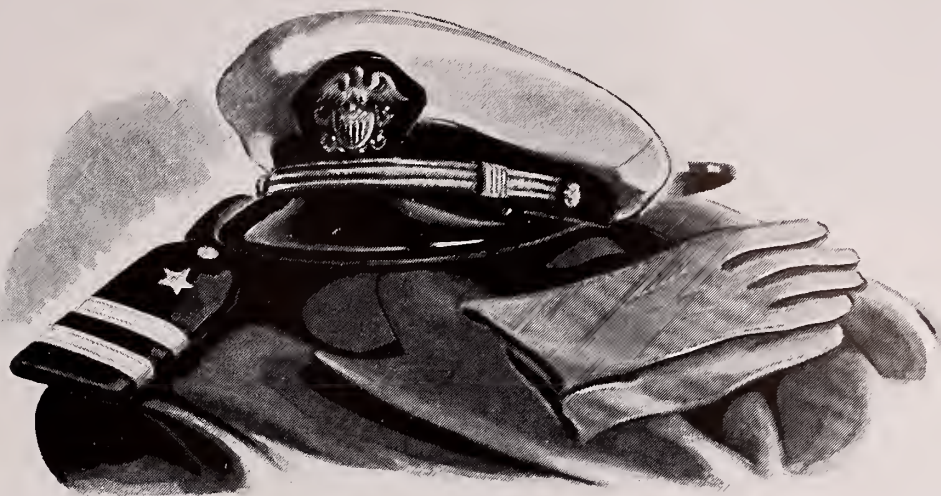
MANUFACTURERS OF PRECISION AIRCRAFT ENGINE PARTS

FROM AN ORIGINAL SKETCH BY DON SWANSON

Compliments of
THE SIGHT FEED GENERATOR COMPANY

MAKERS OF
Sight Feed
PORTABLE ACETYLENE GENERATORS

★
 SALES. RICHMOND, INDIANA • FACTORY: W. ALEXANDRIA, OHIO



*To you whose Gold Braid
is not yet salty, we introduce . . .*

PANORAMIC RECEPTION

The Navy, as well as other military services, is now making effective use of *Panoramic Reception*. Soon you may be flying with the Naval Air Corps, or you may be an officer in the Fleet, or a member of the Naval Supply Corps. You, too, may have the opportunity of working with the *Panoramic technique* . . . and that is why we call it to your attention now.

What is *Panoramic Reception*? It is defined as the SIMULTANEOUS VISUAL reception of a multiplicity of radio signals over a broad band of frequencies. As such, it provides simpler methods of monitoring, facilitates communications, aids direction finding, and helps you get your bearings more quickly.

Here are a few examples of how *Panoramic Reception* helps the men of the Navy. In *communications*, for example, while ordinarily only one station would be received at one time, with *Panoramic Reception*, the presence and characteristics—signal strength, frequency, stability, modulation, etc.—of a number of stations can be seen at once. In *direction finding*, it visually separates and gives an accurate bearing on stations whose frequencies are so close that their signals merge aurally. And signals too weak to give an aural indication can be made to give satisfactory bearings with *Panoramic*. In *radio navigation*, *Panoramic Reception* not only can tell the pilot if he is on the course, but how far off the course he may be.



Panoramic Reception has many other applications which even now are being more fully developed. We will be glad to supply further details upon request.

PANORAMIC



RADIO CORPORATION

242-250 WEST 55TH ST., New York 19, N. Y.

Congratulations to the Class of 1946



NATIONAL PUBLISHING COMPANY

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Makers of the 1946 Lucky Bag Covers

HORSTMANN



QUALITY UNIFORMS

and

EQUIPMENT

Are Standard in All Branches of the Service



THE HORSTMANN

UNIFORM COMPANY

PHILADELPHIA . . . ANNAPOLIS



HYDRAULIC PUMPS

Used by the U. S. Navy as one of its types



GEROTOR MAY CORPORATION


BALTIMORE, MARYLAND
LOGANSPORT, INDIANA

Compliments of

BEATRICE STEEL TANK MANUFACTURING CO.

BEATRICE, NEBRASKA

Winners of Navy-E and 5 Stars



**SALUTE
TO NAVY**



**INSIGNIA
SINCE 1868**



N. S. MEYER, inc.

NEW YORK 16, N. Y.



**HALLMARK
OF DISTINCTION**



**the Birth of the
World's Greatest Navy**

PEARL HARBOR is a symbol of American bounce. Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941 came as a shock to the nation. Our Pacific fleet, gathered in one harbor, lay helpless under the wings of Japanese treachery.

But from that catastrophe has arisen the mightiest fleet of all history. Sunken, fire-blackened hulks were raised and their weaknesses converted to strength. Pearl Harbor ships, reconditioned in record speed, are mightier than ever. And from the ways of Navy Yards and shipyards all over the United States has come a fleet greater than all other navies of the world combined.

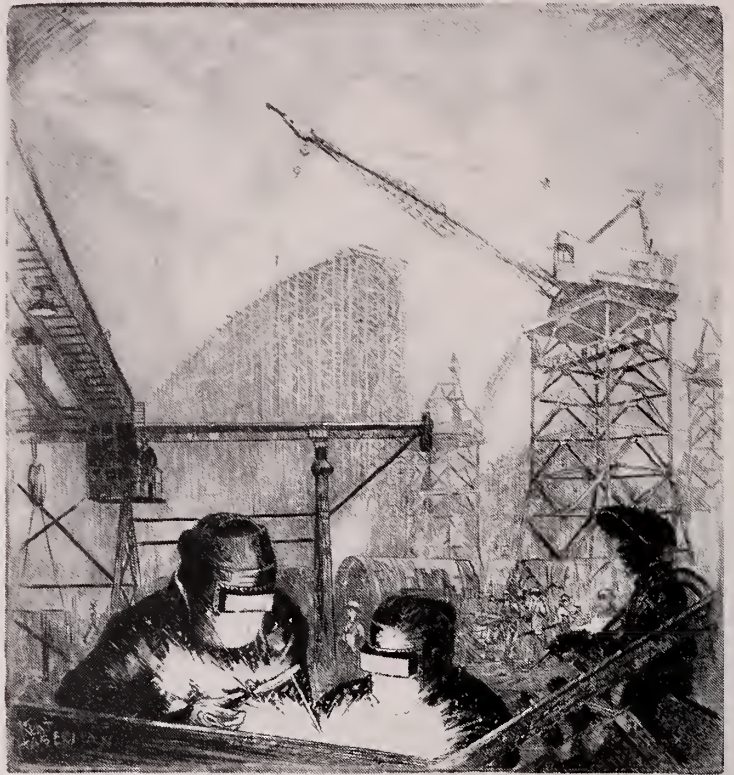
For over half a century Okonite has been a Navy supplier of electrical wires and cables. Okonite research men, cooperating with Navy engineers, pioneered such recent improvements as the synthetic impervious sheath that eliminates heavy coverings of lead, glass fibre insulation that resists heat, flameproof synthetic insulations that replaced rubber, "unilay" assembly of conductors that prevented breakage of copper in flexible cables and Okoloy corrosion-resistant coatings for conductors.

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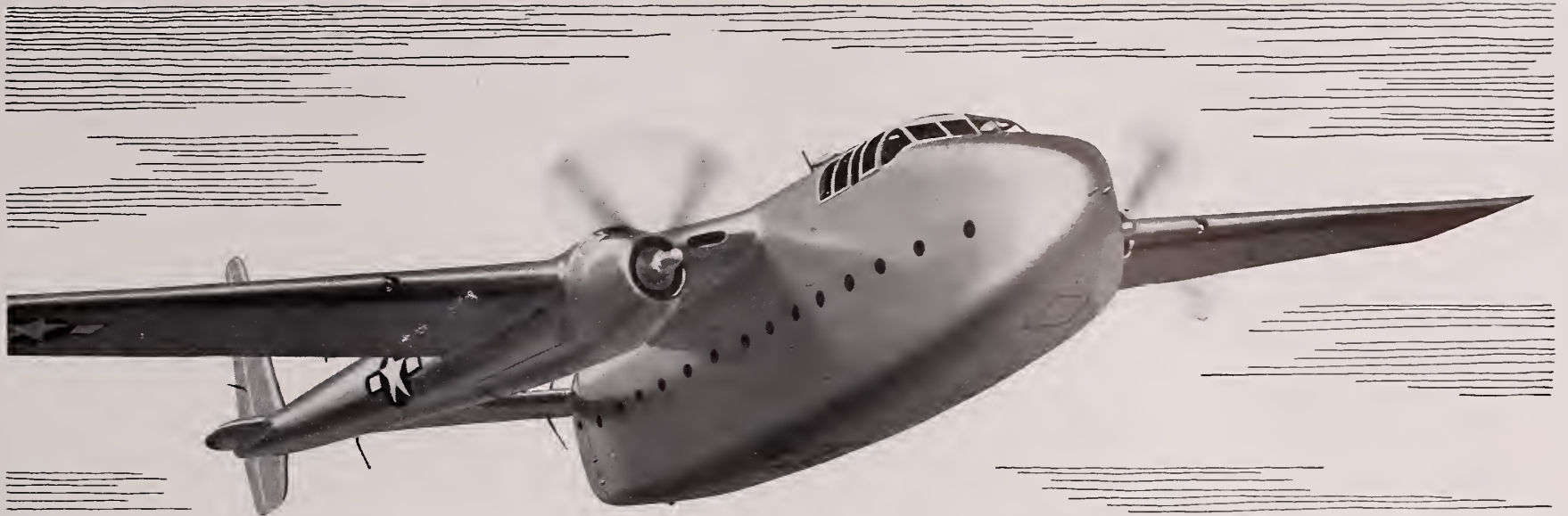


Since before Pearl Harbor, every new ship that has rolled down our ways has been destined for service in the U. S. Navy—a career of which to be proud.

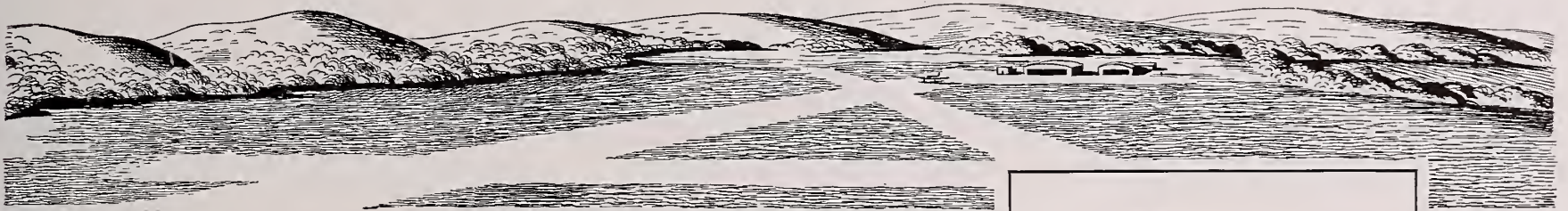
With victory, the same skill and craftsmanship which enabled us to serve our Navy efficiently in war, will be available to build ships that will sail the seven seas in the pursuits of peace.

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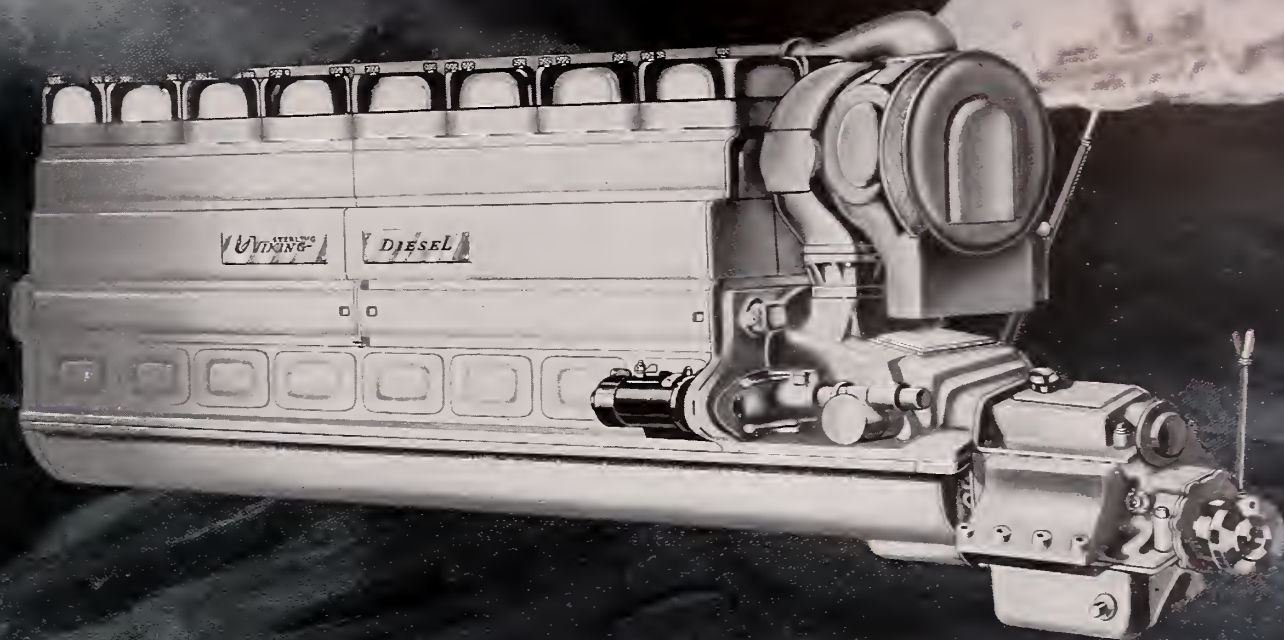


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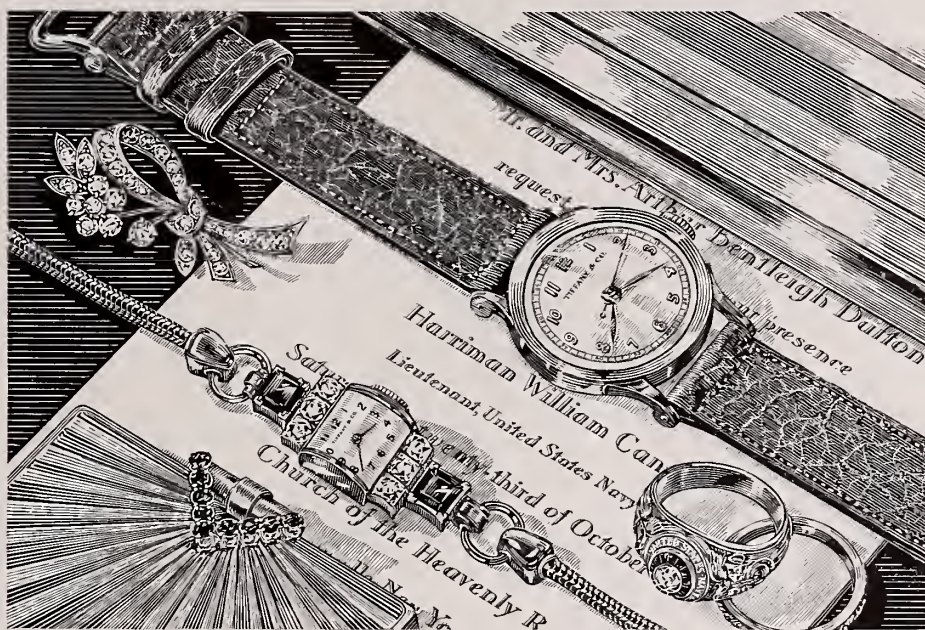
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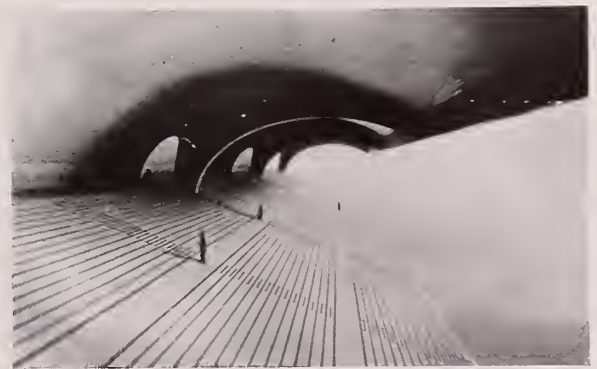
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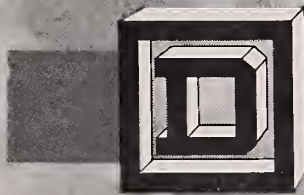
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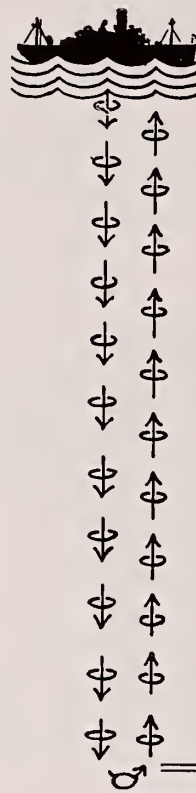
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The important thing about *both* these machines is their ability to come up with the *right answers—every time*.

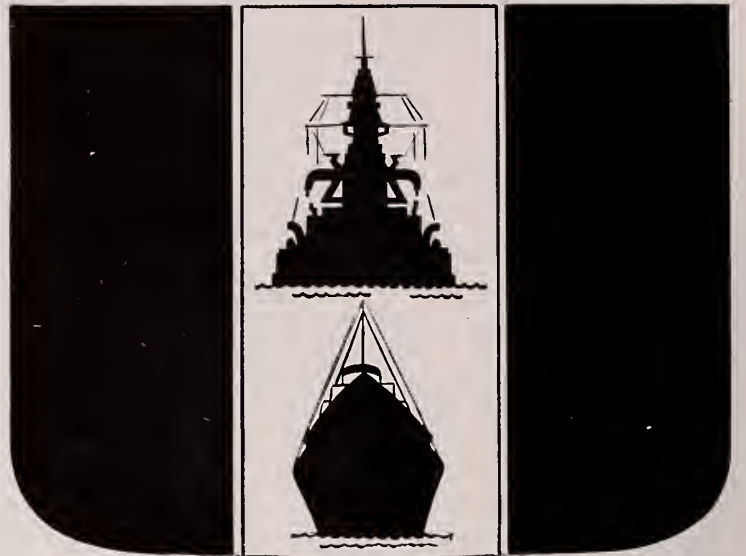
Yes, you can say that because of the Norden Bombsight's complexity, because of the mathematical miracles it performs, it doesn't belong in the same room with *any* adding machine. And you're right! Nothing like getting first things *first*.

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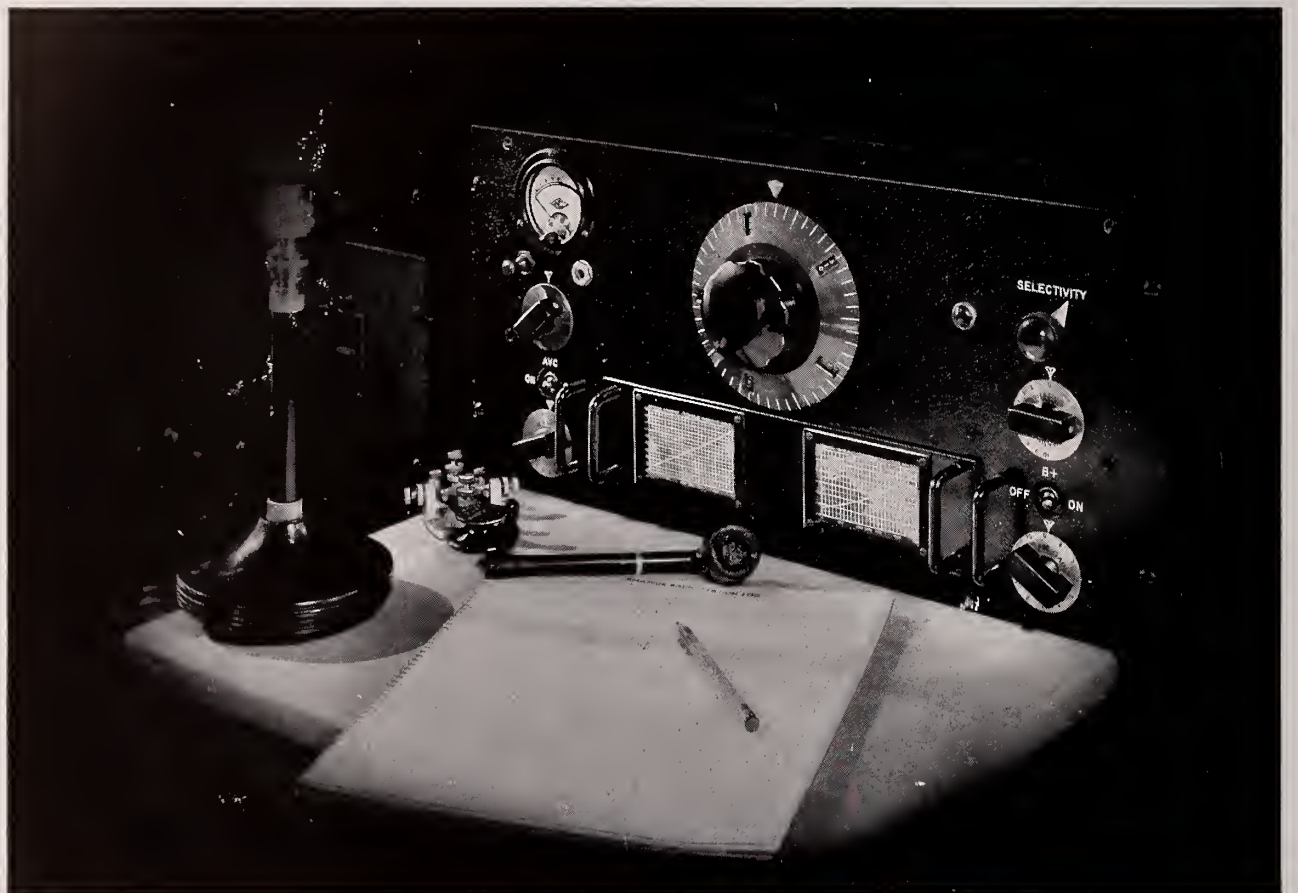
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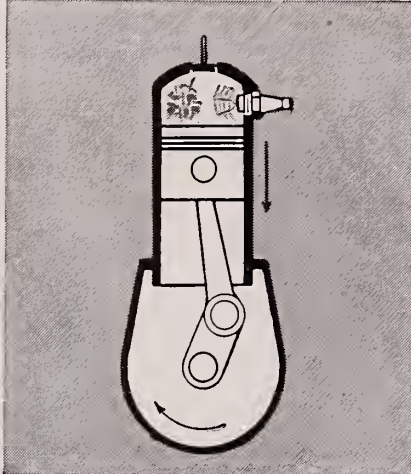
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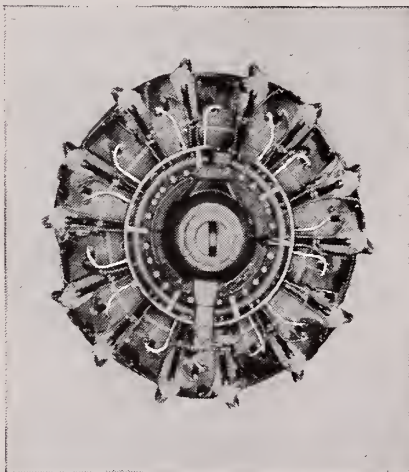
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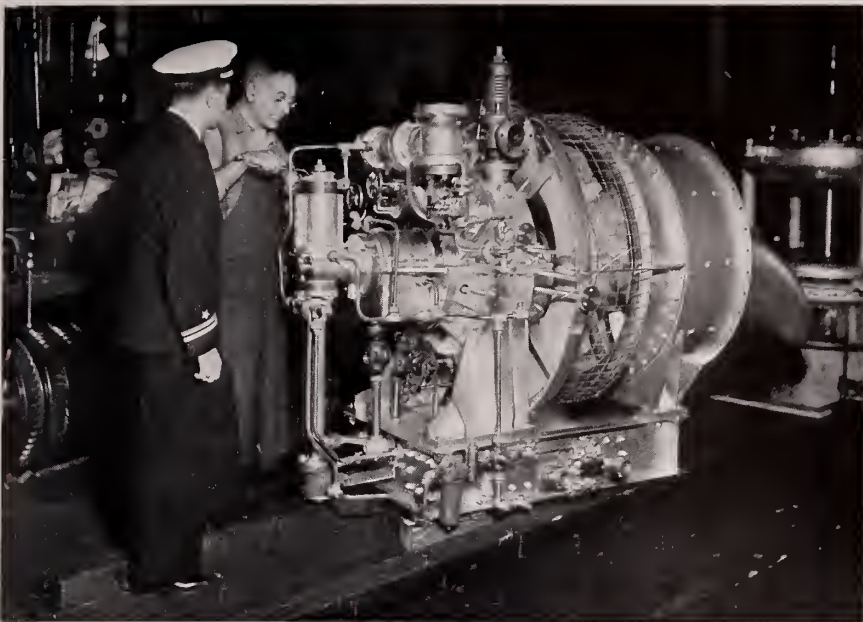
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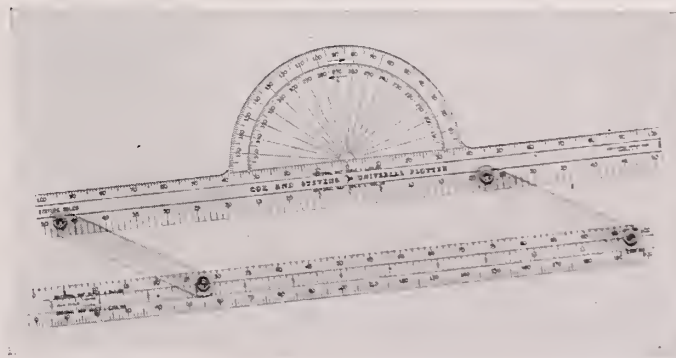
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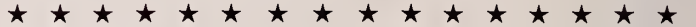
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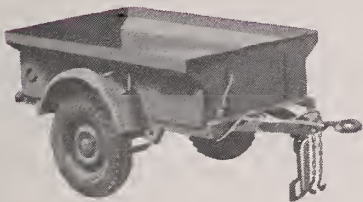


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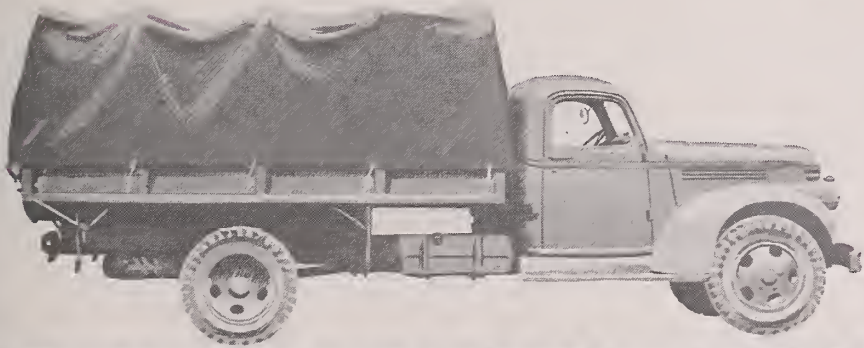
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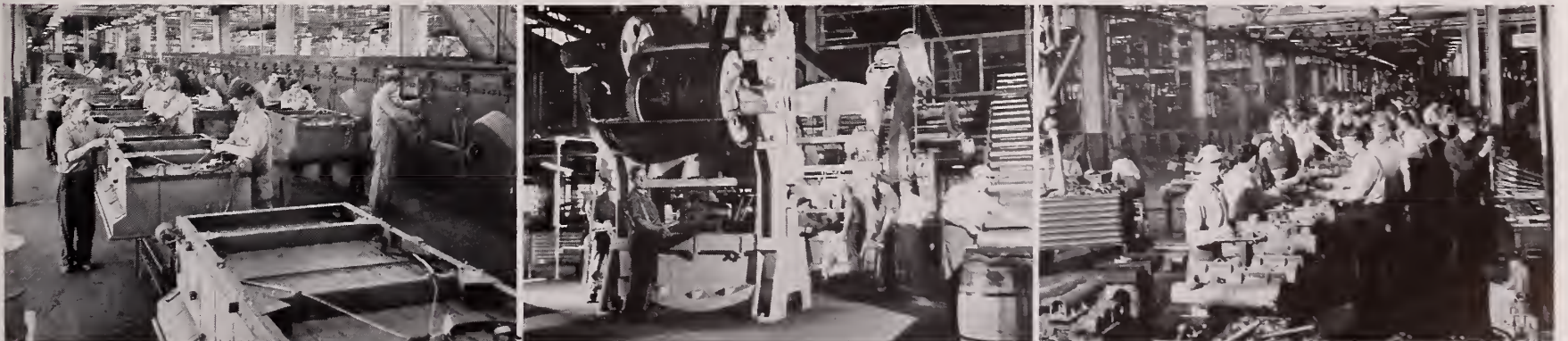
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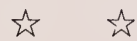
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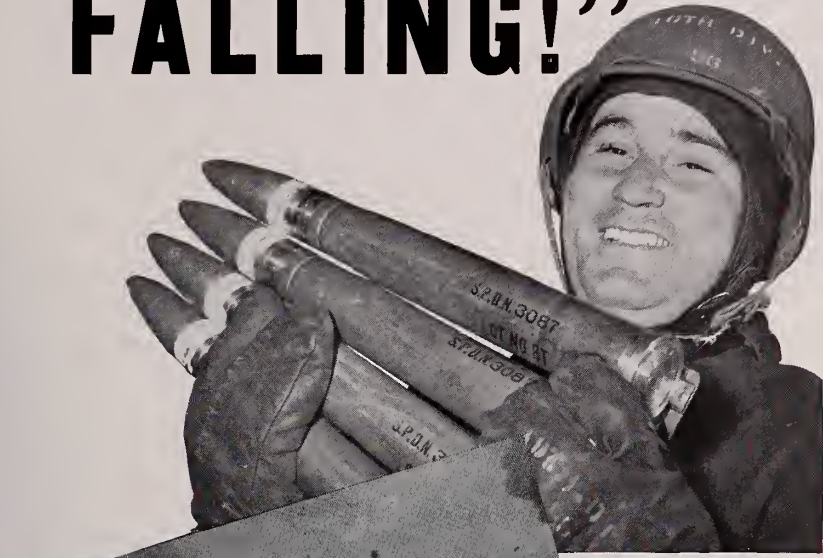


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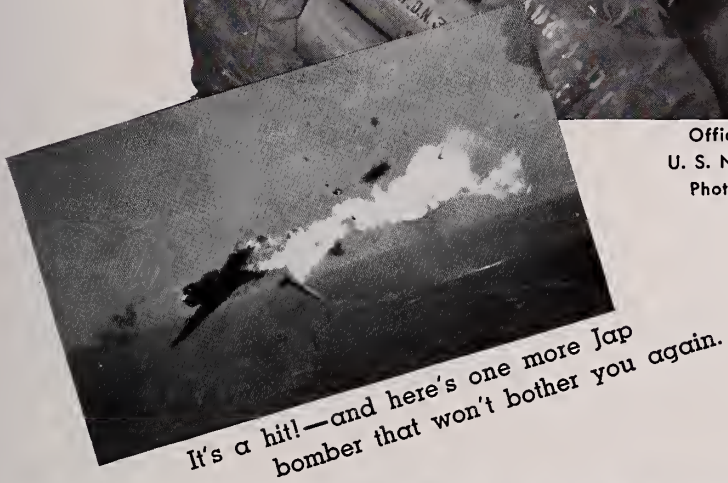


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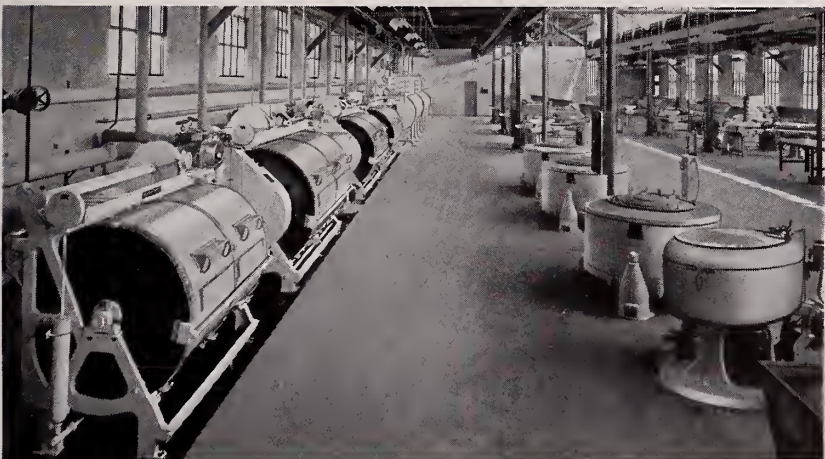


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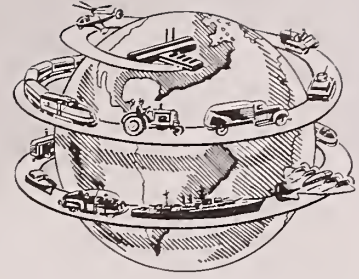


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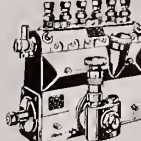
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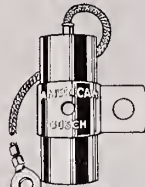
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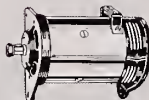
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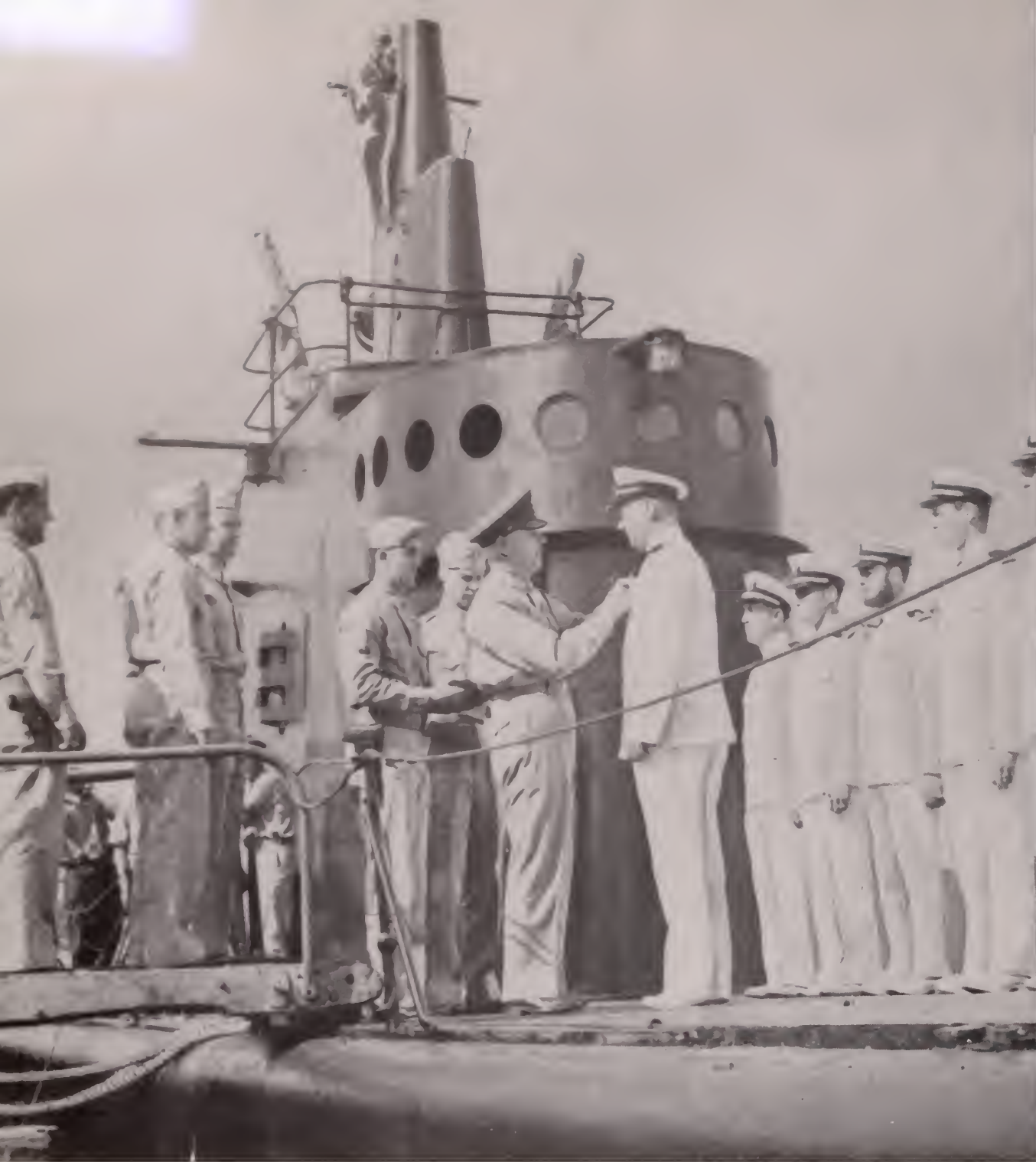
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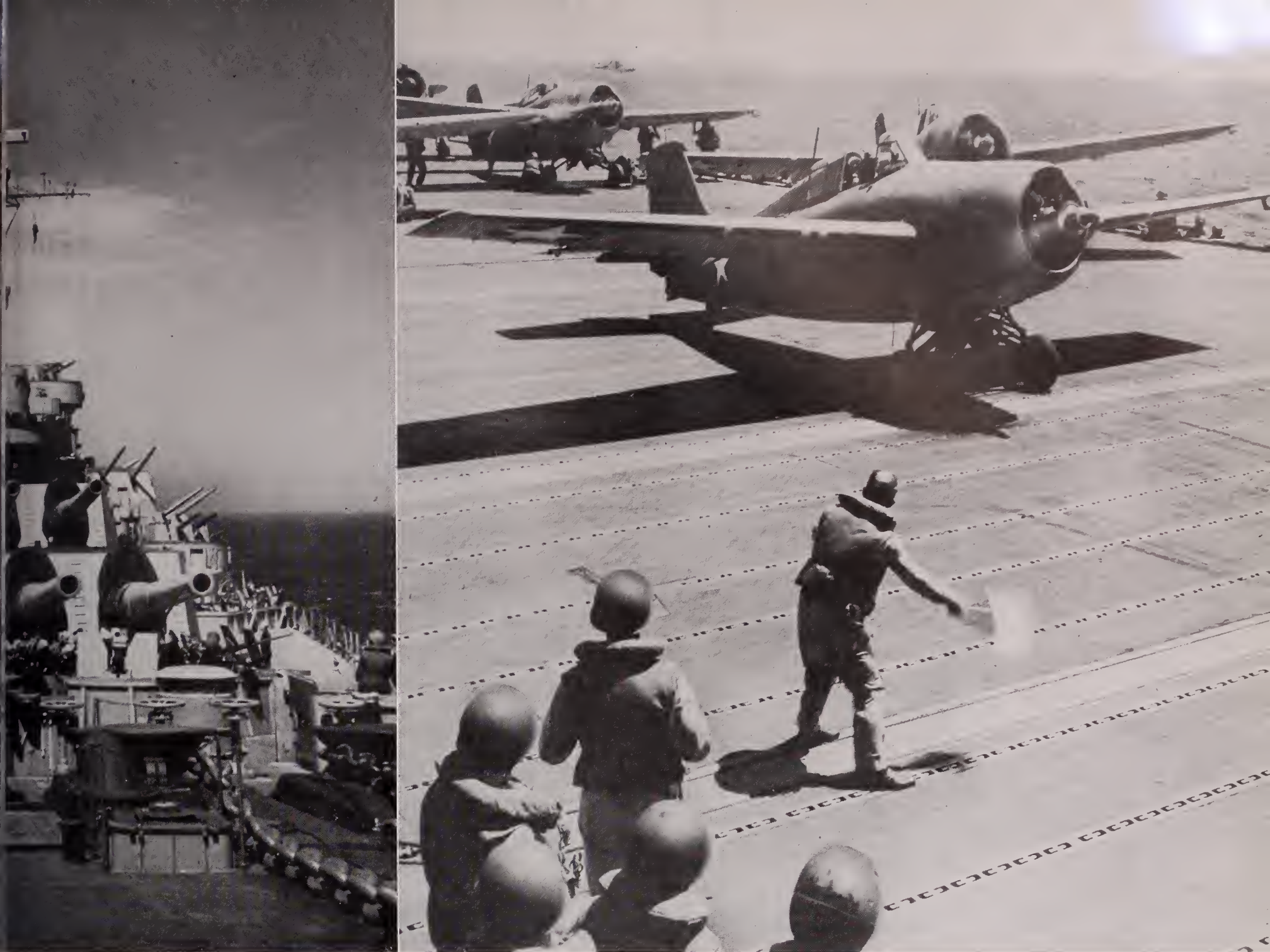
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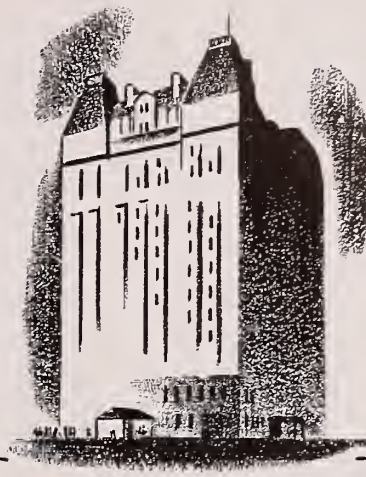
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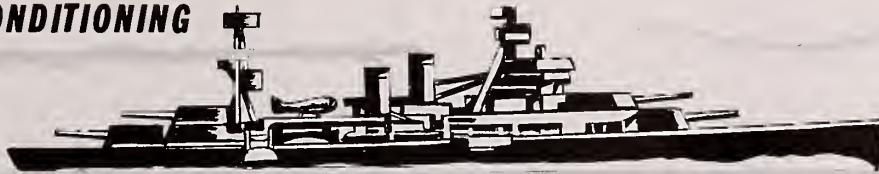
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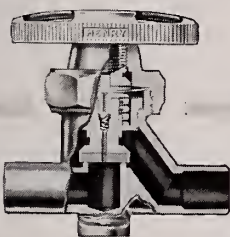
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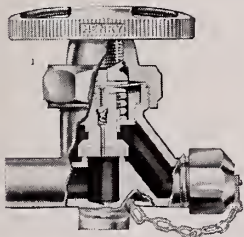
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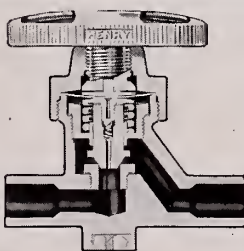
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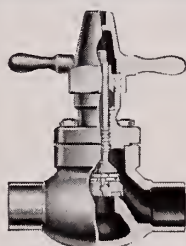
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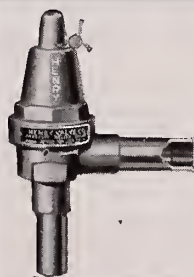
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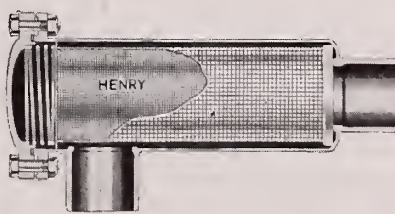
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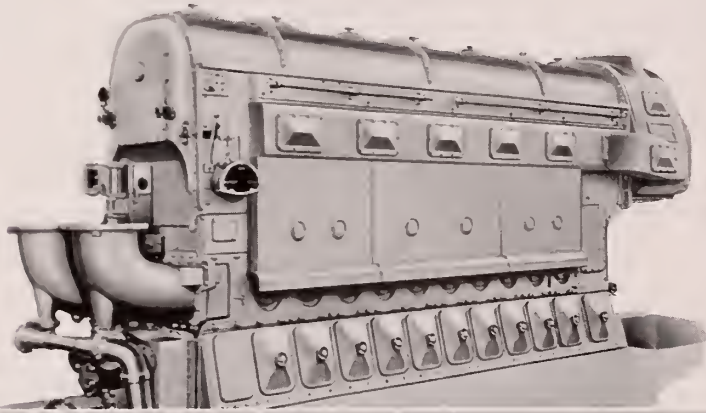


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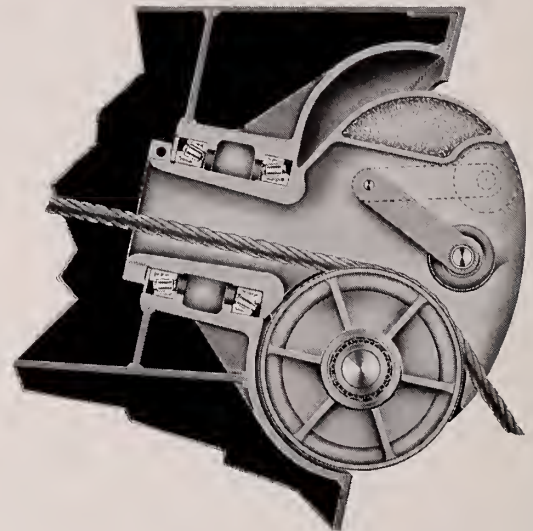
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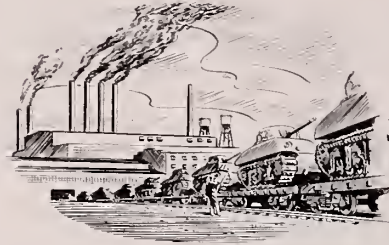
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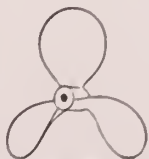


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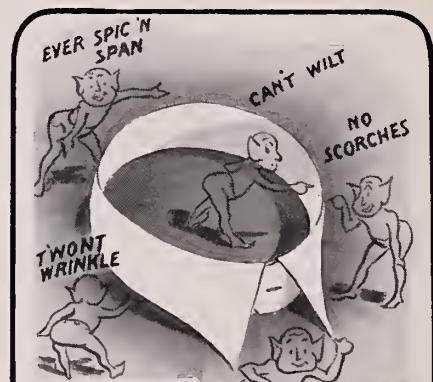


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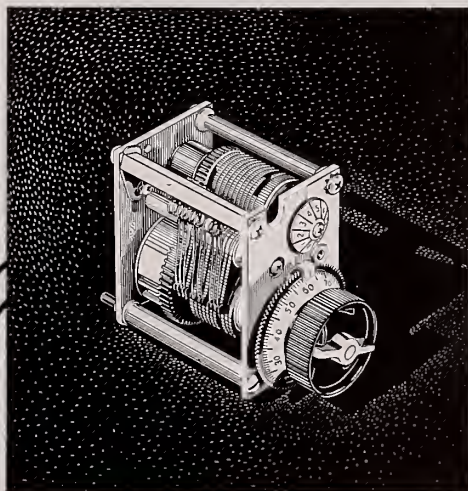
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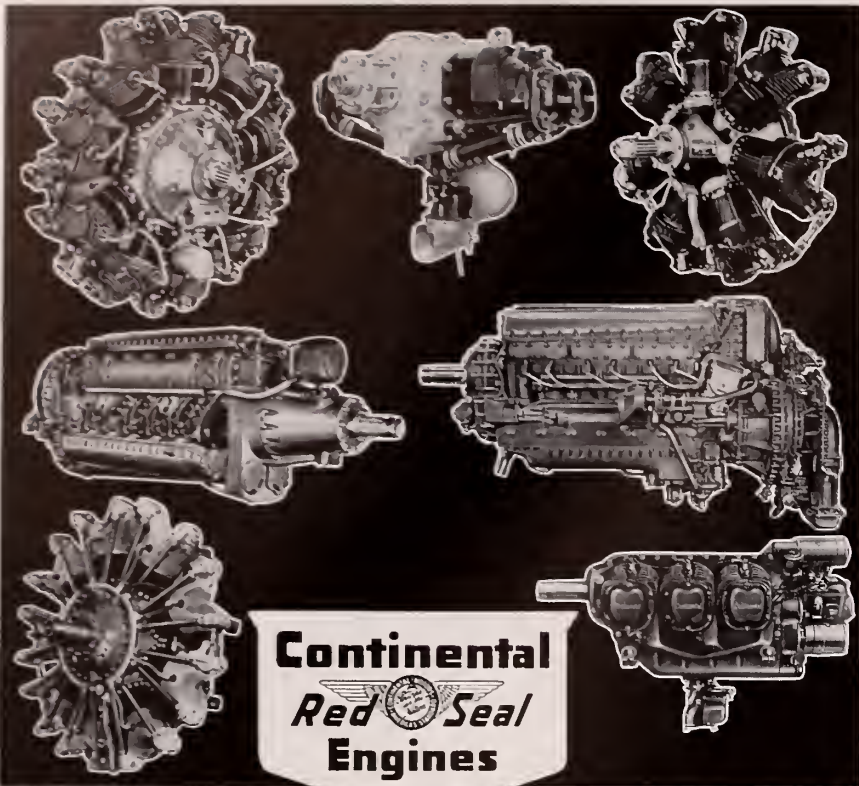
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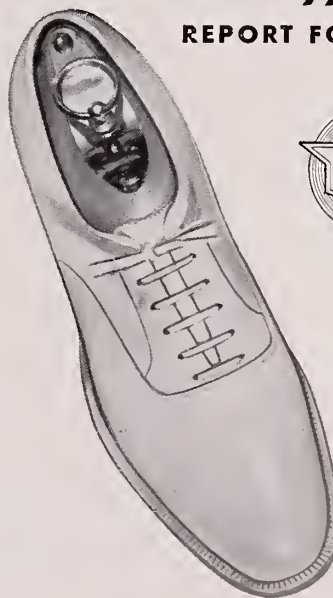
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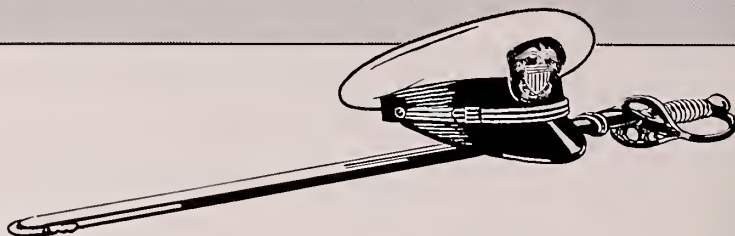
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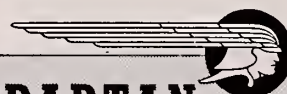
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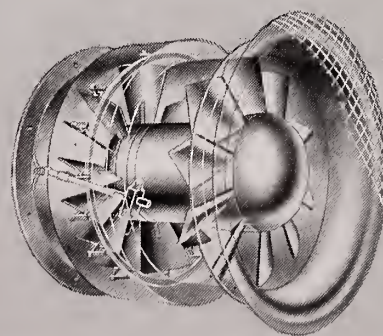
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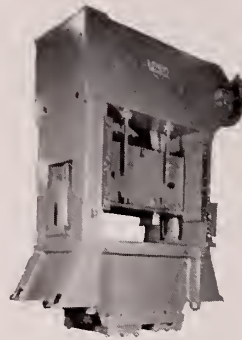
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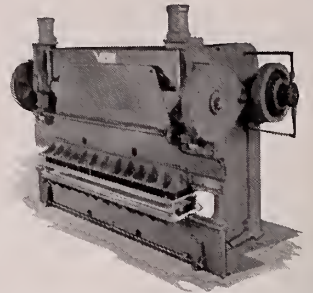
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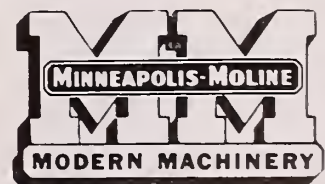
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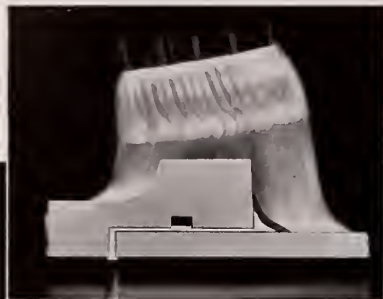
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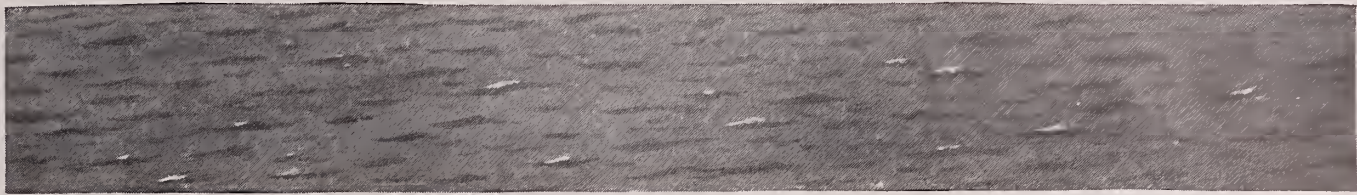
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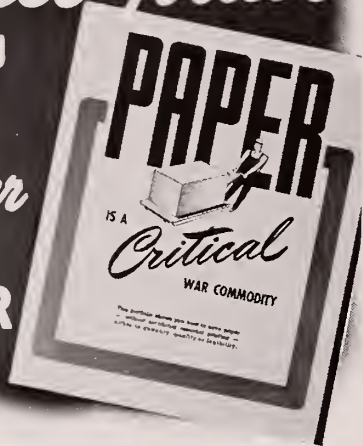
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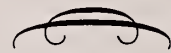


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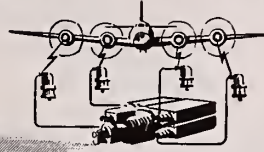
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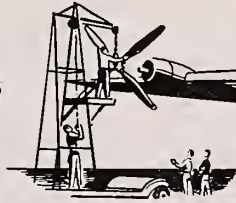
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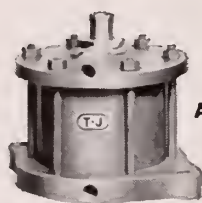
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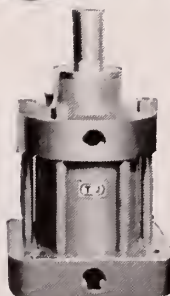
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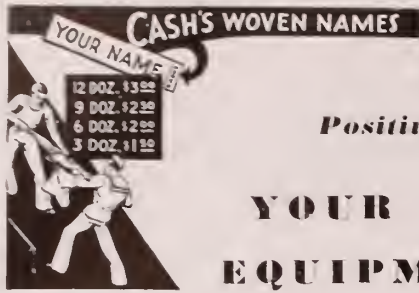
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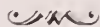
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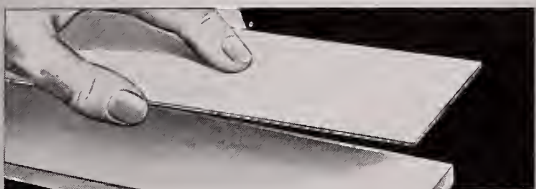


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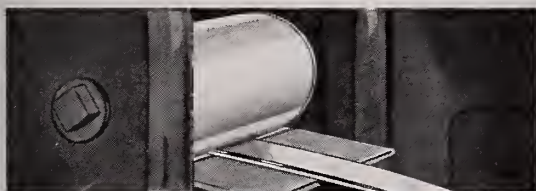
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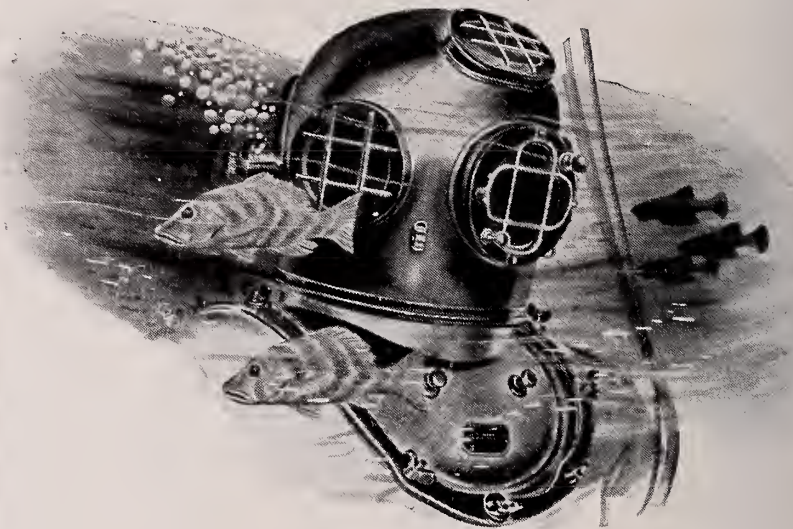
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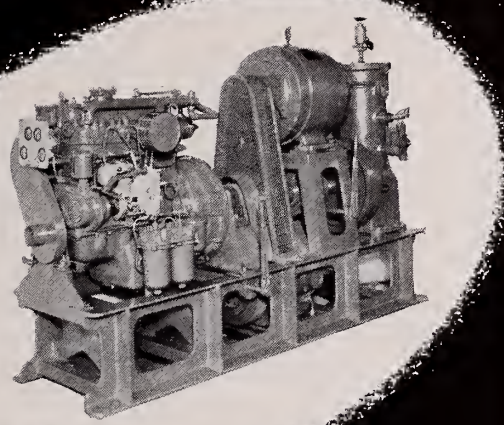
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The Laws

N

by
Captain Hopwood, R.N.



ow these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.

As naught may outrun the destroyer,
Even so with the law and its grip,
For the strength of the ship is the Service,
And the strength of the Service, the ship.

Take heed what ye say of your seniors,
Be your words spoken softly or plain,
Lest a bird of the air tell the matter,
And so ye shall hear it again.

If ye labour from morn until even'
And meet with reproof for your toil,
It is well---that the guns be humbled,
The compressor must check the recoil.

On the strength of one link in the cable,
Dependeth the might of the chain.
Who knows when thou mayest be tested?
So live that thou bearest the strain!

When the ship that is tired returneth,
With the signs of the sea showing plain,
Men place her in dock for a season,
And her speed she reneweth again.

So shall thou, lest perchance thou grow weary
In the uttermost parts of the sea,
Pray for leave, for the good of the Service,
As much and as oft as may be.

Count not upon certain promotion,
But rather to gain it aspire;
Though the sight-line end on the target,
There cometh, perchance, a miss-fire.

If ye win through an Arctic ice floe,
Unmentioned at home in the Press,
Heed it not, no man seeth the piston,
But it driveth the ship none the less.

Canst follow the track of the dolphin
Or tell where the sea swallows roam;
Where leviathan taketh his pastime;
What ocean he calleth his home?

Even so with the words of thy seniors,
And the orders those words shall convey.
Every law is as naught beside this one---
"Thou shall not criticise, but obey!"

Saith the wise, "How may I know their purpose
Then acts without wherefore or why.
Stays the fool but one moment to question,
And the chance of his life passeth by.

Do they growl? It is well: be thou silent,
So that work goeth forward amain;
Lo, the gun throws her shot to a hair's breath
And shouteth, yet none shall complain.

of the Navy



Do they growl and the work be retarded?
It is ill, speak, whatever their rank;
The half-loaded gun also shouteth,
But can she pierce armor with blank?

Doth the funnels make war with the paintwork?
Do the decks to the cannon complain?
Nay, they know that some soap or a scraper
Unites them as brothers again.

So ye, being Heads of Departments,
Do your growl with a smile on your lip,
Lest ye strive and in anger be parted,
And lessen the might of your ship.

Dost think, in a moment of anger,
'Tis well with thy seniors to fight?
They prosper, who burn in the morning,
The letters they wrote over-night.

For some there be, shelved and forgotten,
With nothing to thank for their fate,
Save that (on a half-sheet of foolscap),
Which a fool "Had the honor to state---."

Dost deem that thy vessel needs gilding,
And the dockyard forbear to supply;
Place thy hand in thy pocket and gild her,
There be those who have risen thereby.

If the fairway be crowded with shipping,
Beating homeward the harbour to win,
It is meet that, lest any should suffer,
The steamers pass cautiously in.

So thou, when thou nearest promotion,
And the peak that is gilded is nigh,
Give heed to thy words and thine actions,
Lest others be wearied thereby.

It is ill for the winners to worry,
Take thy fate as it comes with a smile,
And when thou art safe in the harbour
They will envy, but may not revile.

Uncharted the rocks that surround thee,
Take heed that the channels thou learn,
Lest thy name serve to buoy for another
That shoal, the Courts-Martial 'Return.

Though Armour, the belt that protects her,
The ship bears the scar on her side;
It is well if the court acquit thee;
It were best hadst thou never been tried.

Now these are the Laws of the Navy,
Unwritten and varied they be;
And he that is wise will observe them,
Going down in his ship to the sea.

As the wave rises clear to the hawse pipe,
Washes aft, and is lost in the wake,
So shall ye drop astern, all unheeded,
Such time as the law ye forsake.

Now these are the Laws of the Navy
And many and mighty are they.
But the hull and the deck and the keel
And the truck of the law is--OBEY.

